MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

December 2014

US/CAN $4.99

#379

NUNHEX

RAKTA

AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR

MARMARA STREISAND

DICK & JANE

POISON GIRLS

MOTHERS NEWS

BROOKS HEADLEY

PROTESTER/MISLED YOUTH

DOOMED TO EXTINCTION

DEATH BY AUDIO

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

GRACE AMBROSE

FRAU – Demo 12"	POISON GIRLS – HEX LP
SIN 34 – Do You Feel Safe? CD	X – Aspirations & Spurts LPs
RAKTA – live	GENERACION SUICIDA – Todo Termina LP
PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP	OOZE – Big Angry EP
LUMPY & THE DUMPERS – Collection LP	PLEASURE LEFTISTS – live

LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

RAKTA – live / ČAO PIČKE – Sonce V Očeh LP	BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP
PURA MANÍA – both EPS	V/A – Algo Salvaje CD
GUTTER – March of the Dead EP	DAILY RITUAL – Depressed State EP
PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP	WHATEVER BRAINS – SSR-63 & SSR-64 12"s
OOZE – Big Angry EP	KOVAA RASVAA – En Ole Edes Olemassa LP

MATT BADENHOP

On tour in the Old World with the New Flesh...

WILL BLOMQUIST

TEMPEST – live	SCREAMING FEMALES – live
SHARKPACT – live	PRESSING ON – live
PLEASURE LEFTISTS – live	SEI HEXE – live
BI-MARKS – live	TEROKAL – live
ISOTOPE – live	BLOOD BENDER – live

MITCH CARDWELL

X – Aspirations & Spurts LPs	HOT KNIVES – LP
GAMES – Little Elise 45	APACHE DROPOUT – live
MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS – 45	SICK THOUGHTS – Coming Over EP
T.I.T.S – I Told You I Was Sick 45	STRAIGHT ARROWS – Rising LP
COZY – Button By Button LP	GET ACTION – movie

ROBERT COLLINS

RAKTA – live / GOVERNMENT FLU – Tension LP	SHORT DAYS – demo / EWW YABOO – demo
KOVAA RASVAA – En Ole Edes Olemassa LP	NEEDLES – live
SILENT ORDER – demo	MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE – Like Camera 45
FANZUI XIANGFA – Discography LP	GENERACION SUICIDA - LP
LOW THREAT PROFILE – Product #3 EP	PURA MANÍA – EPs / HEXIS – XI LP

LAYLA GIBBON

FRAU – Demo 12"	RAKTA – live / NUMBSKULL – Paranoid Problems EP
SHEER MAG – What You Want EP	LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – Collection LP
PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP	PURA MANÍA – both EPs
BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP / OOZE – Big Angry EP	GENERACION SUICIDA – Todo Termina LP
SIN 34 – Do You Feel Safe? CD	MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS – 45

DAN GOETZ

RAKTA – live / COMBAT ZONE – LP	GENERATION SUICIDA – Todo Termina
OOZE – Big Angry EP / ARCTIC FLOWERS – Weaver EP	SYNTHETIC ID – Escapement EP
PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP	PRIMITIVE RITES – Amount to Nothing EP
SECTA SUICIDA – Vencido EP	KOWARD – Desperate EP
VENKMAN / HORSE & DEER – split EP	BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

GREG HARVESTER

- LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – Collection LP
- OOZE – Big Angry EP
- MOIRA SCAR – Psychoid LP
- THE GUTTERS – Eventually LP
- CONSTANT INSULT – cassette
- SYNTHETIC ID – Escapement EP
- BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP
- FRAU – Demo 12"
- PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP
- HYSTERESE – LP / MEA CULPA – Dislocation EP

KENNY KAOS

- GAMES – Little Elise 45
- THE PARROTS – Loving You Is Hard 45
- COZY – Button by Button LP
- RICKY C QUARTET – Recent Affairs LP
- MANTS – Destroyed by Fuzz EP
- DEAD ON THE WIRE – Whiskey and Records EP
- MOTHER'S CHILDREN – Lemon LP
- LAPIN KULLAT – Miehentie LP / THE GUTTERS – LP
- BRIMSTONE HOWL – Blowhard Deluxe LP
- BOB MOULD – live / X – Aspirations LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- FRAU – Demo 12" / T.I.T.S – I Told You I Was Sick 45
- LIQUID DIAMONDS – Aw Maw 45
- SICK THOUGHTS – Coming Over EP
- BATMAN AND GARAGEKID – I'm Not A Monkey… EP
- GENERACION SUICIDA – Todo Termina LP
- MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE – Like Camera 45
- HOAX HUNTERS – Comfort and Safety LP
- STRAIGHT ARROWS – Rising LP
- MIAMI DOLPHINS – Becky LP / X – Spurts LP
- V/A – Algo Salvaje CD / LEN BRIGHT COMBO – live

RAY LUJAN

- ARCTIC FLOWERS – Weaver LP
- COZY – Button By Button LP
- CRIMSON SCARLET – 2011-2014 Collection CD
- GAMES – Little Elise 45
- HARD-ONS – Peel Me Like An Egg CD
- HDQ – When Worlds Collide 45
- HYSTERESE – LP / LUICIDAL – CD
- MOTHER'S CHILDREN – Lemon LP
- EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS – live
- SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS – live

FRED SCHRUNK

- PURA MANÍA – both EPs
- OOZE – Big Angry EP
- BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP
- HYSTERESE – LP
- GENERACIÓN SUICIDA – Todo Termina LP
- FRAU – Demo 12"
- '77 – Predaja Zivota LP
- POISON GIRLS – Hex LP
- PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP
- DAILY RITUAL – Depressed State EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- BIG ZIT – Electric Zit Vol. 1 EP
- OOZE – Big Angry EP
- X – Aspirations LP
- DAILY RITUAL – Depressed State EP
- DIE – Vexed EP
- GUTTER – March of the Dead EP
- PURA MANÍA – Música Para Gente Fea EP
- PIG DNA – Control You Fucker EP
- NATCHNIONY TRAKTOR – EP
- FRAU – Demo 12"

DIANA VASHTI

- BIG ZIT – Vol. 1 EP
- GENERACIÓN SUICIDA – Todo Termina LP
- MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE – Like Camera 45
- RENEGADES OF PUNK – Espelho Negro EP
- ČAO PIČKE – Sonce V Očeh LP
- PURA MANÍA – Música Para Gente Fea EP
- FRAU – Demo 12"
- VENKMAN / HORSE & DEER – split EP
- MEDICALLY SEPARATED – LP
- ΑΡΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΤΕΛΟΥΣ – Πτώση LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Absolutely Zippo!*
- *Chasing the Night* Vol. 1
- *Cretins of Distortion* Vol. 4
- *Forgiveness Is The Last…* #1
- *Like Fighting the Ocean*
- *Making Waves* #3
- *Pea Brain* #2 & 3
- *Trust* #167
- *Turning the Tide* Vol. 27 #4
- *Why Don't You Write*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Míchale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery; Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/ Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report.

#366/November '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/December '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War// Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/January '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International Queer Scene Report.

#369/February '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kle-er Blast Suntan.

#370/March '14. Year End Top Tens, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371\April '14. Bill Bondsman, Crapoulet Records, O! Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fest, Miami Scene Report.

#372/May '14. EU's Arse, Siege, XAXAXA, Razorcake, Alert! Alert! Space Wolves, Rhythm of Cruelty, Straight Crimes, PMMA, Strange Attractor, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man, Scotland Scene Report.

#373/June '14. Anti You, Crusades, Rat Damage, Hank., Cottaging, Pesadilla, Distopika, Fed Up Fest, Damn Broads, Destry Hampton, Ben Snakepit & Mitch Clem, Los Culitos, The Lowest.

#374/July '14. No Babies, Grand Collapse, Gulag Beach, 1984, Quaaludes, Ausmuteants, Countdown to Armageddon, Wañuy, Fear of the Future, Bishops Green, Colombia Scene Report, Igor Vidmar, Endless Grinning Skulls.

#375/August '14. Una Béstia Incontrolable, Eiefits, Extreme Noise Records, Vertigo, Glue, S.U.S, Svin: Leningrad Punk Progenitor, Thee Mighty Fevers, Cool Death Records, Miscalculations, Born Wrong Tour Diary.

#376/September '14. Dishrags, Gas Rag, SHIT, Iron Lung Records, Far-out Fangtooth, Kuudes Silmä, Maailmanloppu, Extincion, Paul Birnbaum of Septic Death, de los Insectos, Patras, Greece Scene Report, Traces in the Snow: '80s Siberian Punk

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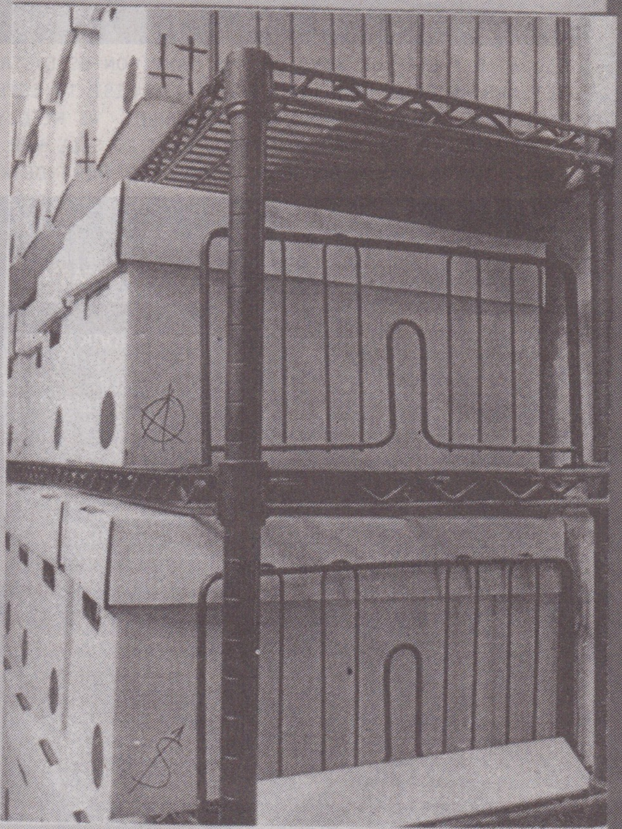

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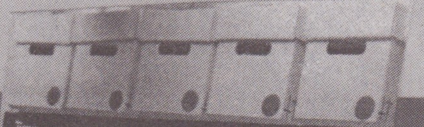

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Maxipadders—

This aggression will not stand! Zero Oi! reviews in the October issue. Not one! I was sitting around in some tighty-whities and my new Concrete shirt (now that's a band!) with our cat, Lil Bit, drinking a La Croix. I'm home from work, I'm relaxing. I'm reading the latest issue and I'm getting more perturbed by the minute.

Who the hell is Dinosaur Jr.? And why is he influencing all these flop-hairs to make grunge music? And all this diarrhea about post-punk? Blarf! The only post-punk/new wave we listen to is Blitz when they moved to Future Records. Fuckin Captain Caveman is coming out right about now. War fever is running high inside my brain! I'm burned up.

The Gang says maybe they hid the Oi! and I should look for labels like, *Streetpunk* (yuck), *Streetrock* (eh), *hardcore-stomper* (too broad), *UK-82* (where are we, the United Kingdom in 1982?). But No! None of the above. Yinz need some pictures of the bands next to the review. But even then, who knows? The dude from Neon Piss/Cold Beat looks like a skin, but thatís where it ends! Yeesh. All I'm saying is get someone who knows what Oi! is ("Oi or skinhead punk: relatively slow or mid-tempo two or three-chord rock, with raw sandpaper vocals and soccer chant-choruses." Thanks, Jeff Bale!) and put them to work.

Doesn't NOI!SE just hang out at RJ's in the Tenderloin? Who cares if they sound like the dude from BARENAKED LADIES singing for RANCID? Go get a referral. Maybe check a tattoo shop. Look for a guy getting a boot tattooed on his face and ask him. Thanks. Rotten Ron can't do it all.

Half-measures avail us nothing,
Turbo and Gang
Pittsburgh, PA

P.S. Other than COMBAT 84 on repeat the only thing we have been listening to is that new MARTHA record. Sue me.

Turbo et al.—
We can only review what is sent to us! We try and get punks of all kinds to send in their records for the archive but some stuff slips through the cracks. Tell your comrades in Oi! to get their asses in gear and post copies of their records for review to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 so we can give 'em the what for in these inky pages.
—Grace

Dear *MRR*—

What's up! I am writing this letter from behind the walls of the Florida prison system. They have taken almost everything from us but our sanity (even that is gone for some people). Thanks to all the people who write into *MRR* letters and the wonderful magazine you put out, we have something to keep us up on the outside world. I didn't start listening to punk and rock'n'roll til a friend in here let me read you magazine. Now I am addicted to great music! I hope to hear from many of you readers out there reading this, who would like to keep me up to date on rock'n'roll or just want to converse.

Keep it real and rock on!
Jesse Harvey
U48322
216 SE Corrections Way
Lake City, FL 32025

MRR—

I am currently serving a very long sentence here at SCI Greene in Greene County, PA. Greene is said by everyone familiar with PA state prisons to be the worst place to do time. Needless to say, my music options are limited. We are permitted AM/FM Radios but I'm afraid that just won't suffice. In short, I'm losing what's left of my rabid ass mind in this fucking shithole.

Fortunately I'm lucky enough to have a brother who is kind enough to get several publications sent to me, *MRR* being one. Every month I wait with anticipation for my copy to be shoved through my cell door by some jackboot, fascist guard, and then, for a while at least, I'm someplace else..

I just wanna say, keep up the good work shitworkers. In a world devoid of anything punk (my cellmate got Bryan Adams on his radio as I write this) reading *MRR* keeps me well informed and entertained all in one cute lil package. My problem is, after I finish reading, I have nobody to talk to about anything I've just read. Of course the hole is full of bright young chaps who thoroughly enjoy throwing and/or eating their own shit (I assume they're GG Allin fans…) but I'm not just interested in talking to 'em. About anything punk rock, GG Allin, or global politics in the twenty first century. I can't get past the smell—call me judgmental. So if anyone can find the time to write a down and out punk to discuss anything punk (or the fucking weather for that matter), I would be very grateful and will respond to all mail I receive.

Thanks a lot and keep doing what you do.

Vic DiNino LN1522
175 Progress Drive
Waynesburg, PA 15370

MRR—

I need a penpal. I'm a 26-year-old southern California Mexican American and newly converted punk and rock'n'roll thug, looking to talk, write etc. Thanks for being you and please put this in the classifieds!

Much love!
Matthew Estrada
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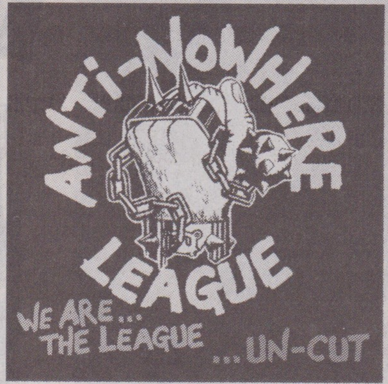

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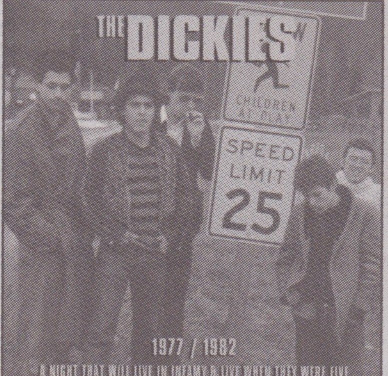

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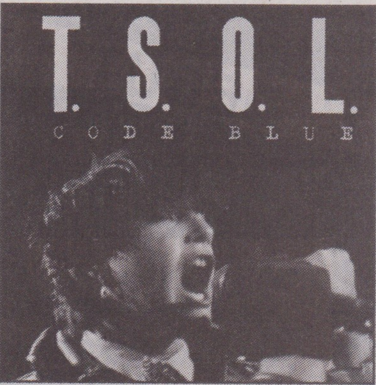

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LP CLP 1922

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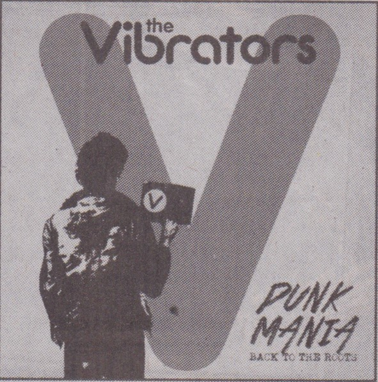
LP CLP 2006



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COLUMNS

This November, I am going overseas and attending three punk festivals, and going to a bunch of shows on the side. I would like to thank my last full time job for making me throw in the mental towel. Without you, I wouldn't be sitting here figuring out how I can visit all the places I want to in only three weeks, biting nails over Greyhound tickets and trying to find people whose floors I can sleep on in the different cities I'm passing through. Can't wait! It's not a long trip anyway (I have another job now)—first stop is Montreal in time for Varning, hanging out on the east coast for a week or so, bussing it into Toronto for Not Dead Yet and then flying back to Melbourne. That's two out of three festivals in Canada, but the first is at home in Melbourne, right before I fly out.

Another year, another Maggot Fest. Maggot Fest 5. Started and organized by Tim "Maggot" Scott, this year in collaboration with Cool Death Records. Tim got this nickname when he was working at a café years ago and members of the UV RACE drove by and yelled "Maggot!!" at him from out the window. Last year's fest was a killer weekend in Melbourne. The venue was completely dedicated to the event so everyone who was there wanted to be there for the music, going back and forth between the upstairs and downstairs gig spaces. By the end of the night the place was a mess, everyone left partying. This year is shaping up to be a good one, too. Unfortunately there is no international headliner (last year it was Useless Eaters) but Royal Headache is coming down from Sydney to play a headlining set Saturday night, back from the brink of dormancy and possible extinction. Everyone (well, me at least) has been waiting on that second LP since they dropped the first. Things seemed to die down for them after their US tour in 2012 but here they are, about to play a show again in Melbourne's long running dank Aussie rock'n'roll pub, the Tote Hotel. The fest runs from Thursday, October 30th to Sunday, November 2nd (around the same time every year if you're looking for a good excuse to visit Australia).

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It's been a long time since I sent in a column—maybe six or seven months. I didn't drop out of hardcore, although I must admit my participation in DIY subculture has been at a pretty low ebb. As many of you know, my day job is renovating old houses. I own a small remodeling company, which has been doing well the past few years and is taking up more of my time. On top of that, my wife and I decided to sell our house and buy and renovate a new one, which turned into a pretty all-consuming project, juggling fixing up and selling the old house, moving, and fixing up the new house on top of running the remodeling company and the label. So, *MRR* columns got sidetracked.

I bought my first house when I was 24. I was running a roofing and siding crew at the time and trying to get established in the remodeling business. I was self-employed with a business that had existed for less than two years. No bank would talk to me, and I had very little money. I managed to get a fixer-upper on a contract for deed, which I slowly renovated. I managed to sell this place eight years later and walked away with enough cash to put money down on a bigger place in a better location. I renovated this building, then bought the one next door. A few years later I got married and bought another fixer-upper. That house, which I fully renovated top to bottom, just sold, and I walked away with enough to put down on a bigger house in a better location, which I am renovating now. Rehabbing houses is a lifestyle as much as an occupation for me, but it has had some very tangible benefits.

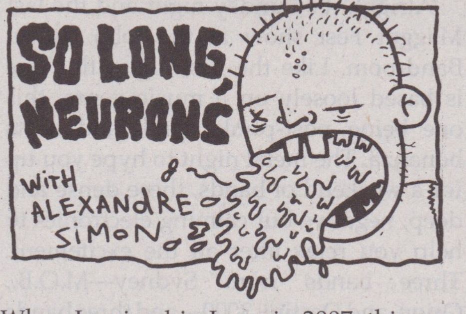
Before we listed our old house, I had to finish off the part of the basement that the record distro was in. This meant moving my entire record collection into storage. I rented a storage space, boxed up my records and slowly filled a 10x10 room with vinyl cabinets and shelving. Then I moved the record label upstairs into the room that my records had been in and sheetrocked and carpeted the basement. Somehow adding these 400 square feet as "finished space" helped bring down the square foot price of the house and made it easier for a potential buyer to get financing. All of this record moving started to get demoralizing, and as I was taking the last load to the storage locker I discovered my storage unit had been broken into!

My storage unit and several others had the locks cut off. Luckily the kind of drug addicts who break into storage lockers don't have much interest in vinyl records and oak furniture, so nothing was missing. However, the storage company handled the situation very poorly (and clearly their security was lax), so I had to rent from a different company and hire some friends to clear all my records out of the compromised unit and into the new one. Then there was the never-ending task of packing and moving my distro and record label as well as personal effects into a temporary apartment in the attic of my new house. This temporary apartment is where I dwell as I type this, while on the floors below we are still redoing the plumbing, heating and electrical for the new house.

I've been working nights and weekends and most of my spare time is spent sourcing antique light fixtures and period appropriate plumbing fixtures, so there hasn't been a ton of time for hardcore. I have not been going to many shows or hanging out at the record store. So I have bought very few records in the last six months or so. I keep asking my friends if

I am missing something big, but it seems like things are in a bit of a lull right now. I can tell you from the distro/label vantage point that business is super slow. Seems like hardly anyone is buying records anymore. Prices of records keep going up, while interest in them is going down. I keep crossing my fingers something big is coming around the corner, but what shape that may take is hard to say.

As part of the process of moving, I had a yard sale. My dad retired in March and had been talking for a while about downsizing and selling his collection. We transported his records from DC to Minnesota (thanks to Tony from Agitate) and I set about going through them. I have bought and sold many record collections, but this one of course had great sentimental value. As I dug through the boxes I found many records I had listened to on headphones sitting on the floor of my dad's trailer flipping through crate after crate. I got a pretty solid musical education in this fashion. My mom gave me her collection some years ago, and between the two of them I now have a very solid collection of '60s rock along with hardcore, punk, and metal. With most of my own records in storage, I went on a binge of listening to my Dad's, and renewed my longstanding love of JIMI HENDRIX (*get into it!*), the DOORS, and the like. I came to the conclusion that most of those Bay Area bands like QUICKSILVER and COUNTRY JOE were more important for the counterculture they were a part of than the music, because most of that hasn't held up very well. One discovery I made in my Dad's collection was a super trashed copy of *(Turn On) The Music Machine,* which is one of my favorite '60s records by a long shot. How I never found and listened to this in my Dad's collection when I was young is still a mystery. That record might have changed my life. Or my life might have changed sooner, if I had spun it instead of something like *Van Halen II.* My yard sale got rained out and it was actually a lot harder than I thought to sell 1000 '60s and '70s rock records. It didn't help that my Dad partied pretty hard and they were trashed. Either way, I picked out some of the titles I was missing to fill out my collection and sold off the rest for my Dad, who is probably listening to Bob Dylan or the Rolling Stones on Pandora and not missing having to move all those records one more time.



When I arrived in Lyon in 2007, this guy called Flo Millet welcomed my broke/ignorant ass by handing me a flawless mixtape (title: *Cold Vomit In Your Face*) featuring a bunch of bands that instantly became staples in my world—les Calamités, Jay Reatard, the Exploding Hearts, early GG Allin, Edith Nylon, "New Age"-era Blitz, and so on. I blasted the tape so often that, in my mind, it became the official soundtrack to this new city. Seven years later, the tape's long lost, but the feeling's still here.

In the past decade Flo's been the singer/bassist/guitarist and songwriter for three of the best French punk bands in recent memory—Lexomyl, Télécommande, Défaite. He's recorded countless bands, including three I've played in—Pizza Od, State Poison, Frustros. He's booked killer gigs, blasted punk 45s at after-parties, and the list goes on. In January 2014 he started a fanzine called *TV Police*—a free, monthly two-pager covering punk, hardcore, garage and psychedelic rock, with impeccable tastes and a great no-bullshit attitude; the only recent fanzine that actually made me check out bands I'd never heard of. A few days ago, I shot him some questions, he fired back, and the result is what you're about to read.

Hey Flo. Tell us about the "concept" behind *TV Police*. How did you come up with this idea, and why didn't you start a blog instead? Any influences?

TV Police started as a new year resolution, one of these stupid things I tell myself to do at the start of each year to stay busy in the twelve following months, like learning to speak Finnish or to drive a car. I gave up on Finnish, but registered for driving lessons and started this free, monthly, music-oriented fanzine. My main goal is to create a zine I'd like to read, without worrying about anything else; music fanzines are a very rare, almost non-existent thing in France… It's as if they didn't matter, or were some kind of taboo. Punk music—and music in general—is one of the most important things in my life, and I really wanted to write about it. There's also a lot of room in my heart for heavy metal, psychedelic rock, garage and other styles of music (new and old), so of course there's room for these in *TV Police*. There's a blog too, but it's here to serve the paper thing, not the other way around, and I don't pay much attention to it, since all the 1's and 0's of the world will disappear next time the solar wind blows… But paper zines will survive, just like books… And then we'll look like fools, sitting with our laptops on the smoking ruins of the old world.

Influence-wise, there used to be tons of free newsletters in Lyon, a decade or so ago; one could find them in bars, record shops, at shows, etc… I wasn't necessarily into what they were covering, but I still thought that was an amazing idea, to give away something free, with no other agenda than to share some piece of musical opinion (some examples include *Joie de Vivre et Nouilles en Salade, Loboto Zine,* etc). Speaking of French-written fanzines, I really like *Les Templiers*, written by Annick from the band Cauchemar—it's a doom metal oriented fanzine, written in a fun, knowledgeable and precise way. But the one fanzine I really look up to was called *Teenage Kicks,* and was published in the 1980s in my area; it was an incredible read, both in terms of content and layout, with well-researched, long articles and reviews, a true labor of love.

Did you find it hard to stick to your monthly schedule? What advice would you give to someone who's thinking of starting a monthly zine?

As I'm typing this it's the 27th and I haven't finished this month's issue—actually I don't have anything ready for the next three months, no interviews nor a single review… So I don't think I should give advice to young fanzine writers, except maybe one: don't take me as an example. I've always done things last minute, in the most urgent/chaotic manner. That's the only way I can "create" something, but I really don't think that's a good way to go. Regardless, I think if there's one piece of advice I'd like to give, it's that one should try to please *themselves* first, to keep things fresh and exciting, and that one should never be scared of head-butting all the so-called rules of the fanzine world, to write about what they really love… It might sound stupid but the world of punk fanzines is so codified,

it often feels like all zines are the same, talking about the same things in the same ways, with the same interviews, and even sometimes the same layouts, ideas, biases and opinions. Of course I include myself in this, but I try to fight against it in each and every issue.

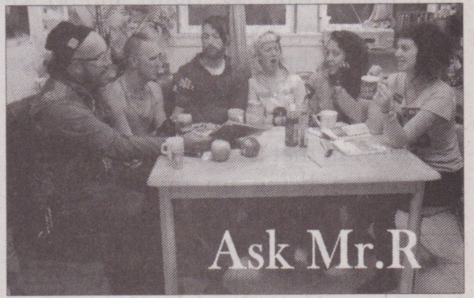
Did it cross your mind to write it in English?
Not really. I could write in English, but the form would be way different, my writing would probably be too "self-conscious"… I would probably think too much about what I write. When I write in French, I use mostly first drafts, I don't do much editing or correcting, both because I don't have much time and because I want to keep those mistakes, those accidents, because they give the writing the same kind of spontaneous feel that's felt in the music I cover. So this means I do a shitload of spelling and typing mistakes, and some parts where I ramble too much, but it's okay, because that's the way I am.

Is it important for you to cover current bands that aren't too well-known? I feel like *TV Police* features bands I don't hear about in other French zines. Wouldn't there be more interest if you were covering Poison Idea, Negative Approach or GISM in each issue?
I don't know if it's important to stick to current bands. If I wasn't into any current releases, I probably wouldn't mind writing only about the past. I don't write about bands because they are "current" or "not well-known," but simply because I'm into them. I'm convinced that no matter when, there are *always* good bands and good records, if you know how to find them. No gross nostalgia—that's my motto. Of course there will always be room for old bands in *TV Police*—I've got an "Oldies but goodies" section in which I can write about older records that are important to me. I also review a bunch of reissues… I'd be lying if I said that I only listen to current bands—at 30-plus years old, I listen mainly to old stuff… And if one day I feel like writing about Poison Idea, Negative Approach or GISM, I'll do it, but only if I want to.

There's an emphasis on Finnish bands in *TV Police*. Where does this come from? What do you think is special about that scene, and could you recommend some bands?
For me the most important thing about Finnish bands is their language, Suomi, which sounds rough and raspy. It's a perfect language for punk, and for hardcore obviously, but it also works well with bands that are more melodic, or more rock—it gives them a bit more soul, precisely the kind of "soul" that I'm looking for in music. Melodies are also important… I love the melodies of Finnish bands, which are often strange, or at least different, it's like putting into practice the idea of rock based on geographical isolation. It often results in bands sounding both psychotic and unique. I'd recommend the Achtungs, Räjäyttäjät, Lebakko...

What about French bands? If you could choose five current ones to recommend, which would those be, and why?
Wow, that's a tough one… I'll try, but I'll cheat a little bit.
Zero Gain: A melodic punk-rock band from Saint Etienne, with a sound that's typical from their/our geographical area, kinda hard to explain but it sounds both really fresh and timeless.
Lille and Brest: Those aren't bands but two cities where, as far as I can tell, people start a lot of cool bands, write fanzines and do all kind of other shit, with a lot of records being released, especially on labels like Build Me a Bomb (Lille) and Symphony of Destruction (Brest). I've got tons of respect for these places that are kinda isolated on the scale of France, but where people create their own thing, without waiting for things to change magically.
Good Good Things: A hardcore punk band bringing to mind the Angry Samoans and '90s garage. I'm not the biggest fan of their records but I love seeing them live. They live in a really remote area, far from the city, and like the people in Lille or Brest, they play in a bunch of bands, they record themselves, book their own shows in some crazy bars, etc.
Sudden Death of Stars: Psychedelic rock from Rennes, somewhere between the Velvets and the Times. A few records, and some amazing, bewitching, terrific-sounding live shows.
Mars Red Sky: Stoner / psychedelic rock from Bordeaux. Huge live sound and unique, high-pitched vocals.
Gasmask Terror: D-beat masters from Bordeaux. Hard to be better in this style.
And I would also like to mention Périphérique Est, a band who recently called it quits but who will remain, for me, the best thing to happen to punk-rock in recent memory. What do you mean, they were from Belgium?

Since I know you're a regular *MRR* reader, I'd like to ask one last question: what's the one thing you would like to change about the mag?
I'd be completely unable to run something as big as *MRR*, but one thing that's annoying is when a picture of a given record catches your eye in the review section, and when you wanna read about it you realize it's not even reviewed in that issue. Ha ha, it actually happens pretty often. But more seriously, if you don't like *MRR*, you better start your own fanzine or start contributing; it's as simple as that.
tv-police-zine.blogspot.fr / flosucks@hotmail.com



I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, so we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an opinion *column though (...and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by the subtle differences between the 'punks' and the 'punx.'")*

Mr. R, What is your opinion on crowd surfing at punk shows and do you think Joyce Manor is handling it the right way?

The questions I've been answering lately have been so topical! Well, maybe not *topical* per se, but we've at least proved that people who have told us "those who don't know history are condemned to repeat it" had obviously never spent much time in the punk scene. Because it's definitely not that we don't *know* our history, but we would've had to create actual resolution in order to learn and not repeat our issues over and over again, right? Instead we'll just continue

to rehash the same differences of opinion every few years for the benefit of new generations of our rigid unchanging punk scene lest they miss out on their own opportunity to get all worked up about something before swiftly losing interest in it. I suppose that makes everything seem always circularly topical. Tradition!

I mean, Fugazi, of course, popularized the shaming of stagedivers in the days of yore, and there seems to be a resurgence lately of bands telling people how they should or should not be dancing. RVIVR angered small punk scenes by showing up in their towns and telling them to stop dancing/crowd surfing in the manner in which they were accustomed. This Joyce Manor band, whom I have not actually heard, but am pretty sure are considered to be "a big deal" (at least I think anyone who has "tweeted an apology" is probably considered to have hit it mainstream big, right? Should we even be talking about them in *Maximum Rocknroll*?), is bringing up the typical size disparity and alienation in stagedivers/audience member relationships by pointing out that it keeps "small teenage girls" from being up front at shows, especially when they already deal with so much societal oppression, etc.

While I do understand that this band's hearts must be in the right place and all of that, I don't think this needs to be a gendered argument. I, personally, wish men would stop describing women at shows as if they were little baby deer who just climbed out of the womb and found themselves small, frightened and lost at a gig. Women are big and small and tough and punk and have been to a million shows or not. Some stand in the back because mosh pits are stupid and violent, and some women will punch you in the face and choose to call Joyce Manor "pussies" or something on a message board discussing whether or not stagediving is okay. Women stagedive too, even. Without a man to protect them or anything. It's crazy shocking. Men also come in size small or don't appreciate violence or don't want to be made to feel as though men are "supposed" to be bigger or tougher than anyone else. Let's not reinforce stereotypes in the name of feminism. Deal?

Maybe the stance is also irksome for being so reminiscent of the Ben Weasel punching two women in the face thing, or whenever that was. I wish that we had used that opportunity to become outraged about violence at shows in general, and that the bands who had chosen to back out of Weasel Fest, had done so not because of the gender of the people involved in the incident, but because they couldn't possibly imagine publicly celebrating such a famous aggressive baby. All of these no dancing/no stagediving stances seem to really be about wanting to make sure people are paying attention to their surroundings and being respectful to the people around them, which I think will change from venue to venue and crowd to crowd, so the band has to make sure to use good judgment themselves when they choose whether or not to regulate what's happening in front of them. A smaller show in a tightknit scene probably doesn't need the touring band to tell them what is an appropriate way to behave at their shows. If you do, chances are you're just trodding on their culture like a group of travelling cops. And you obviously shouldn't stagedive at a place like Gilman St for insurance/not getting the club shut down purposes. Personally, I think that crowdsurfing is totally fine in most situations, but stagediving is mostly shitty due to the larger impact, but this is all completely situational. Maybe for bigger bands playing large venue shows, it's necessary for the crowd to be clued in as to what constitutes dickheadishness. These shows are usually made up of a lot of different types of people, many of whom are new to shows and cluelessly think that throwing punches is a way to fit in. If anyone is actually going to be a sponge for your new world order, it's probably these people who have never heard a side of the story that differs from that time they saw the punk episode of *21 Jump Street*. This might be a way better dispensary for whatever positive influence you intended to wield as a band, but please get rid of all the weak little girl stuff first please. Thanks.

I'm feeling so long-winded! I'm just answered one question this issue, but please keep sending them! Save this number to your phone for all your advice needs on the go and text a question to 510-585-HELP (510-585-4357). Or go way back in time to, like, 2003 when people sent emails: AskMRR@mail.com.

we see through you

with imogen binnie

You know the thing where you're like fourteen and you realize that you kind of feel weirdly attracted, to, like... butts? And mouths? Like you want to touch a butt and kiss a mouth? So you start trying to figure out how to touch a butt and kiss a mouth, and then ten years go by and you look up and you're squatting over a bathtub outdoors in the woods on a mountain in Tennessee, consensually pissing on some nipple clamps attached to the body of a semi-stranger and you're like, "Well, this is cool, but it's kinda funny that I got here from there." And then later or the next morning you go to breakfast and you look at somebody's butt and you're like, "Oh yeah! Butts! Before I got into all this elaborate deviant sex, I was just stoked on butts, and looking at this particular butt is reminding me about how much I used to like the simple pleasure that is a butt and how much I still like butts." Like you're not mad at yourself for getting into weird occult sex stuff or anything—you just feel for a minute like a less fucked up version of your relatively innocent adolescent self, because for a while you got distracted by other things and forgot about butts? Look, I finally listened to the Aye Nako album *Unleash Yourself* and it is a lot like seeing a great butt on a warm morning in Tennessee. From the first chord I was like, "Oh yeah, this is why I got into rock or punk or whatever! *This* is the sort of thing that had me dying my hair with Kool-Aid and buying distortion pedals when I was fourteen!"

That rules!

Maybe you're already familiar with Aye Nako? I've been hearing about them for a while and last year when I was staying at the Tranwich in San Francisco for a few months their bass player Joe was staying there, too, and we kept bumping into each other in like the Old Prom Dresses sections of the thrift stores on Mission or whatever. I've been trying to think of how to describe what they sound like but I don't think I can really do it justice because everything I can think of makes them sound kind of basic or, like, normal, but that's just because they do

poppy sad queercore so well. Like maybe there is some Pixies? And some modern pop punk except the guitars roar way more than they usually do in pop punk. But there are no blastbeats or screeching or overdriven cellos, it is just guitars and drums and singing. I feel like there was this moment when I was younger when I felt like I should like Riot Grrrl stuff more so I was looking into it really hard and I couldn't really get into it until it started to bleed into queercore and that *terrified* me because I hadn't figured out my relationship to queer anything yet. But it also made me feel like, "Fuck yes, *this*, this is my *thing* and it rules, this is mine and I don't want to tell any of these asshole humans I know in the real world about it because they wouldn't get it." All these loud guitars and vulnerability and the kind of vocals that don't even scream, because the instruments are doing the screaming for them, they just sing in this maybe slightly removed way, like there is the voice of a cool queer surfing reservedly along on these roaring guitars and unexpectedly wild drums? Aye Nako gives me that feeling of love and terror. The album sounds awesome but also maybe just like five or three percent shitty so you don't feel like you're listening to a Big Deal Rock Band, you feel like you're listening to something that actually is for you. Not For Everyone Including Jerks. That is the whole point! I am so stoked on Aye Nako. You can get a copy of their album *Unleash Yourself* made out of electrons at ayenako.org or probably buy it somehow.

Anyway, someone I know, who is not me—you can tell it is not me because I would never use the internet to pirate any kind of media—lives in the fucking woods right now. The internet there pretty much doesn't work on a good day, and when it rains or you accidentally put out into the universe too hard that you really need for the internet to work right now, the force of your will makes it stop working entirely. Like, for days. Which is fine. Fuck the internet. I only bring it up because a couple weeks ago this person (who is not me) spent a week in a place where she *did* have a decent internet connection.

You know how we're all socialized by capitalist patriarchy to feel like we exist in a scarcity paradigm? Like we're all on edge all the time because what if we run out of food, or what if we left this relationship and nobody would ever care about us again, or just like the idea that we have to work really hard to get the things we need? And you know how that's bullshit but also it's kinda true in this weird way and it's the worst and the flip side of it is that accumulating things feels good? Like not even necessarily paying money for them, but just, like, getting stuff seems cool? (I feel like even the hands of the noble tradition of collecting punk records are dirty with this stuff.) (I am the worst about this with books. I have this pernicious idea deep in my brain that accumulating books is somehow an exemption to the toxicity of the capitalist accumulation trap.)

I always think about that line in that Gang of Four song that's like "Ideal love a new purchase" when I think about this.

Anyway, with a normal internet connection, this friend of mine—let's call her Sarah Palin, although that might not actually be her name—got hella stoked on the fact that people on the internet are, like, ripping their VHS copies of punxploitation classics like *Dudes* (starring Jon "Duckie" Cryer) into glitchy, blurry computer files and then sharing them with strangers as torrents. Sarah Palin went on a punxploitation video files binge and downloaded like 600 gigs of these movies, which mostly came out between like 1982 and 1986. This, too, is when all the best rapsploitation and breaksploitation movies came out so she downloaded all of them, too.

What she remembered from being a kid in the early eighties was that the best movies in history came out at that time: all the Troma movies, all the best family horror like *Munchies* and *Ghoulies* and *CHUD*, y'know. It was a golden era of film.

Sarah Palin had this idea that since she lives on a mountain she was just stocking up on movies to watch for the winter. She had owned many of these movies on VHS tapes, had even taped many of them and their brilliantly dated commercials from the television, where their overdubbed cuss word replacements that were even better than the original cuss words. Of course, being a punker, Sarah Palin has lived in a lot of different places and over many years and many moves she's lost track of many of her tapes. So it was particularly exciting for her to be able to watch so *Classes of Nuke 'Em High* Parts One Through Three, for example, or *Streets of Fire*, or *Surf Nazis Must Die*.

But a funny thing happened.

Since the last time she'd seen them, Sarah Palin had become a politically correct humorless lesbian feminazi! And it turns out a lot of the movies from her childhood were sort of irredeemable. Like not just busted in the kind of way she could laugh off or even enjoy while sitting with problematicness. Like: appalling. Boringly appalling. Not even the fun kind of appalling—the boring kind.

Like you can watch them for the awesome hair and clothes and for the awesome idea that "punk" means "violently insane," but as you watch them you realize more and more that the trash you loved as a child, which you assumed was so stupid that it couldn't possibly be perpetuating toxic cultural norms, was actually just peddling the same poison as everything else, just in a shittier package. And Sarah Palin should have known this! It almost seems absurd that she was surprised about it. Like, is it really a surprise that the *Ernest* movies are frequently hella racist? Or that in a movie where "punk" is supposed to mean "edgy," that "sexual assault" is also supposed to mean "edgy?"

For Sarah Palin, it was just another in a long series of reminders that everything sucks.

My friend Kat pointed out that even now, in an age when you could make a ninety-minute movie on a hand-me-down cracked screen ogle phone, even the cheapest movies are still really expensive to make. You've got to feed your actors and you've got to have time where nobody has to be at work. If you want to have nuclear reactor meltdown special effects and mutants, you're gonna need money for foam rubber. And you know who can afford foam rubber? A hint: not broke queer zine punks like Sarah Palin.

Sarah Palin looked up Lloyd Kaufman, the main guy behind Troma studios, because she had always just assumed he was some ugly working class fuckup from New Jersey who was so enthusiastic about bad taste that the *Toxic Avenger* movies sprang fully formed from his forehead. But it turns out he went to fucking Yale! With George W. Bush! She actually thought this was a joke, at first, like somebody had put something sarcastic about this idiot attending Yale on his Wikipedia page. But it makes sense, right? That's who can

afford to make even cheap trashy movies, and that's why it's not surprising that those trashy movies have tons of sexual assault, racism, casual sexism and other stuff that is so profoundly old and boring (boring, here, meaning "intended to be shocking or funny but actually the most predictable straight white dude shit in history") in them and why they're not even really fun to watch, except for the parts where punkers in them do absurd things that aren't predictable straight white dude shit.

Like when the guy in *Joysticks* fucking takes the bite out of the plant.

Sarah Palin got pretty bummed. She was like, "Well what do I do now—get into anime?" I was like, "Man, Sarah Palin, I've got nothing for you." I tried to get stoked on anime awhile go and it didn't work. Maybe it's time for us to re-read everything Kathy Acker ever wrote.

I dunno, man, I feel like there was supposed to be a point in that story somewhere about, like, punk, or something, but I guess it really is just a story about how everything sucks and about how my friend Sarah Palin is bummed that punxploitation movies haven't really held up over the years. Or maybe it's about how recent stuff like the Aye Nako album can make you feel stoked feelings like the stoked feelings you felt when you were younger, even though the actual things that made you feel stoked when you were younger totally suck and all your childhood heroes have turned out to be shitty people?

I guess that might seem kinda profound.

Like if you are high.

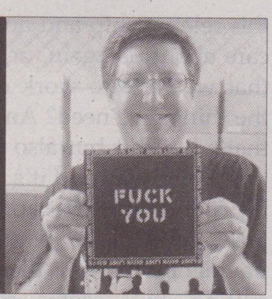
It's really just the same thing we write about every month, Pinky: we don't get to have heroes.

Whatever, I'm not gonna lie to you, *Maximum,* my hormone levels have been all fucked up for like a year and a half and I barely even remember how to have feelings so I don't know how to talk about my life or anything meaningful anymore. I'm just saying stuff. Be on the lookout for next month's column in which I outline the specific ways in which every installment of the *Friday the 13th* movies reflect patriarchy, one by one, as if that were news to anyone, for fifteen thousand words.

Also I think they're gonna let me publish another book in 2015.

Take my life, please!

AL QUINT



IT'S STILL MY DIME

...so I'll just keep talking or writing, whether or not you're sick of it. In fact, next month's issue marks 10 years since I started doing my monthly column, way back in January 2005 or issue #260 and now we're up to #379. I missed a few months here and there but that's still over 100 missives of my drivel and hopefully people aren't sick of it yet. I've actually been contributing to *MRR* since the '80s. I was the primary Boston scene reporter for a number of years and also did the occasional interview or article. I'm not blowing smoke up anyone's ass when I say I've always appreciated the support I received from this zine over the years, going back to the Tim Yo (R.I.P.) days. And he was always great to me when I took my trips to the Bay Area, including letting me stay at *MRR*'s old headquarters on Clipper Street. That has to have been one of the steepest hills I ever walked up—my shins still ache just thinking about it. He had me on the radio show a couple of times. I have a tape of the first one and listened to it a while back. No wonder he made fun of my Massachusetts accent. It was pretty bad back then. I've managed to rein it in a bit over the years but it still slips out (no, my radio show is *not* pronounced Sonic *Ovahload*).

The title for this month's installment comes from a longtime *Suburban Voice* contributor, Larry Boyd, whose column was called "It's My Dime." Yes, I used to do a print zine before it became a blog. Forty-five issues, in fact, from 1982 to 2003 and I'm still sticking to my guns that I have another print issue left in me. Some people seem to support the idea—my friend Jimmy Flynn said he was going to start an online petition demanding I do another one.

I had a number of talented columnists over the years but Larry was with me the longest and did some incredible work for the zine. I first came into contact with him through his old band DISARAY. In late '83, there was a song called "My Intimate Friend" that was played on one of the local college stations and it really grabbed my ear. Not really punk but it was a swirling and melodic gem. The local arts paper, the *Boston Phoenix,* would occasionally publish band guides with contact info for booking, etc. Yep, kids, things were different. These days I'd just hop on the internet and find a Bandcamp page. Back then, you had to *work* a bit, dammit!

I found a contact address for DISARRAY and dropped a line, probably including a copy of the zine. Not only did I get a letter back from this guy who used the pseudonym AD Laurence, but it was accompanied by a few cassettes filled with DISARRAY's music. They'd apparently been a band for a number of years, even appearing on an early Boston compilation simply titled *Boston Rock-n-Roll Anthology*.

We started trading tapes and he provided me with quite a musical education, exposing me to bands I'd never explored that much—including early DAVID BOWIE and ROXY MUSIC ("Virginia Plain" is a *great* song!), ENO's *Here Come the Warm Jets* and quite a bit of '60s psych and garage, and rare stuff by the likes of the DICTATORS and NEW YORK DOLLS. He came up with creative titles for each tape—*Those Fabulous 70's!, Fantastic Brain Destroyers,* etc. I probably taped him current punk and hardcore that was rocking my world. We kept up a lively correspondence. Then he asked if he could start doing a column for the zine and, given the depth and breadth of his musical knowledge, as well as sharp insights on what was going on in the world, I readily accepted. Often witty—*"Madonna? Who, ah say, gives a fuck? Sheeeesh...."* and *"I don't know which is worse, heavy metal Christian bands like Stryper or reading that Black Flag's gonna record an album of originals by Charles Manson. Gag me with a pitchfork."* He showed disdain for politicians of any stripe (*"They all lie, they all suck!"*), although his politics were decidedly on the left side of the spectrum. He could also be incredibly poignant, such as the time he wrote about his suicide attempt after the disintegration of a romantic relationship. Reading that came as a shock. It showed that, while I knew Larry's interests and outlook, I didn't know everything about him. I didn't know that he had battled certain demons over the years. I'd eventually find out more... and not the way I wanted to. I never had a lot of "in-person" time

with him over the years, although my band NO SYSTEM played a party at his house and he filled in on drums for another one of my bands, SHATTERED SILENCE, even playing a short set with us at Ellen's and my wedding.

Sometime in the late '90s, I published an issue but never got a column from Larry. I was certain I'd given him the deadline but never got a reply. Or maybe I'd forgotten—it was a distinct possibility but it wasn't intentional. In any case, after the issue was published, I got a terse letter from Larry expressing his disappointment that I hadn't told him about the pending deadline. A while after that, I started doing CD compilations with the zine and didn't ask him for a DISARRAY song. Truth be told, that was something that also slipped my mind. Anyway, it greatly upset him, to the point where he wrote me a letter telling me he was discontinuing our correspondence—i.e. what amounted to a breakup letter. I can't find it but it was also quite cutting, telling me that he was sure I'd be happy with my bourgeois, safe, and secure middle class existence. That stung a bit but, in all honesty, there's truth to it. Life has its ups and downs but I've had it pretty damned good in the grand scheme of things.

About four or five years passed and I decided I wanted to get in touch with Larry and try to mend fences. In 2003, I contacted a friend of his whom I'd also corresponded with and he told me that Larry had passed away a few months before that. I somehow got in touch with his sister Debi who told me what had happened—that Larry had been ill for a number of years but no one knew what was causing it. She told me he had fallen in his room in November 2002 but wasn't discovered until 24-36 hours later, when his roommate found him. When the EMT tried to revive him, he went into cardiac failure and was out for six or seven minutes. He lapsed into a coma for two weeks and the doctors discovered he'd been having mini-strokes that had caused brain damage. She said he never came to, that he was in a state they called "Locked in Syndrome." She wrote, *"He could not blink his eyes or move at all to tell us he could hear us much less understand what we were saying."* Eventually, they decided to *"end his pain,"* as Debi put it and he passed away on March 6, 2003. He was only 45.

Needless to say, I was crushed... I don't know if a reconciliation would have been possible given the health issues he had but I wish I hadn't waited. I'm not being bombastic when I say it still haunts me some eleven years later. I recently reconnected with Debi online and she just told me that October 1 would have been his 57th birthday and maybe I'd like to write a tribute to him. So here it is... Looking back over his columns and at the box of tapes that he sent, it makes me realize that one of the best things I ever did was send him that letter after hearing the song ("My Intimate Friend," by the way) on the radio. It was a privilege to have known him and have his work grace the pages of my zine. R.I.P. Larry...

DO THEY STILL CALL IT THE BIG APPLE?

A number of this month's selections come from the always-fertile NYC scene, with lots of incestuous-ness, given that many individuals play in multiple bands. WARTHOG had a top-notch demo in 2013 and played at one of the best shows I saw last year, with MISSIONARY and GREEN BERET. And now we have their second vinyl offering, the *Prison* EP. Nasty and dirty hardcore with scabrous vocals. A potent two-guitar attack and plenty of buzz on the bass. Just relentless. (Iron Lung, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com)

AJAX have people from WARTHOG, CREEM and other units. Whoever/whatever, this is raging stuff. A vinyl pressing of their 2013 demo with a hard-hitting, piledriving sound. Pure brawn with angry vocals and a loud and punchy recording, packed with memorable riffs. (Even Worse, www.evenworserecords.com)

Next up is the brilliant debut album by IVY, whose vocalist is Eddie from BROWN SUGAR. Completely different personnel than his former band but there's still something of the "throw everything against the wall" (or maybe it's "throw caution to the wind") sound that mix-masters hardcore, punk and garage. A thumping rhythm lays the foundation for the buzzing, drill-press guitar attack and Eddie's vocal rant, which is buried in the mix a bit. Fiercely rockin' and mind-melting, the same kind of inspired chaos wielded by CRAZY SPIRIT et al. Top 10 material, for sure. (Katorga Works, katorgaworks.bigcartel.com)

FLYKILLS played a show up here with BORN WRONG not too long ago and were a pleasant surprise. They have a unique sound on their ten-song demo tape—ranty, Darby Crash-esque vocals and an edgy guitar-driven approach embracing post-punk, a dollop of goth and more straight-ahead punk. Something that can't be specifically pinpointed and I suppose I shouldn't rely on such easy comparisons, anyway. They told me they consider themselves outsiders in their hometown but there's certainly the same sort of punk rock parameter stretching that some of the other bands mentioned here follow. And I don't think I've ever gotten a band pin with a dead fly laminated on it. (flykills.bandcamp.com)

At first, I was somewhat disappointed with HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS' second album, *Stay Home*. It's hard to top an album that was in my Top Five of 2012, one of the best garage records I'd heard in a long-ass time. For this one, they've cleaned things up sonically to an extent and added a percussionist (you should have seen them trying to jam all their gear into a tiny basement space in Boston) but this is still a heady gnash with a pugnacious flavor, mainly due to the staccato cadence of the vocals. The melody lines come to the fore more than in the past—such as "I Thought I Was A Good Man"—but they're still capable of bashing away into delirium, starting with the opener "The Ghost" and the hard-driving "This World Is Beat" and "Shook and Hungry." There's nothing here that's on the level of "It's Murder," "My House" or "It's Hard On the Street"—not even close, but this is one of those records that eventually connects. I'm glad I gave it time. (Toxic State, katorgaworks.bigcartel.com/category/toxic-state)

Speaking of BORN WRONG, their new *Art District* EP is some of this Hamilton, ON's best material to date, four savage rippers full of anger and bile, both sonically and vocally—especially vocally. The title track is about the sanitization and white-washing processes that suck the life and edginess out such areas and, for some reason, is split between the sides of the record. That disrupts the flow a bit but, overall, the intensity doesn't waver. (Schizophrenic, 17 W. 4th St., Hamilton, ON L9C 3M2, CANADA, schizophrenicrex.com)

CARDIAC ARREST have had something of a low profile, at least record-wise, in recent years. A couple

of 7"s nearly ten years ago, a demo for a 2010 tour and, finally, their debut full-length *In the Mouth of Madness* (which was actually recorded in 2012). Vocalist Rob Ruzicka is the sole remaining original member and he sounds just as agitated as ever, giving Choke a run for his money with his throat-shredding bark. Fast, blistering hardcore that doesn't let up for a second, except for the SLAPSHOT-like "The Days." Blistering sentiments, as well, such as the critique of Rob's hometown St. Louis on "The Gateway Drug," but it seems as though he'll stay put even with all the crap. But there's also a "lighten up, Francis" (*Stripes* reference) take for "What A Joke," where Rob calls out people for lacking a sense of humor. Good to hear these guys are still kicking around. (Even Worse, www.evenworserecords.com; Way Back When, www.waybackwhenrecords.com)

Two more recent Iron Lung discs to wrap things up. There are just two tracks on GAG's latest 7", *Locker Room*, but they both kill—the band-penned title track and one by a couple of these guys' former band (I think) DEHUMANIZED, "No Hope No Change." Reverb on the vocals and just a savage and loud attack in a mid-tempo vein. "Locker Room" starts with a fusillade of guitar mangling and wreckery before kicking into overdrive, while "No Hope No Change" follows a more pounding route with messed-up, nightmarish vocal effects and torrents of feedback. GAG's brutality continues to mow down all in its path.

THE LOWEST FORM's *Negative Ecstasy* dishes out mean'n'raw hardcore that has a thorny, feedback-laden buzzsaw guitar tone and rabid vocals. They're from the UK but have a sound akin to a band like HOAX and there are noisier Finnish influences (KAAOS, for instance). Vicious blasts of speed and mid tempo pound, all of it played with maximum intensity. The title track wraps things up with six-plus minutes of minimalist, sizzling/whizzling throbbing burn that will leave you drained, like the illness referred for "Some Horrible Bug"—maybe that could be used on the news reports about Ebola. Maybe not—why frighten the public even more? Pain of mind, pain of body, all wrapped up in an ugly package. (Iron Lung, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com)

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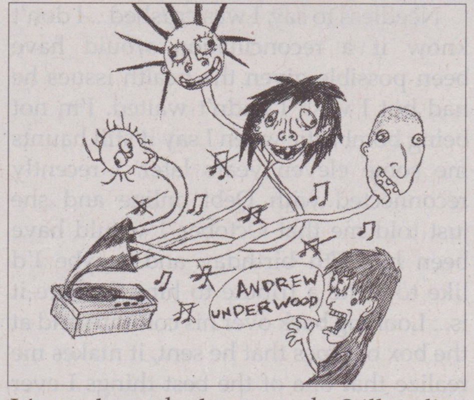


It's not been the best month. Still reeling from the loss of Lucy, been battling allergies and near-terminal exhaustion (why didn't someone tell me babies were hard work?!) and stressing about work stuff. If this month had any highlights they're mostly contained in the handful of great records I got to write about. Well those and the fucking great SAD BOYS action figure I got off of Weird Luke via Katorga Works. Best. Merch. Ever.

The big news this month is that enigmatic and completely un-internet-searchable Japanese all-stars C have finally made a general release of their debut record! While the self-released CD was made available at one gig only, this is the first time it has hit stores and I know a lot of people have been champing at the bit to hear it. Boasting both members of such luminaries as CONFUSE, D.S.B. and STAGNATION and the astounding title *Dear Fuck'in Shit All the Fascists, No More Nightmare*, this CD contains seven tracks of pure early Crass Records style punk with a capital "P". *The Feeding of the 5000* is the clear primary influence here, evident in everything from the marching tempo to the clattering drums to the spoken/snarled vocal, but really this record is to CRASS what CONFUSE were to DISORDER: a vital distillation with everything superfluous stripped away. CRASS took novels worth of words to declare a politics that C express in ten words in the insert: "Anti-war, anti-nuclear, anti-fascists, anti-power, anti-system". Similarly, the music is almost *all* drumrolls, strident bass lines and charismatic vocals, with guitars only existing on the periphery most of the time. It is really fucking something to hear CRASS-style punk get the Kyushu treatment, worlds better than you might expect. I'm not totally sold on the acoustic ballad at the end, but assuming it's just there to take the piss out of the MOB or some such, I'm all for it. Point is, this is the most interesting (and least pretentious) anarcho-punk release in a dog's age and you should definitely check it out. Unfortunately, as previously noted, this band is hard to find on the web and do not provide any contact info in the CD, so you'll have to get in touch with a Japanese record store to get a copy most likely.

The other big exciting news this month is that there're new MAQUINA MUERTA songs, just in time for their European tour (lord, gimme a Bay Area date some day!). This new tape (*Realidad Desesperada*) is equally as strong as the EP material, showcasing a band that are clearly the spiritual successors to *Raped Ass/Victims of a Bomb Raid*-era ANTI-CIMEX. The production perfectly compliments the music, giving these desperate songs a weird, hollow quality that renders them almost spooky at times. The vocal is as masterful as ever, howling the gloomy political lyrics over songs that perfectly evoke the style of early '80s Scandinavian D-beat without ever being directly derivative. "Anarquia Desesperada" may be my favorite of the bunch, a mid-tempo burner with a perfectly imperfect three-note solo and a classic three chord central riff. On the other hand, the song that immediately follows, "Vacio" has an endlessly catchy chorus and the kind of DIY simplicity that has inspired punks to start their own band since the birth of the style. Shit, every song on this tape has something that I could point to and say "This one's my favorite" (especially "Destino Controlado"). Let's leave it at this: MAQUINA MUERTA are a very, very special band, everything they've done so far has had the kind of effortlessly timeless quality that only truly elite bands (GAUZE for example) can achieve. I don't know what the availability of this tape is at this point but, to the shame of punks everywhere, the EP is still available from some distros, so at the very least grab a copy of that before it achieves the modern classic status it deserves.

One of the best gigs I've been to in recent memory took place in the basement of San Franscico's notorious Li Po Lounge. The show featured the then-debut of the dearly missed EFFLUXUS, a set by the Bay Area's don't-give-a-fuck D-beat kings DOPECHARGE (also RIP) and was headlined by LA's MANIA, who blew me away that night with their note-perfect UK82 attack. Unfortunately MANIA also

went before their time, leaving behind an excellent demo tape and little else. Lucky for us, and thanks to the always-amazing Silenzio Statico crew, there's a new demo by the MANIA follow-up band, DOGSBODY, and, for the most part, it picks up right where MANIA left off. The DOGSBODY demo has just a shade more of a '90s street punk feel to it, particularly in the DEFIANCE-esque busy bass lines, but for the most part this is fuckin' pogo central. The drummer is a model of restraint, clearly holding back to make every 1-2 beat and fill count in a way that works perfectly to drive the songs. This is the kind of shit that makes you want to pump your fist in the air without a hint of irony, totally epic choruses and boot-stomping riffs that are tough, melodic and classic without ever being remotely corny. (Silenzio Statico, staticoponx.com or dogsbody@gmail.com)

Not enough! Goddamnit, not enough! After a way too long wait following their brilliant debut demo, Singapore's LIFELOCK return to tease us with a three-song tape of fantastic D-beat that skews heavily toward the DISASTER-worship camp. Much cleaner and less crasher-crusty than the first demo, this is a carefully arranged affair that offers clear head nods towards DISCLOSE as well via the obvious "And for What?" demo title and chorus of "Never to Return" and the clearly Kawakami influenced vocal. The solos are much improved from the earlier material, eclipsing the two-note ragers and edging into Bones-type territory, though they remain short and sweet. Perhaps this tape does skimp a bit on quantity, but every song here is hard-hitting and memorable and it definitely leaves me drooling for more. I hear that this is going to be released on vinyl sometime in the near future, I just hope there's more new material in the pipeline as well. An excellent and unexpected return for a band that I thought might have faded into the woodwork. (Blackhole 212, subsistencepunk@hotmail.com; Blood of War, bloodofwarrecords.blogspot.com)

While the previous releases have been the product of careful work and definite intention, the CIEMO *Mierda Total* cassette is a complete mess of spontaneous hardcore, rough and raw in the best possible way. This two-person project produced by members of CISMA (who had an amazing tape release last year themselves) might as well be the ghost or the essence of hardcore made physical. Sloppy, simple and completely fucking pissed punk that's as much early GERMS as it is Spanish hardcore. It's just this side of SOCKEYE-style anti music, held together by the angry vocals and a shaky structure of DISORDER drums and wasp swarm guitars that almost inevitably collapse under the weight of the riffs. "Anarquia" is the un-song, with its one-word lyrics and rapid decay into formlessness, a perfection of the destructive style of songwriting that characterizes the rest of the material. So frantic and vital it sounds like they were being shot at in the studio. I'd trade 1,000 over-produced modern hardcore bands (and have!) to grab a tape like this any day. The vocals don't always sync up with the riffs, the bass is out of tune, the drums fade in and out of being in time... it's fucking beautiful. (Alta Intensidaz Tapes, www.altaintensidaz.com)

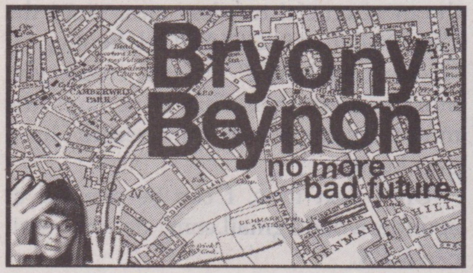
Finally, let's turn our attention to the re-issue business. Of course the primary purpose of re-issuing records is to preserve the most accomplished and indelible works in punk canon, to rescue from obscurity those singles and albums that risk being overlooked due to their inaccessibility despite their brilliance. This is all very well and good and noble and shit, but there's a parallel, and to my mind equally important job, when it comes to mining the depth of "lost" punk: finding and preserving the most fucked-up, shitty, chaotic punk that never made it past front room rehearsals or opening slots on regional bills. From SEATS OF PISS to the DECAY to REALITIES OF WAR, there's great value in preserving the stuff that was made by kids or fuck-ups or fucked-up kids for no purpose beyond annoying the shit out of the neighbors and scratching that desperate creative itch that can only be soothed by banging on a guitar, shouting into a mic and pounding on a drum until the system is well and truly told to go fuck itself. To that end, some lonely genius had bootlegged "the greatest punk band in Totton" via the (anti-)legendary SUBURBAN FILTH demo. Holy shit is this amazing. Twenty songs (!) of incredibly shitty, mostly only half-written tuneless punk songs, that put every band that has intentionally written short sloppy songs to absolute shame. The juvenile scrawling in the insert only adds to the quality of the release, pairing the painfully sincere but cliché lyrics with a couple of incredibly sincere but cliché interviews and an amazing hand-drawn assemblage of contemporary band logos (with SUBURBAN FILTH naturally taking a prominent position). The recording is of course miserable, done as it was in "Rut's front room," with the snotty kid vocal and (literally?) pots-and-pans drumming nearly drowning out the out-of-tune guitar (bass, what bass?). Only a few songs achieve a verse-chorus-verse structure, most peter out somewhere around the "verse" part. This is absolutely priceless, the most crucial tuneless mess since the GENOCIDE ASSOCIATION bootleg. If "Noise Not Music" is your credo, you must possess this. This is perhaps the most truly, completely punk record I have ever heard.

Until next time, I can be reached at agunderwood@gmail.com or via mail c/o *MRR*.

George Tabb is getting married! He'll be back next month. For now, some notes:

1. Okay, I'll say it again. The Dwarves new album, *The Dwarves Invented Rock'n'Roll* is the best album of the new century since their last one, *The Dwarves Are Born Again*, which of course followed *The Dwarves Must Die*. Great stuff, really! It's the most creative and coolest "good-time hardcore music" (Blag said that) there is. And he's right.
2. Don't forget the new Meatmen album, *Savage Sagas From the Meatmen.* Mighty Tesco V belts out the new hits like Satan himself! Funny, clever, and reall,y *really* rockin'.
3. Sorry to keep mentioning the same two bands, but they are amazing. So is all the stuff Todd Congeliere from Recess Records and TTK and FYP is doing. Besides putting lots of albums out of his own music, he is putting out some great bands you never heard of until now, as well as some oldies but goodies. Ben tells me he just signed some old Screeching Weasel stuff to him and that is *awesome*. Todd is the most honest, humblest and nicest guy I've ever worked with. I'm

glad Ben is now somewhere where not only does the head of the label actually love and live by his albums, but that he is the most honest man on the planet. Hear that, Lookout!? Are you even still around? I'm not sure you are, ever since Larry called me and apologized and told me he is sorry that he, Molly and Chris lied about everything regarding Furious George. I told him he did me a favor because it got me on Recess! Check out Todd's line of bands, you won't be sorry. And he's as *Punk Rock* as they come!



"God Was the First Cop": An Evening With Lydia Lunch

On a wet night in the early throes of October I take the bus the few stops from my home down the road to an old, rather ostentatiously decorated building in South London. Deptford Town Hall is a gilded lily on the ramshackle road that leads traffic through New Cross and out of the city. Once a grandiose municipal flourish, a living testament to the not-so-sensible use of taxes back in turn of the century boom times, lost civic heydays, complete with naval theme and several sculptures of slave ships (yeah, about those boom times..) the Town Hall was bought out and saved from demolition as a baroque curio by Goldsmiths University, whose ever-expanding property portfolio stretches across these southern reaches of the borough of Lewisham. Now they use it as an event space for talks, which is why I'm here.

Jostling with orange haired 40-something greebos with large black umbrellas, we join a snaking queue and ascend a spiral staircase and enter an already-full room that is the hall's main meeting chamber. The driving rain outside has made the room smell like laundry detergent, and I survey the audience, a bizarre sight against the century-old wooden panelling. It's a heady mix of queer postgrads that like woollen clothes that look like critical theory, your standard rockabilly parents, triumphant rainbow genderfucks in New Rock boots, and the full gamut of fetishwear-lite looks, including a guy with plastic piping for hair who's painted half his face grey. The abominable congregation takes a seat before our rogue Priestess, mother filth queen, tiny sex raven. We are here for the glorious, outlandish, spurious, ridiculous Lydia Lunch.

We're there for two hours. They are two long hours on a hard bench. The experience is, by turns, excruciating and extremely pleasurable, a contrast that feels entirely appropriate. I am squished in next to Ellie, my bandmate, who is much smarter than me and as such is doing a PhD on live art performance in the 1970s. Ellie's supervisor, Dr. Dominic Johnson, is here on the stage—he's the A to Lydia's B in this conversation, but of course it's anything but. He plays the highly skilled lion tamer, a calm, softly-spoken man asking probing, deep questions and being greeted, largely, by electric non sequiturs that reel into a sequence of admittedly mesmeric aphorisms that it's very clear she's said many times before. But here's the rub, and the magic of this frustrating woman: they ring truer with every repetition. The format of the talk is a brief introduction, two separate spoken word pieces from Lydia, then an extended back-n-forth, and finally, in what turns out to be the most revealing section of the event (rather than, as anticipated, the most embarrassing): the audience Q and A. This is all interspersed with slightly overly long choices of tracks that she has been part of. A listening party with a rabble of aging "academigoth" strangers bopping on their wooden benches to select cuts from *No New York* is not the first place I'd ask you to take me on a Thursday evening, but it's all strangely entertaining.

It's notable how routinely women artists like Lydia get situated in the context of men they've collaborated with: Nick Cave, Marc Almond, Henry Rollins, Thurston Moore, JG Thirlwell. So often we're led, hand held, blindfolded, through these swindling corridors of cultural legitimacy, to gently fondle the marble busts of these underground statesmen and others like them, identifying their fixed faces with our hands, this is true genius, this is pure talent. It's a rankling dick-litany that only tells us, "Look, she *must* be worthy of your reverence, she, mere tiny mouth, has created with these men of stature!" Yet Lydia's unbreakable self-assuredness jars against this, even while she revels in it all.

Lydia's spoken word pieces are, loosely speaking, on New York (and her coming to be there) and Death (and her sense of having come from it, obsession with it, ways in which to cheat it) respectively. They're amazing, and are only briefly detracted from by her grating insistence on a series of schlocky asides, mostly unnecessary attempts to crowdplease what is, for the most part, an already whooping audience of superfans, which seems a shame when her work actually speaks for itself. I found the exact piece she read out on YouTube, which made me feel sad, but also good in so much as that version has a lot less annoying asides in it. In this first piece, she layers up the cultural moment that No Wave sprang from, squats, political fear, the blackout and looting of '77, the deliberate divestment of the Lower East Side at the time, what roots sprang there as the fire service and police left it to ruin, and her chance meetings with James Chance and Alan Vega and where this led her.

The second piece is more personal and more rousing. She describes being "born into death," and my eyes begin to roll until she qualifies this in that classic Lunchian trick of smashing the metaphor you think you've been presented with. She immediately describes what she's referring to: her mother miscarrying before her, and again after her, how she was born strangling the foetus of her dead twin with her umbilical cord. Speaking in the languorous register of a woman with a number of longstanding prescriptions (she mentions her chronic pain condition only briefly, we're afforded no insight into her vulnerability), Lydia Lunch talks about creating music and sacred spaces. I am on board for Teenage Jesus, on board for even the whackier parts of Queen of Siam, absolutely on board for the Clint Ruin/No Trend work, and oh my god that song with Sort Sol, but sonically it must be said Lydia Lunch has misfired plenty of times, just as much as Patti Smith might have misfired more if she'd been more active in the '90s and say, branched into working with House and Techno DJs (who am I kidding, I'd pay to hear a Eurotrance remix of *Horses*, but we may be getting beyond the realms of *MRR*-readership relevance, so I'll leave that there.) All of this aside, it is her existence as a completely self-created human in the wake of that intense abuse, the classic personal invention, stripping shades of a city and making yourself from

it, that will be forever inspiring about her, even as she shrugs and bandies her way from lamppost to lamppost talking dismissively how she "fucking loved all the death, AIDS, blackouts, and lawlessness" of late '70s New York.

As time progresses her salient points swim ever more loosely in a soup of weak double entendre and "Lydia doing Lydia," which starts to feel like wrapping oneself in a old blanket, at turns comforting and full of sharp jagged crumbs of discarded crisps. This is particularly off-key when she brushes off questions she doesn't understand as badly worded, and fails to name a single current woman musician she is inspired by and asks the audience to call out names. (Someone gets very righteously shouted down for saying "Savages!" and someone else shouts "Pharmakon'"which, hilariously, Lydia responds to with "Pharmakon eh? Good name, I'm writing that down!" Now that would be *really* exciting collaboration.)

At one point, she states it as plainly as "I am not and have never been a punk rocker." She identifies this split through her having been drawn to No Wave's personal insanity over Punk's political insanity. We get tales of Brian Eno "fucking himself into the hospital" on his jaunt to NYC, how he did very little for the *No New York* compilation, was terrible at production and good at giving money.

It's fascinating that Lydia has remained so on message in her role as what she calls a "hysterian" "confrontationalist." She's at her strongest when rolling out truths that have only gotten larger, more bold and more italic in the last 30 years—about patriarchy, which she names and deconstructs in terms simpler and more powerful than any zeitgeisty twitter feminist you can name. Lydia's sharpest points come when talking about covens and the collective power of sisterhood, when she heaps praise on things like Kembra Pfahler's Future Feminism project, because all this feels that little bit more honest than the endless hedonism she touts. The pleasure-seeking Lydia rings rather hollow after the first half hour. She sings the mantra of a very lonely person, and plies lots of hyper-individualized notions of self-love and the pursuit of pleasure as paramount—indulgence of the id in a world turned to shit, commands to "just fuck and drink" over and above everything else. It all comes across a little neoliberal and jarring, especially in the context of her rousing call for the need to riot more and riot more violently. Like many artists of her ilk, her engagement with the politically radical uses strokes too broad to warrant that much analysis, but she's an artist not an organizer, so maybe her way of saying it is inspiring enough?

As I catch myself in a cringe as she performs herself so knowingly in front of a packed room, I wonder if that involuntary response is really a kind of internalized hatred for a badly behaved woman, and I'm a bit disgusted by myself. Then again, I'm also the kind of person who can't bear to overhear strangers making forced small talk on the train, so maybe it's a generalized neurosis over that Sahara Desert of social anxiety—that is to say, A is for "awkward"—over some unchecked misogyny. Either way, it's her complete rejection of humility as currency—the apparent entry price to cultural legitimacy—that makes it so hard to like Lydia Lunch, at face value, in terms of how she behaves, at least as a person you might want to spend time with, and, by the same token, what makes it so easy to love her as a self-created woman entity with literally zero-fucks to even begin to give, way beyond the point where even that is some kind of pose in itself. We expect any women given time to talk, even under the kind of dim, marginal spotlight that Lydia has maintained, to graciously answer questions, be self-aware and humble, to take their platform with a figurative curtsy. We absolutely do not like them to (as Lydia did over the course of these two hours) divert questions to areas they want to talk about, ignore instructions, throw microphones, down mini-bar bottles of vodka from their handbag, sway seductively with intent while the Town Hall PA plays their song, try to flirt with her interviewer by saying he'd make a good future ex-husband and telling him "I'm really just a faggot truck driver, how'd you like that?"

Two hours with Lydia is a joyous slog, proving that an orgasm and a full body cringe are so often two sides of the same coin. Consumed by the effect of constant vacillation between disgust and intoxication, I come home and fall into (another) Youtube hole, wanting to find out how her self-created self has developed, what the nascent Lydia had to say. Cable access, VHS and detuned fuzz is my kryptonite. Here is Lydia on stage the year I was born, 1986, brick red feather cut, wildfire eyes, promoting her film *Fingered* which, despite being directed and historically known as a film by career creep Richard Kern (another bust for the corridor) she wrote a lot of and scored. Lunch is delivering an arch monologue about meat and fucking. It's in her direct, expletive-laden style, all "you" statements that stoke and unsettle the audience until there is a volley of response from the audience. Without room mics, we can see her eyes spark each time but never hear the exact nature of each heckle she is responding to, just a low rumble in a male register. Her voice is missing the tobacco-stained drawl that reverberated through the Town Hall. As the attacks come faster and harder, the gaps between her clipped phrases are even smaller than normal. Instead of pushing through her piece, she embraces the derailment into a torrent of torrid abuse that is by turns base and crude and huge, but still feels very much like what she intended. Maybe this was all part of the act, but as an expression of artist bravery and power against this "know your place" woman-art-eating-machine, it's matchless. I have watched it eight times this afternoon. I search for vulnerability, of a sense of what would be a very natural defensiveness as she is railing back at her detractors (who knows what they came there for, but then this was 1986). She deftly lays the blame for structural damage of a world that turns on an axis of abuse at the feet of the howling amoeba in that room. Sharper than a sawn-off dildo, she does not draw breath. Blood red and articulate, totalizing negativity pulses from her face like the flickering exit sign towards total emancipation.

THE LEFT BEHIND LEFT

We have met the enemy and he is us.
Pogo (Walt Kelly), comic strip

We called it "The System" back in the day. After I got politics in 1968, I considered capitalism and the State equally destructive of human individuality and community, and that working people would be able to overthrow both to bring about socialism. My world view didn't change much as I evolved from anarchism to left communism over the decades that followed. I identified the working class as the social class with the revolutionary agency to overthrow capitalism and the State and realize communism, a bit more nuanced than the political debates of the 60s where Marxists argued that capitalism was the principle enemy while anarchists argued that it was the State.

Things got a whole lot more complicated in the 70s, 80s, and beyond. The New Left splintered into the New Communist Movement, various nationalist movements, the women's movement, the gay movement, *et al*, even as we pretended that a bunch of ineffective little groupings amounted to one big ineffectual Movement. Alternative analyses arose where patriarchy was the enemy and women the revolutionary agent, or white supremacy was the enemy and people of color the revolutionary agent, and so on. Eventually, it became necessary to define The System, after bell hooks, as the "white supremacist, patriarchal, heteronormative, capitalist, imperialist, statist" enemy; a rather clunky accumulation of oppressions that did little to advance any kind of radical struggle other than to appease various and sundry wannabe revolutionaries.

I will take on the issue of revolutionary agency, as well as of the realistic capacities of any such agency, in a future column. For now, it should be clear that the implied parity between forms of oppression entailed by the phrase The "white supremacist, patriarchal, heteronormative, capitalist, imperialist, statist" System is bullshit. Every group in radical circles singles out one form of oppression as primary, with all others consigned to secondary status. Radical people of color and their allies see white supremacy as THE enemy. Radical feminists and their allies contend that patriarchy is THE enemy. And so it goes. Such was the case when Marxists argued that capitalism was THE enemy, or when anarchists proclaimed that the State was THE enemy.

I'm happy to discuss and debate which form of oppression is paramount, even to argue whether all are equally valid, and learn from or adjust my analysis accordingly. Unfortunately, the quality of discussion and debate in this sad excuse for a Movement is abysmal. I'm not sure whether it is merely dogmatism and sectarianism run rampant, or the consequence of postmodernism's effects on our capacity for critical thinking and dialogue, but reason and analysis seem to be in short supply whereas rational study and articulate argument have become lost arts. I won't go into all the gory details of my latest run-in with internecine anarchist idiocy. You can google that for yourself. For the record, I'm utterly disdainful of the thoroughly isolated, completely fragmented, pathetic joke of a so-called Movement. Nowadays, I no longer claim anything left of the Left, although my sympathies remain gauchist. Instead, lets discuss two general topics of interest.

THE MYTH OF FACT CHECKING

Memory is a motherfucker.
Bill Ayers, *Fugitive Days: Memoirs of an Anti-War Activist*

This is one of my favorite quotes. Ayers makes the point that many of the memories he claims are fact or true are actually not that at all, but are based on recollections fogged by time, as well as a "blurring of details" where "[m]ost names and places have been changed, many identities altered, and the fingerprints wiped away." There is plenty of scientific evidence for the unreliability of personal memory and eyewitness testimony. This plus my experience with writing and reading history, where there are invariably numerous versions of the same historical narrative, has made me cynical of words like "fact" and "truth." I won't go so far as Nietzsche's famous quote that "there are no facts, only interpretations," but I will argue that there are no facts, only evidence for facts. The only way we can establish a fact, or for that matter a truth, is through verifiable, empirical evidence for that fact or truth.

Fact checking then is not a matter of tallying up the facts, but of compiling and weighing the evidence for the facts. In my experience, two things often stand in the way of honest fact checking when it comes to current events. First, there are plenty of people claiming that "they were there" at any given notorious incident, whether or not they actually were. And second, of those individuals who come forth and claim to be present when such incidents take place, most are decidedly less than forthcoming about the what, when, where and how of their supposed eyewitness experiences despite their willingness to loudly pass judgment on the why.

As for history, I wasn't around for either the Russian revolution or the Spanish civil war. Yet I've scoured all the available history and primary sources, the evidence if you will, for the facts and lessons to be drawn from these historical events. In the process, I've noticed that new evidence is always being discovered, and thus new facts are being determined, and new histories are being written.

DUALISM VS DIALECTIC

When the Buddha comes, you will welcome him; when the devil comes, you will welcome him.
Shunryu Suzuki, "No Dualism," *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*

Don't you know there ain't no devil, there's just God when he's drunk.
Tom Waits, "Heartattack and Vine"

Finally, there is the tendency to reduce everything to a Manichean good vs evil view of the world, inherited from our Judeo-Christian society. Marx made it clear that capitalism is a system of exploitation and oppression, but also an all encompassing social relationship in which both capitalists and workers are intimately involved. Capitalist and worker are both oppressed by capitalism, although by no means equally so. Thus, Marx was against vulgar Marxists who label capitalists as purely evil and workers as entirely good. White supremacy is a form of oppression, which does not mean that white people are evil and people of color are good. Patriarchy is a form of oppression, which does not mean that men are evil and women are good.

Even the penchant for naming an enemy is problematic. To do so is to suggest an evil that must be countered by the good. I have been sitting zazen for the past three plus years, trying to wrap my mind around the Buddhist idea of non duality. Non duality seems the perfect antidote to good vs evil thinking, except that it propounds paradox at every turn. Strive for non-striving, let go of letting go, achieve non-achievement; Buddhism is chock full of such paradoxes. These are

consciouslyenigmaticcontradictionsakin to the famous koans of Zen Buddhism's Rinzai school, meant not to supply answers but to provoke enlightenment. Combine that with Buddhism's own recent demonstration of good vs evil dualistic behavior, illustrated by the murderous agitation of rabidly anti-Muslim Buddhist monks like U Wirathu and Galagodaatte Gnanasara, and we're back in the thick of this world's shit.

WHAT'S LEFT?

Nobody bickers, nobody stalls or debates or splinters.

John Sayles, "At the Anarchists' Convention"

In John Sayles' piquant short story, "At the Anarchists' Convention," cantankerous personal squabbling and bitter political sectarianism among the scruffy convention participants are momentarily set aside when all in attendance unite against a hotel manager who tries to kick the Convention out of its rented room due to double booking. This whimsical tale ends when the convention of geriatric has-been red-flag wavers dedicated to lost causes erect a barricade, stand together, link arms, and sing "We Shall Not Be Moved."

The notion that The Movement is something we should rally around against a common enemy reeks of just such sentimentality and nostalgia. That this degenerate offspring of what was called The Left is all but worthless goes without saying.

So, call me a fascist or a racist, or label my thinking white supremacist or Eurocentric. I write my columns knowing full well that some people will dismiss what I say as defensive, abstract, condescending, or self-serving. For those of you who consider me an anachronistic, eccentric old school commie, here's my upraised middle finger.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.

Pick an instrument and start your own band...

Wait, did I really write that? Whatever your skill, ability or knowledge, you should get an instrument and start your own band. Whether you are on your own, or if you can find some friends to play with, do it. Even if you don't succeed, that's probably the best way to learn, progress, and share with other people through music. If you ask me, I'm not such a great musician. I'm not especially proud of the fact that I never took a single guitar lesson. The truth is I learned by reading books and magazines, listening and watching other bands, and, most importantly, by playing in a band. I won't get into details on how, when or why you should start. Instead I'll give you a couple pieces of advice in order to sort out the mess that is choosing bass or guitar.

If you're about to start a punk band, I guess you could pick any instrument, whether that is a saxophone or a bell, and you'd do well, because, after all, punk's got no rules. But most people into punk usually enjoy playing guitar, bass, or drums. Some also use a microphone to sing or scream, as you can consider the voice an instrument as well. If you have an ability to write lyrics, sing melodies, or if you're used to singing, shouting, or screaming, then go for it. If you don't and drums are not for you, you can still pick up a guitar or a bass. But don't get me wrong, even if they look very similar, bass and guitar are two very different instruments. If you're about to pick up a guitar or a bass, I can't recommend enough that you find one that you feel really comfortable with. One that is easy to play, and not too heavy for your back to support.

"I want to buy me a guitar, but where do I start?"

You have many options: going to a store, ordering something from a website, borrowing one from a friend, or stealing something, but I recommend you try the instrument you'll play, and make sure that the five minutes you spend doing so will assure you that it's the good one for the next few years. There's nothing worse than playing an instrument you don't feel comfortable with. But let's face it: you'll go first to an instrument that looks cool, won't you? Here're a few elements you've got to consider before owning your new stringed instrument:

Neck type: A guitar is made out of two pieces of wood, the neck and the body. You might come across three different configurations: bolt-on neck, glued neck, or neck through body. Bolt-on neck, mostly associated with Fender instruments, has the neck screwed to the body. Glued neck, mostly associated with Gibson instruments, has the neck glued into a carved pocket on the body. Neck through body is just one long single piece of wood that makes both the body and the neck. It provides a lot of sustain and has unique sonic qualities. Glued neck also provides a lot of sustain. On the other hand, bolt-on neck gives the user the ability to remove or change the neck when it needs a repair or to be replaced, while tending to provide less sustain. Think about it when you're about to buy an instrument. If you're playing something heavy, World Burns To Death style, you'd probably like a lot of sustain, while the thin and jangly sound you like from a Generacion Suicida record, could mostly come from a bolt-on neck.

Neck shape: The back of the neck on a guitar can be differently shaped. Some are really fat and rounded, while others are close to flat. Sometimes the neck is referred to the letter it is shaped likes, such as C, D or U. The more vintage it is, the fatter, while the more modern, the slimmer. We usually consider a fat neck better for old school stuff, while modern flat necks are more oriented toward speed and metal players. Well, if you care for my humble opinion, I'd recommend you to choose the size of the neck based on the size and shape of your hand and what seems to fit the best to your playing style. I personally don't really like flat necks because my thumb doesn't rest well on the back of the neck. It's all up to you on this one. Just try a couple and figure out what you feel the most comfortable with.

Fingerboard radius: The fingerboard is, as opposed to the back of the neck, is what we could call the top of the neck. This is where the frets are, and where you'll lay your fingers. It comes in a

concave shape, and can be slightly or highly curved. It usually ranges from a 7.25″ radius, which is the most curved, to a 20″ radius, which is pretty flat. Fender guitars have a tradition of highly curved necks, ranging from a radius of 7.25 to 9.5″, while Gibsons usually have flatter necks, with a standard 12″ radius. A flatter radius is usually better for playing lead guitar, while a curved radius might better suit rhythm guitar. Once again, it's all up to your taste. I'm a really big fan of the Fender-style radius, considering the shape of my left hand.

Number and size of frets: Frets are these small metal parts that are on the fretboard. When you depress a string on them, they shortens the length of the string, producing different notes. Does the number of frets mater? If you're about to play a lot of lead parts then it probably does, because you're allowed to play more notes on the fretboard. But in my opinion the *size* of the frets matters way more. The more vintage, the smaller they are, as opposed to the more modern ones, where frets are bigger. What's the difference between modern and vintage frets? Well, once again it's up to your taste. I do enjoy medium to vintage frets and really hate the biggest ones. Make up your mind.

String nut: This little piece stuck between the head of the neck and the fretboard is usually the least regarded thing while choosing a guitar. It's a shame, because this is one of the most difficult things to replace, and if the one you have is cheap or badly cut, then you're in for a lot of trouble. This is one of the parts that cheap brands save money on, in order to sell inexpensive guitars. If you've got some serious tuning problems, chances are that your string nut is really terrible. String nuts can come in different materials: plastic, graphite, bone. Bone and graphite are usually really great. Just look for the one you're about to purchase, and if looks cheap, or the slots are badly cut, then pick another instrument.

Tuning machines: The tuning machine world is wild and huge: vintage, modern and auto-locking. There are a lot of choices and plenty of brands. They are pretty much all great, but some are more difficult to deal with than others. With the vintage ones, it takes more time to replace a string and wind it than with a modern one. The locking tuners on the other hand are great because you don't have to wind up the string around the tuner multiple times. You just put the string inside the hole, turn the locker, and tune the string to pitch, and that's it. Honestly, even if I really like vintage tuners, my main guitar is now equipped with locking tuners, and it has saved me a lot of time and pain, especially the few times I had to replace a broken string during a gig. My only point is: choose an instrument with solid and strong tuners. If they look or feel sketchy, maybe you'd better consider another instrument or you'll have to go for an upgrade. Tuning machines, along with the string nut are two keystones of a stringed instrument that can hold tuning very well, even with the strongest assault made to it.

Next month we'll go further into the body of a stringed instrument and figure out all its secrets. Questions, or need advice or help? Send me a message at instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com Answers guaranteed.

P.S.: Huge thanks to Mister Nagawika for drawing this column's header. This gentleman is the best pen in town and you should definitely check out his work.

Lexicon:

Sustain: Sustain is a parameter of musical sound over time. As its name implies, it denotes the period of time during which the sound remains before it becomes inaudible, or silent. In short, that's the time between when you hit the string and when it stops moving.

Frets: A fret is a raised element on the neck of a stringed instrument Frets usually extend across the full width of the neck. On most modern instruments, frets are meta l strips inserted into the fingerboard.

String nut: The nut of string instrument is a small piece of hard material that supports the strings at the end closest to the headstock or scroll. The nut marks one end of the vibrating length of each open string, sets the spacing of the strings across the neck, and usually holds the strings at the proper height from the fingerboard. Along with the bridge, the nut defines the vibrating lengths (scale lengths) of the open strings.

Fingerboard radius: On a guitar, mandolin, ukulele, or similar plucked instrument, the fingerboard appears flat and wide, but is usually slightly curved to form a cylindrical or conical surface of relatively large radius compared to the fingerboard width. The radius quoted in the specification of a string instrument is the radius of curvature of the fingerboard.

Since this is my first column, I'd like to introduce myself and talk about what has kept me excited about punk since I got into it over a decade ago, before writing about one of the most overlooked '80s punk scenes in the world, the Philippines.

My name is Aaron M. I'm from a small town in the middle of nowhere about 90 minutes north of Philadelphia. I was the first punk kid in my school that I was aware of, and I didn't really have friends who shared the same passion for it as I did growing up. This led me to be pretty independent when searching for new music. Like most kids, I got into typical and obvious US and UK bands, but when I became aware of punk bands in Japan, like DISCLOSE, TOM AND BOOT BOYS, and GAUZE I was really stoked. The idea of having a non-western-European culture taking punk and singing in their own language was really exciting to me, and Japan's regional sound broke the superficial punk sound for me.

Another breakthrough to global punk for me was finding out about the Israeli punk scene—bands like NEKHEI NAATZA, DIR YASSIN, and NIKMAT OLALIM really opened my eyes. If there were punks in the Holy Land, there had to be punks everywhere! From there it was a mad search to find cool bands from all over the globe. I would read distro lists and largely buy records blindly based on their location and vague descriptions of sounding cool. Through purchases like these I was able to get into what I think are crucial bands like DOMESTIK DOKTRIN from Indonesia or RAI KO RIS from Nepal. Most important to me was purchasing the Tian An Men 89 releases of music from underground Kazakhstan, Georgia (USSR) and Nepal in 8th grade. Tian An Men 89 represented and represents to me everything I love about punk—people creating their own unique sounds under oftentimes oppressive and remarkable

circumstances, creating something with or from nothing and making it their own is the most punk thing to me. Punk from places where punk is less accessible or where it's actually dangerous to be a punk is more interesting to me generally. The fact that emotions and ideas or attitudes can be expressed without having a common language is a great unifier in punk for me, and has been the case when travelling abroad. No matter where you go, if you find a punk, you'll have that common ground to make real connections where you otherwise wouldn't be able.

So on to the topic at hand: Filipino '80s hardcore/punk. This scene is one of the oldest in Asia (besides Japan of course). The Philippines had a diverse and large amount of bands back then, but from my perspective, no one ever talks about those them like they do bands from Australia, Japan and Brazil. Even the USSR gets more attention, I think. Everyone knows about THIRD WORLD CHAOS' *New Move For Error* LP from 1984, but I think that's because it was an actual vinyl record. All the other Filipino '80s bands weren't so lucky to have a LP release and had to put their stuff out on tape. It seems like that's the reason it's so overlooked—when a bunch of record collecting nerds can't get their hands on your stuff or it's not available on vinyl, it gets dismissed or simply ignored. There's still tons of great music being released on only CD or tape, and it's definitely important to not be so mono-format when checking out punk bands if you don't want to miss out on cool music. After all, is it about the music or the format ultimately?

To get to the bands, I'll first start by talking about BETRAYED who released a self-titled tape in 1986 on the Twisted Red Cross label, which put out the bulk of the '80s Filipino hardcore/punk releases. Seriously, BETRAYED are insanely good—you could throw them on *This is Boston, Not L.A.* and not miss a beat. Look up "Kids Will Unite" on the interwebs, on those popular streaming video sites. You won't be disappointed! Lots of catchy melody and speed, with songs that remind me of early F.U.'s, the FREEZE or pre-LP JERRY's KIDS. There was definitely a big US sound in the Philippines in the '80s, which makes sense seeing the country's historical relationship with the USA.

Then there are the DEAD ENDS, who released three cassettes in three years: *Complaints* in 1985, *Second Coming* in 1986, and *Damned Nation* in 1987, the whole time getting faster and more aggressive with their sound. Check out songs like "Morons Like You" or "No System." Their later stuff has a definite Dischord/DC sound going on, just pummeling, frantic hardcore punk with some guitar leads and snare-centered drums.

DECEASED released a tape in 1988 called *Never Rest in Peace*. This is a weird comparison that no one will get, but it sounds like a poor man's G.I.S.M. mixed with Tajikistan's ZLO (See the Tajikistan TAM89 release for the reference) with breakdowns thrown in, really wild. Check out the song "Religion" for an introduction. Really fucking great! As you'll notice, the Filipino bands unfortunately/fortunately chose to sing in English—hopefully it'll just make those punk anglophiles (you know who you are or you know who I'm talking about!) more inclined to check them out!

G.I. + the Idiots is another band that I think people are aware of. Raw, spastic, all-over-the-place hardcore punk, short songs, totally great! They released their *Fascinating World of Garbage* tape in 1986. "We Can't Get Along" is an absolute punk classic that I would put on the same level as OLHO SECO's "Nada" or U.B.R.'s "Harmonija." If they were a US band with a LP release it'd be a classic for sure. It is such a shame that stuff like this largely get overlooked, a very crucial reference in world punk and very important.

I.O.V. or INTOXICATION OF VIOLENCE released *Another Destructive Century* in 1987, also on the Twisted Red Cross label. If you're a fan of early, raw Italian hardcore then this is right up your alley. Check out "My Song", a total 30 second rager.

One of my favorites is PHILIPPINE VIOLATORS. Their 1987 tape *At Large!* seriously deserves and needs to be talked about. It needs an LP reissue even, it's so great! Check out the song "My Generation" which sounds like a raw, fuzzed-out '80s Peruvian punk band like LEUSEMIA or the *4 Bands That Could Change The World!* comp. Catchy, jangly, stompy and blown-out hardcore/punk, actual perfection!

R.D.A. is definitely in the Dischord/'80s DC camp, but more disorderly and sloppy. They released *Brave United in Trust* in 1987 on TWISTED RED CROSS. Check out "Lesson For" from that tape as a good starting reference.

THIRD WORLD CHAOS is absolutely still worth being talked about here. The first Filipino punk band, who got to put out their LP in 1984, the only Filipino punk record released in the '80s. Their guitarist Tommy Tanchanco was the guy behind the TWISTED RED CROSS label. I would describe them as a more RAMONES-influenced LEUSEMIA? I'm sure there's a more accurate way to describe them—a rawer, more original ATTAQUE 77? Check out "New Mover For Error" or "No Rule."

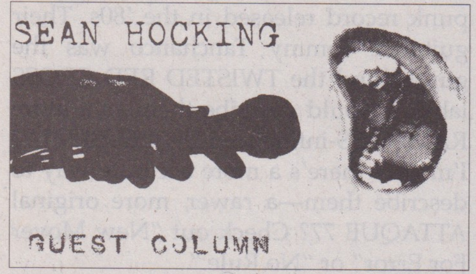
Another one of my favorites is 1985's *Independence Day* cassette by URBAN BANDITS. Catchy, raw, fuzzed-out, crunchy punk with some faster hardcore songs thrown in. Absolutely sounds like a proto-hardcore '81 or '82 punk release. I think this has the most "Filipino" sound to my ears, with a US hardcore comparison possible but it's much more unique than that! "Never" or "Hoy!" are the crucial songs for me.

Finally there's the WUDS with their 1985 cassette *Arms Talk*. This sounds like an early South American punk band mixed with the more rocking punk Mutha Records releases like MISCHIEF or ACCELERATORS. What's great about the WUDS is that they had a song or two in Tagalog: check out "Sa Katulad Mo" or "Sana Hindi Minsan Mo Lang Akong Tingan."

And it's necessary to at least list the crucial compilations that were put out in the 1980s: *Rescue Ladders & Human Barricades* (1985), *3rd Bombardment* (1986), *Fatal Response* (1986), and *Live At Katrina's* (1986). It's also important to mention the mid '90s band BIOFEEDBACK, an incredibly unique Filipino band with lyrics in Tagalog which deal with Filipino society and the harsh realities of living in a third world nation. Heavy, slower, catchy, fuzzed-out hardcore punk. It's a really hard sound to describe for sure, doesn't sound like anything I'm familiar with. Check out "Lasenggo Gago" which is absolutely one of the most important punk songs to me, it's incredible.

I hope that you're encouraged and feel excited enough to check out these great bands. Let's start talking about the overlooked bands in the world. What happened to all the USSR Kazakh punk

bands that never had proper releases? Let's talk about the South African scene in the '80s and how punk developed there. What good punk bands exist in China today? Someone's gotta get on scene reports for over there. Hopefully these are things that can be addressed in the future.



Metal Postcard Records Hong Kong (aka myself, Sean Hocking) would like to thank Maximum Rocknroll for inviting us to pen a column on some of the odder and more underground sounds emanating from the Asia Pacific region, the Pacific Rim and even toward the Indian Ocean—which is where we'll start.

Perth in Western Australia has always been home to some quite distinct underground music. They are so far away from the rest of the world that it seems as if sometimes they just don't care whether anybody listens to them or not. Current readers will be aware of the TAME IMPALA / POND family of musicians but did you know that the band many say inspired a young Kurt Cobain operated in complete isolation in Perth in the early eighties? All paisley shirts, tight black jeans, winkle pickers and hair that would have made Andrew Eldritch of the SISTERS OF MERCY jealous, the SCIENTISTS made a sound that a decade later would be defined by many as grunge. If you don't believe the hype we suggest you check out their song "We Had Love."

Operating on the fringes of the Perth music scene for the last decade is CELERY (Previously: STREAKY JAKE / SWOOP SWOOP) a lo-fi singer songwriter with more than a streak of punk about him. As a child he was raised in Darwin and attributes his somewhat left field look on life to the fact that a crocodile almost took off his right hand as a child, which he says has also affected his playing style as an adult. Have a listen to his song "Self Medication," which he says is a personal tribute to the late great JAY REATARD.

Still in Australia, we go down to Melbourne for a bit of punk attitude from the band TEENAGE MOTHERS, who've got themselves into trouble with a number of people over their song "Orlando and Miranda." The song has been around for a couple of years now but it still seems to be doing its job of upsetting people and they've even been threatened with court action over it. (teenagemothers.bandcamp.com)

We'll head off to Myanmar (Burma), where the punk scene has grown by leaps and bounds since the military dictatorship took a step back from controlling every part of people's lives. Myanmar punks may look a bit dated, with their EXPLOITED/DISCHARGE fashion sense, but the anger, frustration and experiences of bands like the REBEL RIOT, whose song "Demonstration" talks of street politics and resistance, is palpable. It's pretty well accepted that the best punk and hardcore scene in the area is found in Indonesia but a growing community in places like Yangon, Myanmar's capital, will soon be giving other cities a run for their money (therebelriot.bandcamp.com).

If you thought Burma was an unlikely place to find a punk scene, we're hearing that the new frontier is Nepal—yes, Nepal. Those of you who know Nepal's recent political history won't be that surprised. A decade-long Maoist insurgency that the country is still recovering from, and poverty levels that would move even the most hardhearted to tears has begun to spawn a hyper-local hardcore scene that we'll investigate in greater detail over time. Those in the know have pointed us toward the SQUIRT GUNS, a young duo with a rockist ska punk style version of Crass' "Do They Owe Us A Living." If you want to say hi they are on Facebook (facebook.com/squirtgunsnepal). It's also worth mentioning that they have been invited to play India's first Pan-Asian indie and punk music festival, arranged by the fabulous Rishu Singh. The two-day festival is being held in Goa on November 15th and 16th and is headlined by the one and only SHONEN KNIFE. Rishu is also bringing in bands from as far afield as Thailand, the UAE and Malaysia. (facebook.com/thenewwaveasia)

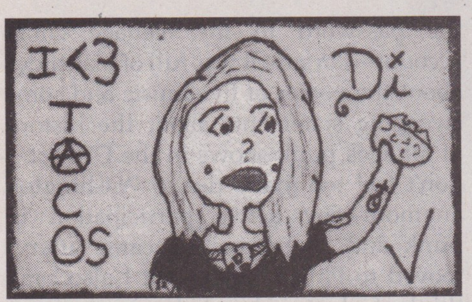
We'll highlight the VINYL RECORDS and LIGHTYEARS EXPLODE amongst many other bands in India's ever-burgeoning alt-scene in forthcoming issues. First up though is a New Delhi band, the CIRCUS, who describe themselves as alt/experimental rock. (soundcloud.com/circusthe)

Before we leave the subcontinent, there's a great new free bandcamp compilation entitled From Protest to Resistance, a collection of punk and hardcore bands all hailing from Nepal, India, and Pakistan. There are sixteen featured acts on the comp displaying a wide range of styles, from face-melting noise and grindcore to straightforward hardcore and punk rock. (stelisrecords.bandcamp.com).

Our final stop is China where the hardcore punk scene isn't quite as lively as it was a few years ago, but where the experimental noise scene just keeps getting bigger and weirder. Aficionados will already be aware of long-term experimentalists, TORTURING NURSE, out of Shanghai (https://www.facebook.com/torturingnurseforever). But you probably won't be up with Beijing's latest nasty noiseniks who go by one of the best names ever, CAT AIDS. You can read about them in a Time Out Beijing interview online—if you are still convinced you want to hear them, they are on Nasty Wizard Recordings alongside label mates DJ URINE and JERK KEROUAC. (nastywizardrecordings.tumblr.com)

Finally, unless you've been living under a rock you'll know that young students in Hong Kong have been having their Paris 1968 moment. The umbrella movement and their acts of cleaning and kindness have put both Beijing and the international media on the back foot. But don't be fooled, they are a tough bunch and local band MY LITTLE AIRPORT, who have posted regularly from the hustlings, are the perfect representation of the movement. They may sound as twee as all those jangly guitar bands you hate, but don't be fooled by the sound alone. They are persistent, tough and brave, using non-violence and wit to defeat Big Brother. Their song "I Love the Country, But Not the Party" perfectly sums up the mood in Hong Kong. (mylittleairport.com)

See maximumrocknroll.com for a playlist of the songs mentioned in this column. Contact Sean Hocking, Metal Postcard Records, Hong Kong; metalpostcard.bandcamp.com / soundcloud.com/metal1postcard with questions and comments.



"Look me in the eye, then tell me that you're satisfied."

Staying in my hometown was never an option. The word "literally" was amended this year to also mean "figuratively" in several established dictionaries so when I say staying in Grand Rapids was literally not an option in my mind, know that I mean it, literally. Who do dictionaries think they are to change the meaning of a word to also include its exact opposite? I'm getting off track already.

I'm not trying to throw shade, but when I was growing up, Grand Rapids was a horrible, miserable place for someone like me. I've heard from enough people I trust in recent years to believe it's a decent enough place for straight-ish Chistian-ish, or at least not-too-weird weirdos these days, but my experience was that GR was the camp and culture from *But I'm a Cheerleader* realized in action. Wearing a KoRn shirt in '98 elicited the kind of horrified and concerned looks you'd expect from someone accidentally volunteering as a demo bottom for a Golden Shower scene at Folsom Street Fair (though secretly you knew there was some major inner-freak-suppression going on!). What I wouldn't give to actually see that happen to some of the assholes from my youth! Several years back I found a time capsule questionnaire I filled out in 5th grade and under the "Where will you be living?" question I answered "California".

It's fair to say I was a bit obsessed with California throughout my tweens. Looking back it's clearer the obsession stemmed from a carnal need to get the fuck out of dodge. Some families are scattered all over the country, and traveling is a normal routine. All, and I mean *all*, of my family is in Michigan. 95% are in Grand Rapids. I had an aunt who moved to Germany for a few years and now she lives in the disgustingly white-washed conservative Hell known as Troy and she is the only one who left Grand Rapids apart from me. Just recently, as I have been finding my place here in the Bay Area, have I started to question why I needed to leave and how I knew that so early.

As a queer, polyamorous, transexual, anti-capitalist, radical punk, I bet I'd have enough Washingtons in my pocket to give a few to each person in the entire Grand Rapids metropolitan area who fits that description. And I'm pretty broke. This lack of community is why I won't be moving back to Grand Rapids any time soon, or likely ever. It's important to have community, and be around like-minded people who have had shared experiences. For some it's an added bonus, but for me, and for most, I believe it's imperative. Why else would so many of us move to the Bay?

But I wanted to leave Michigan before I knew I was queer, before I knew what capitalism and polyamory were, before I knew what punk was. Despite moving across the country twice, I have not actually lived many places—only three in fact. I dipped my feet into a few cities; I briefly crashed or squatted in Philly, Chicago, and Portland. The longest I stayed in any of those three was a month. Otherwise my timeline went: 18 years in Grand Rapids, 4 years in Lansing, MI, 5 Years in Washington, DC, and I am coming up on 1 year in San Francisco. That's not exactly the resume of someone with a bad case of wanderlust. I do hope to find a city I can call home for long-term in fact. I've never been to any other country except Canada, and still have not explored much of the US outside major coastal cities. I stayed in Lansing for college and, though it was an upgrade from Grand Rapids, I still knew Michigan was not my place. DC was wonderful and I stayed 5 years and could easily see myself moving back.

In some families, traveling and living apart from family is normal but, as I stated, my whole family is in one city. Some of them have barely ever left the city. While I have been thousands of miles away, we have obviously grown apart some, but we have always been a tight knit family and I do often feel guilty for leaving. I'm sure most of them wonder how I could leave and venture off into the unknown, as much as I ponder how they could stay in the same awful place so long.

The trope of "discontent" is central to punk, but so is a call to action. Punk is many things, but passive is absolutely not one of them. I grew up on metal, and metal is certainly an angry scene, but it is not particularly active. I found more of a call to anger, than to action, and so I am not surprised to see metal communities stay in the suburbs and small towns and spread out. You come together at the show, at the bar, but not necessarily outside of the music. Punk is a sound and an ethos. It rallies us and charges us. Also, punks travel and travel well. We get around. We make friends everywhere we go. In just a year and a half in my ex-band Mary Christ, we played over a dozen cities, two countries, and met many dozens of bands. Knowing I had at least a few friends in 15 different US cities makes it a lot less scary to travel, lest move. I only knew a handful of people in the Bay well when I moved here, but I knew of dozens, and knew the reputation it has as a queer and punk haven, so while moving is possibly the worst thing ever, it's much less terrifying knowing you are heading to a place that already has a framework and a community built and sustained to welcome you. There have been many ups and downs to living in the Bay but meeting new rad people has never been an issue.

Have punk, will travel. It's true. It's basically a rule. Traveling is historically a thing for the well off, or at least solidly middle class. I have cousins who have rarely left their city because of the money it takes to travel. My family is certainly not well off. And true to form, punks found a way. We load up shitty vans that run on the grease from Chinese take-outs, hop trains, or scam Amtrak city to city, state to state, action to action, show to show. We squeeze way more people than can legally fit in a sedan and drive 22 hours a day singing Descendants songs out the windows and taking turns decking up our most cherished mixtapes, and damn do we have good stories. In punk you can go 5-10-15 years without seeing someone and catch up in a few minutes with one great-shared experience. Because ultimately, I think that's what most punks are after: To collect a bunch of stories, wild times, and shared memories, in a way that the rest of the world would envy if they knew.

I knew I had to leave Michigan for so long, not because Michigan had nothing for me, but because I knew that there was so much out there. I'm a collector. I love vinyl, constantly have to temper my urge to hoard guitars, but my most prized possessions are my experiences.

I wouldn't trade them for any gear or records, and I wouldn't have nearly as many, nor such exciting memories, had I stayed. A life without exploration is a life unsatisfied, and sometimes what you're looking for is always on the move.
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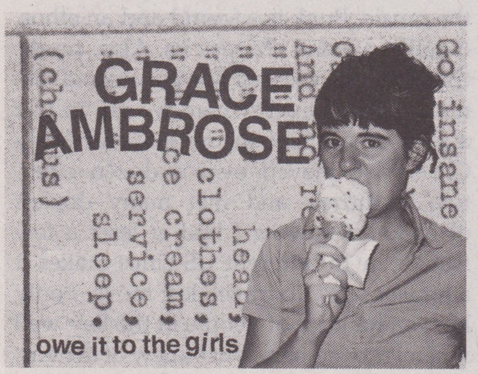


I've been thinking a lot about teenagedom this month. I saw Girlpool play an amazing set, spent time with the Sin 34 reissue (glowingly reviewed by yours truly later in this magazine), rewatched *We Are The Best*, and edited the interview I did with DC's Protester and Misled Youth. You can read it for yourself further into these inky pages, but the highlights for me were our conversations about all ages shows and the importance of keeping punk and punk spaces accessible to people of all ages. How can a scene grow if young kids aren't turning up for it? We have a new shitworker at *Maximum*—Mimi is a badass San Francisco high school student who has been coming by the compound once a week to jam records, inventory back issues, prepare shipments, and help with all things distribution related, all in the name of a required school internship. Dream life, yeah?

I came into punk through the long-running Fort Reno show series. There's a park in Tenleytown in DC with the remains of a literal fort and a modest stage that punk bands have played on every Monday and Thursday of the summer for many decades. I saw a lot of cool shit and a lot of horrible shit, and I loved it all—it came at that time we all had (right?) when you didn't care what you were watching or what it sounded like; its existence was exhilarating enough. I went to nearly every show for years. In the age of pre-total-internet reliance, in case of rain you'd call a phone number where the voicemail message on the other end would tell you if you'd get your dose of electrified noise that week. I lived and died with summer thunderstorms for four summers—there was truly nothing worse than hearing the voice on the other end (usually Ian's sister Amanda) say, "Due to inclement weather, tonight's show has been cancelled." The sound was run out of the back of a big van and the ice cream truck showed up like clockwork every week. It was there that I received my first actual mixtape, from a boy with a homemade Void tattoo. He gave it to me during a set where Ted Leo covered "Suspect Device"—little did I know, shitty Void cross tattoos would become a recurring motif in my love life, persisting to this day. Fort Reno was the space that revealed the potential of DIY to me, the first demonstration of punk-as-community, my personal atom-splitting moment. (Thanks JP, ten years gone this month.)

I had a deal with my parents: if I got straight As (nerd alert), I could go to shows whenever I wanted. I spent all of my money and most of my spare time going to gigs at the 9:30 Club and weird college basements and the Black Cat (still my favorite venue on this planet) and, occasionally, houses. I didn't tell them about the houses (parents, *maaaan*, they don't get it) but I told them about pretty much everything else. Friends and I took the subway down to every show and before I could drive Mom or Dad would dutifully pick me up from almost all of them, 1:00 in the morning on a weeknight, much later on weekends, an hour away from our home. I owe a lot to them for that. I'm sure I didn't thank them enough as a teenager, but they subscribe to this magazine (and if you don't, you better fix that or else I guess my mom's punker than you!) so I'll do it here: Mom, Dad, thanks a lot for driving a surly teenager and her friends home from a million gigs. I'm really sorry for that one night when I ate too many pot brownies and was nearly comatose in the car. Easily the worst night of my entire life. And doubly sorry that you're finding out about it here, ten years after the fact.

The first time I ever went and testified about anything in front of lawmakers, it was because they were trying to implement legislation that would require all venues in DC to be 18+. I typed up a statement and put on "nice" clothes and read from it in a room full of other teenagers, councilpeople, and Ian MacKaye. I tried to track it down to reproduce here, but couldn't remember the password to my teenage email account—I'm sure it was full of platitudes about the power of live music and some sweeping statements about the history of all ages punk shows in the District. I don't feel too many ties to Washington anymore—my active participation in punk and its production came after I moved to Philadelphia—but I also can't think of a better place to have grown up. All ages, all the time, and they really do mean it. More people should mean it—if you're in a band or book shows, choose to make them all ages whenever you have the chance. It might take a little legwork, but it's easier than you think. (Do any of you have an all ages space hiding in San Francisco where we can throw *Maximum* shows? Get in touch.)

We wanna hear about the all ages spaces in your town. New York's Death By Audio is shuttering (they tell us about it in this issue) while DIY Space for London is close to getting off the ground (somebody send us an interview already!). I hear rumors swirling in Philadelphia about buying a warehouse and making something happen with it, taking the state's draconian liquor laws on in order to make a sustainable and accessible place for punk. As punks, we need to share information with each other: how did *you* do it where you live and how can I make that work for me? You don't have to be a band or a record mogul to be interviewed in these pages—we all know that punk is more than noises played on stage or locked in grooves. Write to me about your town's radical all ages venue, send a tape of the teenage mutants currently making noise in your town, talk to me about your formative punk place, send love notes, hate mail, questions, and concerns to grace@maximumrocknroll.com.

ENDNOTES:

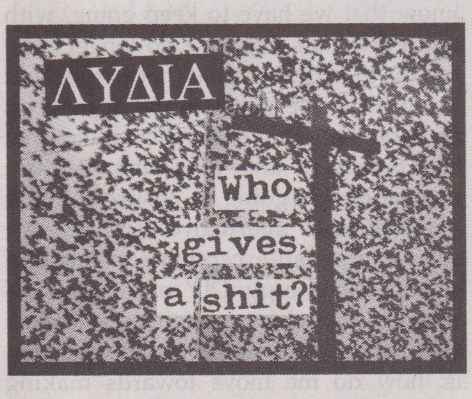
1) A month of swirling thoughts about the teenage condition required a sick teenage soundtrack: Honey Bane and Fatal Microbes (featuring the kids of Vi Subversa from Poison Girls, who is interviewed in this issue!), the Wrecks, Skinned Teen, Meltdown (*MRR* needs the 7" if you have an extra copy collecting dust!), the Shaggs, Kenickie, Teddy and the Frat Girls (duh), Pervers/Deutscher Abschaum, Plast, Epicycle, and T.H.E. Rutto have all been in heavy rotation. Someone told me that the women in the Nurse were all teenagers but searching "nurse teenage punk Japan" doesn't turn up what I'm looking for, if

you catch my drift…can anyone confirm or deny? I'm working on my teen punk mixtape magnum opus so if you have any must-include suggestions, please pass those along.

2) I'd be remiss if I didn't talk about Girls Rock here. I volunteered at Girls Rock Philly's summer camp and after school program for several years and I'm hoping to get involved with the Bay Area iteration soon. Visit girlsrockphilly.bandcamp.com to have your puny mind blown by the sounds contained therein—Andromeda 64's "KTHXBAI" is an instant classic ("I hate it when you chew with your mouth open / And I hate it when you don't wear deodorant / I hate this, I hate that, I hate you / Screw you 'cause you don't like Blink-182") and An Awful Lot of Running's "Jelly Babies" could be a lost Wipers demo. Support the rock camp in your town—get involved as a volunteer, donate money, or just turn up to a gig. It'll be worth it, I promise.

3) If you haven't watched *We Are The Best* yet, get to it. Swedish teen girl punks living in the 1980s whose friendships triumph over romance. Plus they write the sickest song in the universe while they're at it. A lot of dudes have told me that they just didn't get it, but every punk woman I've talked to has absolutely loved the film.

4) We're still looking for some new blood to move out here and coordinate this magazine. Do you have what it takes? The application is posted on our site, so what are you waiting for? Pour your heart and soul into an email and tell us why you deserve to be the one who gets to listen to the Foams 7" while making your morning coffee. I wake up every day and feel like the luckiest woman in the world.



Children of the Cloud

Many things trouble me before I go to bed, and many more every morning when I wake up; but the one thought that has stuck with me the most this whole year is sustainability: the ability to maintain what we have at the quality we want. On a personal level, coordinating *MRR* means being mentally fit and physically healthy to manage it all. Healhty eating habits, getting enough sleep, at least one day a week away from the compound—all these things are crucial to our ability to run this massively amazing and important institution, day in day out, every month, without cease. Furthermore, we have what *MRR* likes to call, the "Hit by a bus" theory, meaning that if I were to be hit by a Google bus tomorrow, *MRR* would still able to function because we have tried to set up a safety net. Coords may come and go, but this magazine stays! Other things also happened this month that kept bringing me back to this this notion.

I recently signed up for a staffing agency that recruited me to work at "the largest software conference on the planet." The first gig was a three-day bag-stuffing job, basically a production line job, for none other than that giant, horrid convention that takes over the city once a year, called Dreamforce. We had to show up all in black. The information packet sent to us actually said, "The client requests NO expressions of individuality; jewelry, scarves, etc." To sidetrack briefly: I looked into the role of uniforms, or at least uniformity, among workers a bit, and the read was quite distressing. Even workplace psychology, which can be used towards improving workplace conditions for the workers' benefit, is employed by corporations to figure out how to get the most out of their workers for the company's benefit. Increased productivity = increased profit. Increased illusion of happiness and safety = more chances of compliance and less chances of a revolt. Sustainable slavery. Our first job was to stuff a fancy backpack with a fancy water bottle, pen and promo pack of thirteen flyers, in order of promotional support, of course, all stamped with the Dreamforce logo, of course. We broke up into smaller production groups and over the course of 22 hours made over 26,000 of those wretched things. Just the thought of how much money DF spent to make *just this component* of their conference was mind-boggling. The silky, baby-blue lining on the inside of the backpack said "I [picture of a cloud] SF." *"I Cloud SF!" for fuck's sake!* I wanted to puke! I wanted to get onto the table they had us stand at and scream out to everyone, "We're all idiots! *This is not how it's supposed to be!"…* but of course I didn't. Instead I worked in angry silence, mentally taking notes on the whole thing, wondering about all the other workers, what their story was and how we all ended up in this giant warehouse by the water at 7am, assembling bags for the Children of the Cloud. The next ten days were spent registering people in and monitoring rooms (glorified way of saying "smile, scan badge, say thank you.") Every one of those days I had the same sour taste of irony in the back of my mouth: not only could we not find a job in this booming, highly competitive city, but when we did, it was working for the enemy: the conference that teaches the corporate world how to utilize new technologies to maximize their profits. It sounded like a marriage from hell; the techies teaching the money-makers how to make more money! Sustainable productivity.

Sure, a lot of smaller companies, unions, hotels, vendors and other service providers probably made good bucks printing all their glossy, full-color materials, setting up their booths (about 6K just for the space), putting down all those wires, housing all their attendees, making all those meals. But there was still that gross feeling of separation and inequality: either you were one of them, one of the 135,000 attendees, working for some multi-national company (though, according to DF statistics, 7,000 of them were non-profit), or you were serving them: stuffing their freebie bags, serving them food, cleaning up their rubbish, bussing them around, or simply holding up a stupid sign with information for them to read. I haven't *always* enjoyed working—because come on, let's be real, humanity is so scientifically and technologically advanced that we really should have been automated out of the industrial revolution and past the information age into the revolution of consciousness ages ago. The machines take over labour, resources and riches are equally distributed, and humans are allowed to live up to their full existential potential because we have connected to the higher powers of the universe that do not require money or status to be attained and which enrich us more than… "Oh wait, I'm sorry, wrong meeting." We're not worthy of enlightenment anyway, why waste my breath?—I do however

find great value in the ability to discover, develop and apply one's skills and oneself to a healthy, productive, creative environment. That said, this job was probably the easiest one I've ever had, yet still, I was morally opposed…but of course I did the job. I was, and still am, super broke, so I can't afford to get fired or quit. Unsustainable ethics.

On the last day of the convention I decided to stick around for a bit and hear what a couple of the 1,450 speakers spread out across 18 venues had to say. Previous days included Al Gore (geez!), Hillary Rodham Clinton (uuuh…), Neil Young (I guess he's been converted) and Will.i.am (pffff, I know, right?). I listened to Arianna Huffington with her proudly thick Greek accent talk about power, success, burnout and happiness. "Success and power are like a two-legged stool. Eventually you will fall off." Then she spoke with Eckhart Tolle, the author of *The Power of Now,* about the importance of rest, centering one's self and getting down time. Tolle talks of the "I am" state of just being—being in the present because you can never not be in the present—and how we lose touch with the real world when we are constantly trying to live in the future. She sits on the floor, cross-legged and goes through her five-minute centering routine, making the audience follow suit, mentioning how many corporations now offer yoga sessions and sleep rooms for their employees. "Even God, on the seventh day, took a day to rest." I kid you not, she referenced that! Sustainable dominance.

I deduced that education—nay, *learning* is one of the most direct and integral ways we can achieve sustainability. Within the punk world, where expertise is not a prerequisite to getting things done, knowledge is a powerful tool. Learning from one another, learning how to do it ourselves, learning from our mistakes; it's a key part of our culture. Knowledge is what helps us take charge of our own lives. It is by learning from the past that we can better understand how to handle the increasingly unpredictable future. Because, let's be honest, punk does not exist in a vacuum. We may have record stores, and labels, and indie publishing houses, and DIY venues now, but what about twenty years down the line? Will young punks even have the same definition of punk as we do now? History would indicate that they probably won't.

When it comes to punk, I think about two industries the most; the book printing and record pressing industries, because they provide us with two very important things: information and music. However, both of these industries rely on natural resources, namely paper and oil, and both of them are apparently suffering. Even though vinyl is on a new trend wave and over 50% of books readers claim they still prefer books to e-books, it is true that new media have entered the market, competing for our attention, money and loyalty. Whereas before people used to learn by doing, and by reading up on *how to do* and then doing, now people learn from Wikipedia, Google and Youtube tutorials. Whereas before people listened to vinyl records—and many of us still do—now people use Spotify and Pandora. And while books and records may not be sustainable for the planet, I daresay that what they offer is long-lasting; way more potent and effective than any blog or video online.

Then again, that could just be me, trying to examine new concepts with old tools, trying to make sense of a rapidly changing world and how we all fit into it. To be continued…

ENDNOTES:

What a year it has been! A year of firsts and lasts, I am happy 2014 will soon be over! One of my firsts, back in May, was when for the first time in my life I missed a flight; from NYC to SF, going into the red by about $600. I got back home to a practically empty bank account. I had also just been forced to resign from my lovely bookstore job—as they would neither give me time off (three days!) nor could I find someone to cover my shifts—so I was broke *and* unemployed. Then in June and July I was running the magazine pretty much alone (at least everything but distro), which meant I was now *unemployable*. Throughout those solo months I did however have trusted shitworkers Kyle, Layla and Chris help me out immensely, and so I want to formally extend my thanks to them for all their support! And of course to my partner Mike, who has put up with every bad morning and moody night. Then, thankfully, in August our new content coord, Grace, arrived, and we threw ourselves into training. September found me still jobless and in debt, but very much enjoying our special Ex-Yugo/Slovenia issue. By the time October rolled around, and given that we work on multiple timelines here, one of them being a two-months-in-the-future timeline, I realized Christmas holidays were right around the corner. I haven't been back home since I got here in April 2012, and flights to Greece are *not* cheap, but I went ahead and booked tickets to visit my family and friends in Athens anyway. Sometimes you've just gotta do what you've gotta do, and you figure out the details later.

So, here I am, one day after sending the magazine to print, wondering what might come hurtling our way next. Taxes are due at the end of the year, Diana our distro coord is also stepping down in December (could *you* be the next über-organized distro coord?!), the Crudos Discography 2xLP will be back from the pressing plant by that time, and I'm still looking for my own replacement… Yes, dear readers, the time has come (yet again) for me to try and figure out my exit strategy as I will be leaving *MRR* in the New Year. I am giving myself until March, because if I were to stick around until all of *MRR*'s problems were solved, I would never leave. And while dedicating the rest of my life to this magazine may not sound like a bad idea, it is not sustainable for one person to do for years on end. Burnout is a lose-lose for everybody. So, we have been working on ideas that can help keep *MRR* in business not for one or two more years, but for one or two more decades. Part of the reason we still exist is our readership basis: without you guys this wouldn't be possible. And even though our print run has dropped since the glory days of the '90s, and sometimes I wonder if young punks even know how to read, let along know what *MRR* is, and who are we doing all this for anyway, I know that we have to keep going, with tooth and nail, until we no longer have reason to exist, because that is the right thing to do. Because people depend on us to be the living proof of a system that can persevere and overcome. Because no one else is going to ensure punk is a sustainable alternative. Unlike, say, solar energy, an exceptional example of sustainable energy, DIY punk is a bad business model for capitalism, it doesn't make anyone any money. So the question is: how do me move towards making punk sustainable; for ourselves, our communities, and for future punks? It's up to each of us to answer that question, because if we don't, the only people we will be letting down are ourselves.

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MRR asks you!

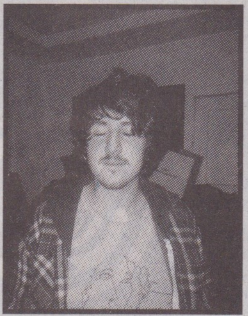
WHAT'S THE SCOOP

This month's question was, "How do you want to die?" Asked at The Nerd Castle in Oakland, CA. By Kyle.

Brendan, 33, Los Angeles
I wanna be skateboarding on ecstasy and eat shit and die.

Dahlia, 24, San Francisco
I wanna dye my hair red.

Kristen, 30, Oakland
Peacefully in my sleep.



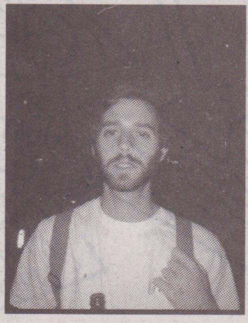
Carlos, 26, Oakland
By hanging.

Jon Hatenandez, 26, Oakland
I'm gonna live forever baby.

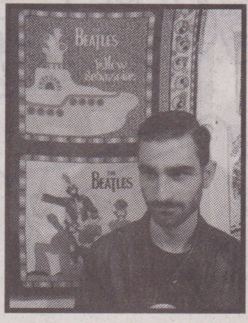
Jack, 27, Oakland
My goal, is a self imposed Viking funeral, where I'm on a ship and a propane tank explodes, and the impact knocks me out so I'm not conscious and I burn to death on water, like the flames overtake me, but then the water ovetakes everything.

E, 29, Oakland
In a plastic bag.

Brit, 26, Oakland
Drug overdose, not sure what kind.



Evan, 24, West Oakland
Probably drown, because I heard that when you drown your brain explodes and you experience complete euphoria the moment before your eyes pop out of your head.



Marcus Perez, 31, Piedmont
Puppets, no elaboration.

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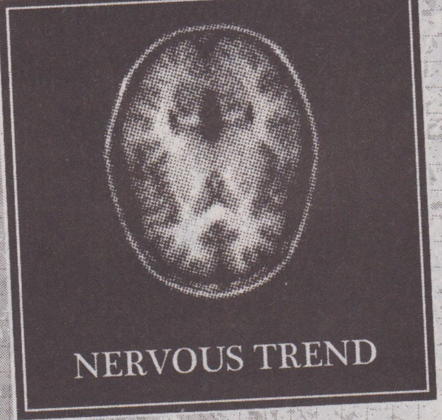

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Growing up punk in Miami is very insular, but there is a sexy helping of rawness and scumbag in all the ways I love and appreciate. Music is birthed and buried there, often unbeknownst to the rest of the world, and sometimes that's how we'd like to keep it. But now, after living in Los Angeles for almost two decades, I often reflect on how much privilege we have, how spoiled we are to have a strong punk scene with a lot of hype. Just recently, I proudly announced something bratty about how bands can come and go on tour, but the LA bands will always reign.

But then Nunhex came to town. I heard some of their recordings on Bandcamp and since they were brown-and-down punx from Miami, I had to reach out. When they passed through LA on their way to San Diego, I hitched a ride with them and got a chance to hang for a few days on their SoCal tour. And when they played that night in San Diego to no more than ten or fifteen kids, my heart palpitated. They filled a big, empty warehouse with fierce energy. Mauro was shredding a warlock guitar, and had this industrial fan behind him whipping two feet of his mesmerizing hair. Alex somersaulted around the room like a bowling ball, and it reminded me of that tingly feeling I got when I first saw Life's Halt play a house show in '98.

By the time they got to LA, I had to let the kids know that Nunhex could not be missed. Krab from Mal Paso/Roach Clips has been setting up shows at his family's tire shop in Southeast LA, and threw their show together. And, of course, I knew that Nunhex would not disappoint. The next day, Krab wrote, "Nunhex fucking killed it last night, pummeling drums, killer guitar and the most energetic frontman I've seen in a long time. Everyone stood back as he went crazy, it was like watching a pit bull on a leash... there were probably about fifteen people there and he jumped off an amp and crowd surfed. It was the best thing I've seen all year. Nunhex rules."

A month later, I flew back to visit family and caught a full weekend of off-the-wall shows at everybody's beloved punk bar, Churchill's Pub in Miami. The first day I arrived, Nunhex played a show with Much Worse (Minneapolis), Gross (Orlando) and some other local bands like Silent Authority, Sponge and Speculum. Kids were climbing the walls and jumping from every corner of the stage. Fine-ass women were headbanging around the room, shredding air guitar. It was life! For all the kids who got a chance to catch them on their summer tour, I know Nunhex will always be welcome in their town. I had a chance to ask them a few questions post-tour and this is what went down. Interviewed by Sam Sunshine. Photos by Kris Alan Carter and Sam Sunshine.

MRR: How do you all describe your sound?
Heavy punk, you know? Fast and heavy. Pointy and hairy. A mix of Disrupt and Infest with Miami flavor.

MRR: How did Nunhex get started?
Everyone in the band has pretty much been close friends for years and a lot of us have played in other bands together in the past, so basically it just made sense for all of us to do something together once we all agreed on what kind of music we wanted to play. In a nutshell, it was kinda like our drummer Gordo saying, "Yeah man, we should just play some stripped down Disrupt-style punk" (while air drumming), and me being like, "Yeah dude, and the vocals should be like grunt grunt grunt". Ha ha! Our band was born.

MRR: What's the D-beat and hardcore scene like in Miami right now?
Well, Miami is very diverse and shows go from having a pop punk band to having a sludge band with a bit of noise and hardcore/punk. So the scene is all over the place. I really can't compare the Miami scene to any other I've seen. There is just something about Miami being so disconnected geographically that makes our scene small but really tight-knit... it makes it really easy for people to lose their shit at a show when they've been dancing alongside their friends for years, which can only lead to non-stop stage dives, crowd surfing, and circle-pitting with no fights. How it should be!

The scene is pretty incestuous. Everyone plays in a million bands with everyone else. We don't get a whole lot of touring bands, or at least not as many as more conveniently-placed cities. However, over the past two years or so, a lot more bands have come down. The word is spreading around that shows down here are really cool and the drive is worth it.

MRR: What are some bands in Miami that people need to know about?
Holly Hun, for sure. Devalued, Shitstorm, Awkward Kisser, Gun Hoes, the Cost.

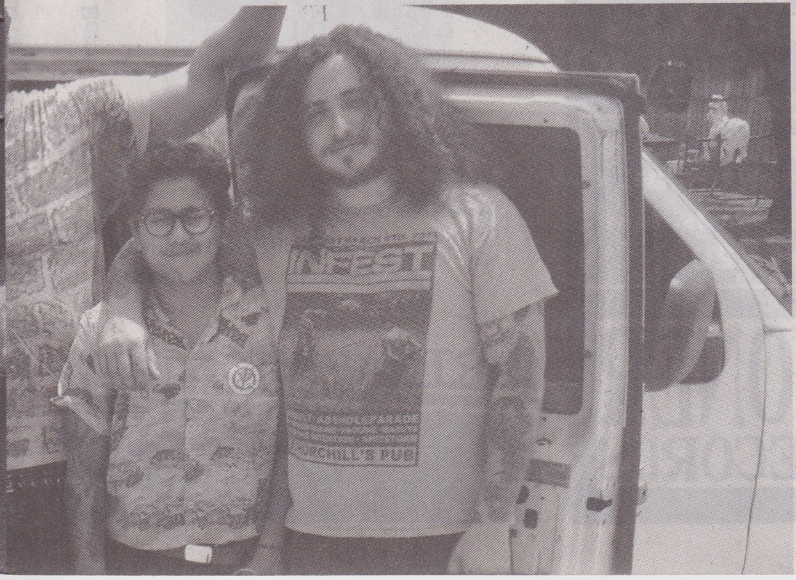
MRR: What does Miami have that other scenes don't have, now that you have been across the US on an East Coast tour and a West Coast tour?
Honestly, it's just got that vibe. It's a very small scene, which enables people to be a part of a bunch of different styles of music and play with different genres and instruments. There are no bullshit scene trends because everyone hangs out with each other—there's no set way of looking or dressing.

MRR: There's something about Miami... Y'all are some fine muthafuckas.
Miami is just a really diverse city with a lot of different ethnic neighborhoods. It's really dynamic. So many people from all over are here—from the Caribbean, Central and South America, all the islands.

MRR: At one point, I referred to Nunhex as a "hair band." There's just a lot of sexy hair going on. Can we talk about that for a second?
It's not the first time we've been called a hair band! Gordo has the least amount of hair on his head but he makes up for it with the hair on the rest of his body. If anything, we look like a bunch of metal kids, but the last thing we're listening to is metal.

MRR: Not many bands from Miami go on a West Coast tour. What made you all decide to do it?
Exactly that—not many bands from Miami go out that way. We want to play literally everywhere and having done an East Coast/Midwest tour last year, it made sense to go out west this time around.

MRR: What other bands are you all playing in?
Nico plays guitar and sings in Devalued, and recently started playing drums in a band called Ju Ju Pie. It's like the complete opposite of that—it's like a shoe-gazey version of the Final Fantasy soundtrack. Alex plays guitar in a band called Wastelands, which is influenced by late '60s proto-punk, Hendrix and the same era of funk musicians coming from a punk perspective. He also plays drums in a band called Buffy, which is like a Ronettes-style '60s pop-surf band. Gordo plays guitar and sings in a band called No Children, straight '77 punk like Cock Sparrer or the Buzzcocks. Michi used to play in Guerilleros de Nadie, which is an all-Spanish street punk band that she played guitar and sang in. Mauro also plays in Maruta, which is a brutal fuckin' grindcore band.



MRR: For me, it's still exciting to see other women playing hardcore. It feels like bands such as Replica are still an anomaly, and I think really romanticized/tokenized even though women have always been a strong force in hardcore. Michi, what's it like being a woman in the hardcore scene in Miami?
Michi: I find it exciting as well, but I feel that, since I've been playing music in Miami, the scene has always been pretty balanced with men and women—but definitely not 50/50. I've always felt very welcomed though, nobody praises me nor brings me down for who I am. I just wanna feel like a person who happens to play and listen to hardcore. I hope to inspire more women to pick up an instrument and be of help to them if needed.

MRR: Can you share some of your musical influences, and what music is inspiring you right now? What music were you listening to on the road?
On the road we listened to a lot of classic rock radio because our sound system (two computer speakers hanging from a bungee chord) crapped out on us, but usually we go from listening to hardcore punk to funk. A lot of Marvin Gaye and Earth, Wind & Fire.

MRR: What were some tour highlights? Bands you loved playing with, venues, cities that were rad?
Our favorite cities were Denver, Oakland and Houston. We played with really cool bands. Off the top of our heads, our favorite bands to watch were Primitive Man, Side Effects, Ssyndrom, Damnatösque, Gag, Glue, Pissed Grave, and Glob. Eating gnocchi in LA was very special for us, too.

MRR: What's your songwriting process like?
We rarely get together and write at the same time. We all have pretty busy schedules and our guitarist, Moe, lives in Orlando so a lot of the time everyone will just come up with riffs on their own, then we put them together at practice. The lyrics always come last after the song has been written since it's difficult to write pissed-off lyrics without actually listening to some pissed-off music.

MRR: Your roadie, Bootsie, held it the fuck down. Anything more to say about that?
Bootsie is hands down the coolest, toughest girl ever. She's our homegirl, our roommate, our little sister, and our hype-girl-extreme. She also plays bass in a band called Awkward Kisser, which is like a Flipper-influenced alternative punk band. She also has another band that she plays guitar and sings in called For the Virgin Mary, which is up that same alley but more goth-punk, noisy, reverbed-out, and slightly more theatrical. She lights mad candles, has Virgin Mary statues and wears a veil over her face. She's also in Sadie Hawkins, which is like a straight noodle-y late '90s emo band, kinda like American Football League.

MRR: Are you planning another tour anytime soon?
We haven't started planning anything yet, but we will almost definitely be going on tour somewhere next summer, if not before then. We would love to play anywhere except maybe New Orleans.

MRR: Anything else you want the MRR world to know?
Just listen to soul music all day, every day. R&B. Marvin Gaye, Teddy Pendergrass, Frankie Beverly, Lenny Williams, Etta James, and Earth, Wind & Fire—we went to their concert in September and circle-pitted, stage dove, and crowd killed when they sang "Do you remember the 21st of September?" You cannot hide my love!

Listen to Nunhex at nunhex.bandcamp.com.

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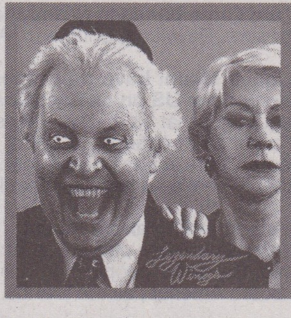

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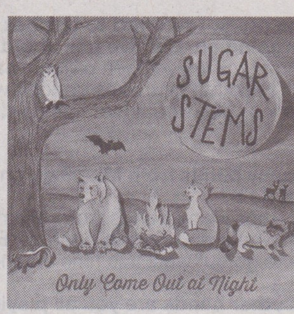

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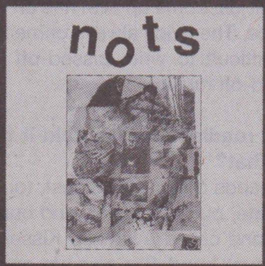

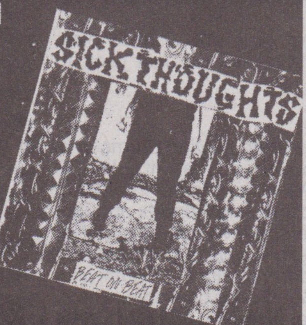

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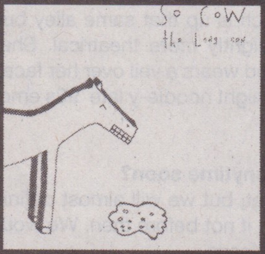
beat on beat 7"



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GONER RECORDS

MISLED YOUTH
PROTESTER

I MET ROBIN FROM PROTESTER OVER A DECADE AGO, WELL BEFORE PUNK ENTERED OUR LIVES. MY MOM WAS SELLING HIS PARENTS A HOUSE AND MY PRE-TEEN SELF WAS FORCED TO BABYSIT HIM IN THE BASEMENT WHILE THE ADULTS TALKED ABOUT TERMITES OR RADON OR SETTLEMENT DATES UPSTAIRS. FAST-FORWARD TO 2014—WE'VE BOTH FOUND OURSELVES IMMERSED IN THE WORLD OF PUNK AND HARDCORE. OUR MOMS PUT US BACK IN TOUCH AND ROBIN STOPPED BY THE MRR COMPOUND WITH HIS BAND PROTESTER AND TOURMATES MISLED YOUTH TO LISTEN TO SSD AND TALK ABOUT ALL AGES SHOWS, GROWING UP PUNK, STAYING PISSED, AND THE STATE OF DIY IN WASHINGTON, DC. INTRODUCTION AND INTERVIEW BY GRACE AMBROSE. PHOTOS BY JAMES WILLETT AND DAN RAWE.

PROTESTER & MISLED YOUTH ARE:

CONNOR: VOCALS, PROTESTER
ROBIN: DRUMS, PROTESTER
BRENDAN: BASS, PROTESTER
DANIEL: GUITAR, BOTH BANDS
SCOTT: BASS, MISLED YOUTH
CHRIS: DRUMS, MISLED YOUTH
MARK: VOCALS, MISLED YOUTH

MRR: You're here at the *Maximum* house right in the middle of your full US tour. Both bands have a commitment to playing all ages shows all the time. I really respect that—I think that not enough bands nowadays are as strict about that as they should be.
Brendan: I think the all ages mentality really gets ingrained in you in DC, especially since, as of late, the scene really skews young. There are some really young kids who are starting bands who have already done a few demos, put out a few releases, starting to play around. All of us are pretty young—the oldest person here is 23. I think it's just a product of our environment.
Connor: It's super important that we play all ages shows because, you know, when I was younger and started going to shows a lot of them were 21 and up—and it always sucked! It was always a bummer when it was like, "Oh you gotta ask somebody to sneak you in" and it became this whole big hassle. Just the idea that I wasn't allowed to go to a show because I wasn't 21—I'm still not 21, I'm 20 years old. For us, and I can say this for both bands, we wanna play all ages shows because we don't wanna connect with people who don't care about that kind of thing. Punk is for everybody but punk is for kids and that's who we're trying to get to. That's what we are, essentially, for the most part.

MRR: Have there been shows that you really wanted to play, that you got asked to play, with cool bands you would otherwise love to play with, that you had to say no to because they weren't all ages?
Connor: Not with this band.
Robin: Not on this tour or anything, but I play in another band, Pure Disgust, and we got asked to play a New York show with Ajax and Warthog and our friends from Boston, Leather Daddy and Jock's Blood. And the guy who booked it left out that it was 21 and up and our bass player is 15 years old. So, we said, "Well, we can't do that." He said, "Well, *you* guys can still play" and we were like, "What? No, that's so weird." Our bass player couldn't go to the show if he wasn't playing. We're not gonna play.

Connor: Most people in the band couldn't go to the show.
Robin: Yeah, Rob would have been the only one.
Connor: We're all young for the most part and we wanna play all ages shows because why wouldn't we? It would suck if we didn't.

MRR: It seems cliché, but some of this attitude definitely seems engrained in people as a result of growing up in DC. I grew up in DC and I remember going to Fort Reno for the first time when I was like twelve or thirteen and seeing Black Eyes play and thinking, "This is amazing, this is the coolest thing ever" and that was one of my introductions to punk. A bunch of you have lived in the area your entire lives—did you start going to punk shows as teenagers? How were you participating in the DC scene when you were young?
Mark: I started going to shows when I was super young, ten or so. Daniel would bring me along, 'cause we're brothers. It was just amazing how nice everyone was to me. I didn't get turned away from a show until I was 17 and I went to see Title Fight and they were playing at some shitty bar. And everybody tried to sneak me in, but it totally sucked. I'd never want to make some other kid feel like that, feeling like nobody gives a shit if he's there or not.
Chris: As a product of the DC scene, the focus has been on all ages since day one. DC hardcore was started by 16- and 17-year-olds. X-ing the hands, that's where that came from. Growing up in that scene, it's amazing how youth-oriented it is. For the kids by the kids. I don't live in DC, I live in Richmond, VA, but I grew up in the DC area. In Richmond you can do matinee shows for all ages and everything else is just 18 and 21 up. There's no way around that. It's weird. We're super fortunate as a city that we have such a wide community. 28-year-olds and 15-year-olds are in bands together that fucking slay. Other cities they don't have that all, they don't even have places to play. 15-year-olds don't even know about punk—they could be weirdos or freaks but they have no way of seeing it because there just aren't all ages shows.
Brendan: I'm not sure how you would go about perpetuating a scene if you didn't find ways to welcome in younger folks.
Connor: There's no way it can grow, it just stops.
Brendan: As much as you can like punk at any age and continue to like it throughout life, when you're younger and really passionate about it, that's when it really gets its hooks into you. If you go to your first show when you're thirteen or fourteen that's just—that's a life-altering experience. It carries a different weight than if you had to wait until you were 18 or wait until you were 21 to even see a show in the first place. I'm not sure it would cement itself in your mind in the same way, like "Wow this is going to be an integral part of my life from now on," the way it did for all of us.
Connor: Where I grew up there were a whole lot of 21 and up shows and the people who put them on or the people who went, didn't real care about younger kids. They were just like "Whatever, doesn't matter to me, it's a show." If kids can't come, there are not going to be any new bands. It's going to be the same ten people doing the same thing for years and years and it's just going to be a bunch of people sitting around drinking at shows, not giving a fuck. To me, that's boring. I moved to DC a year and a half ago and it's insane how different everybody is. Everybody is pro all ages, that's what everybody wants. There's no diversion from that.

MRR: I always think about how, in Philadelphia, where I'm from, there's not a good all ages DIY venue that's not a house. That's partially a result of the way that the liquor laws are set up in Pennsylvania. House shows are great and cool, but they also aren't accessible places for so many reasons. What we do is secret, of course, but secrecy doesn't always make for a welcoming environment for kids not-yet-in-the-know. I always want to hear about radical places to play and put on gigs that aren't the basements of private homes. Have there been any highlights on tour so far?
Mark: It's kind of wild—we've only played three house shows on this tour. Everything else has been art spaces, community spaces, anarchist collectives. We don't have anything like that in DC—it's mostly house shows or restaurants.

Connor: Almost everywhere we go, we pull up to the place and are like "Man, this is cool" right off the bat. Nobody could be in the room, but we're like, "this place is sick."

Brendan: I really liked a place we played in La Puente, CA called Bridgetown DIY. It was cool, it was in a little strip mall that contains a Mexican grocer and a few other things like that, but I suppose it's just a community space that a lot of people with pretty disparate sets of beliefs and backgrounds chip in and make it a good space. We actually ended up sleeping there after our show. I think it just seems a little more implausible in a place like DC, where property is so outlandishly expensive, to take that step and say "A few of us are going to make an initial investment in the upkeep of a space." I think that just doesn't seem like a possibility in a really expensive city like San Francisco or DC, so it was cool to play in places where people have come together and done that.

MRR: Isn't it crazy to think though, that there's no Gilman or ABC No Rio or Mr. Roboto equivalent in DC? And the same is true of Philadelphia. They are big cities with long punk histories that for some reason have never had a long-standing all ages show space.

Chris: DC is such a transient city. You have people moving in and out all the time—it's a city that's based upon politics. It's hard to sustain anything in a city like that, especially a city that just costs so goddamn much to do anything. But new venues prop up all the time.

Connor: Houses, but a lot of restaurants. There are a few venues in town—churches and some bars—that will have all ages shows. I've found that compared to smaller cities there always seems to be something popping up in DC, rather than, "Oh no, this place shut down, we can't have shows for four months!" That kind of thing hasn't happened since I lived in the city.

MRR: Did you find it hard to find all ages spaces in cities across the county? Were there any compromises that you had to make?

All: No.

Robin: I booked the tour with Connor. It was only tricky in one place, Baton Rouge, LA. We had one show but I was kind of unsure about the promoter and this other guy volunteered to set something up for us. And it ended up being an 18 and up show at a bar for "donations." And I was like, "Oh man, I'm gonna have to be a dick."

MRR: What did you say to him?

Robin: I said, "Hey, we can't play an 18 and up show and we will keep our other show." I offered to help figure out if we could combine the shows and he was like, "No. Absolutely not," which totally weirded me out. It's at a record store now. He was so adamant about having it at this bar.

MRR: Have there been a lot of young kids at the shows you guys have been playing?

Brendan: At our show in La Puente there were two thirteen-year-olds who came and stayed for us.

Connor: It was so cool.

Robin: One of them had made his own Aus-Rotten shirt. So sick!

Mark: In Denver, some kid showed up in a NOFX shirt and was like, "I've been straightedge for four months and I've been going to shows for three months, and you guys were *sick*." And it was so heartwarming.

MRR: Let's talk about the two bands. You both have 7"s out now.

Robin: Well, one of them is just Connor's band.

Connor: I started Protester when I lived in North Carolina. I wanted to do straightedge Boston hardcore style stuff—Last Rights, SSD, F.U.s. It's my favorite type of music in the world and a lot of people there weren't as into that kind of stuff as I am. So I was basically, "I'll just do it myself." I wrote some songs, recorded a demo with me playing all the instruments and doing the vocals and then the band came together when I moved to DC.

Protester is just what's on my mind musically. I still record everything myself. I write music all the time—and I'm a drummer, so when I write music the drum beat is already planned. I have a lot of music written that I'm still piecing together and figuring out what do with. The 7" just came out on Trash King Productions but I think I wanna put out a LP next. I'm really excited about it.

MRR: Are you a control freak about it?

Connor: Absolutely. I'm always like, "Robin, don't do that." I'm pickiest about the drums. With guitar and bass, as long as the riff is being played the way it is written, it's fine. The drums are the most important thing to me, because if a hardcore band has a shitty drummer they could have the best riffs in the world and it wouldn't matter at all. I have very specific ideas for drums so I always bust his balls about it. And he's like "You suck, I'm gonna quit."

MRR: Jokes aside, it must be amazing to see your vision come together before your eyes.

Connor: I'm really grateful that these people are willing to help me do it.

MRR: What about Misled Youth?

Daniel: Misled Youth was my idea. For a while in DC, Chris Moore, whom I'm also in a band with, was in every hardcore band that I cared about. Which is good, because he's a great drummer, but all the music was kind of blastbeat oriented, and all the more straight-up hardcore bands seemed to have broken up recently. There was a certain group of people who were in about every band, maybe five people. I feel like what makes a scene good is a younger band. I thought I could make a younger band that was pretty decent because I met some good drummers and that's all you need to be in a good hardcore band, it seems. I wanted to sound like DC did near the beginning of when I started going to shows, or a lot of bands I missed—Striking Distance, Aftermath, that type of stuff. The new 7" is out on Society Bleeds in the US and Refuse Records in Europe. We also have a tape that we self-released.

MRR: You guys all must like each other a lot. You play in about ten bands between the seven of you and some of you are even related. What's it like being in a band with your brother? And roommate? Has your family come to see your shows?

Mark: Awful. The worst thing ever. They came one time but we had already played. We used to be in a pop punk band that they would come see. I have a song called "Deadbeat" and it's not about my dad but I'm pretty stoked he hasn't heard it.

Misled Youth started three years ago, when I was 17. I don't think there's any better time to write a record. I felt so trapped and angsty and I had a bunch of drug addict friends because you just had to be friends with whoever's around. I feel like it's important to keep punk young. Even now, I'm not as angry when I'm writing lyrics and it's so important to keep that.

MRR: You're not as angry now when you're writing lyrics? There's still plenty to be angry about!
Mark: I kind of shed all of those friends whom I hated when I wrote the demo, and when it came time for the 7" I thought, "I'm pretty happy with my life." I still write about the things I hated about those people and certain things I see in myself that I saw in those people and I don't know...

MRR: So you're all straightedge?
All: No!

MRR: Robin's mom lied to me!
Scott: Well, most of us are.w
Mark: Yeah, or sympathizers.
Connor: We all like Youth of Today.

MRR: What other bands are you psyched on in DC?
Connor: Zoom is the best band in DC out of the newer hardcore bands. It's fucked up like Bad Brains meets everything, part Crucifix, part GBH, part Bad Brains. It's really cool. It doesn't sound like anything, which is something that I think is really hard to do.
Chris: Members have been in a lot of pretty noteworthy bands over the years: Give, No Justice, Lion of Judah.
Connor: It's seasoned dudes.
Chris: And they're still kicking it.
Brendan: On the flip side of that, there's a really young band called the Black Sparks.

MRR: Yeah! I've seen some cool stuff their bassist Ray is doing—booking all ages shows at a spot in the suburbs. Bethesda Youth Shows, right?
Brendan: Yeah, at a Youth Center.
Connor: Give and Priests played one of those shows, which was really cool. It's another thing about DC that's awesome. The older bands aren't nose in the air to younger kids who wanna see them play.

MRR: Yeah, and it seems like a city where a lot of older punks play in bands with young people.
Chris: One of our friends, he's quite a character. He's in Pure Disgust with Robin and he's done more at age fifteen than I'll ever do. He's so cool and wise beyond his years. It's one of the few places where, if he was in a band with a thirty-five year old, it wouldn't be weird.

MRR: A lot of you have played in bands with older people. Do you feel like it was a cool way to learn how to be in a band? I would actually venture that as younger folks you probably teach them more about how to be psyched on punk stuff.
Mark: We just like to show up the old heads.
Chris: There are people in DC who have been around for a long time—they've been on US tours, European tours, Asian tours. You definitely see and hear about experiences of stuff like that, but it's kind of a level playing field. There's some respect for certain people but it all comes down to the fact that we're all just punks.
Connor: Everybody's friends, despite age differences. It's really sick.
Brendan: Some parents don't fully understand that.
Mark: Parents just don't understand.

MRR: Some parents do understand. I think about my dad coming to pick me up from gigs really late on a school night an hour away from home and how I felt so entitled, like, of course he's going to come and do that. In retrospect, I realize how lucky I was.
Connor: My parents did not do that. Robin's parents are great. Zeijlon's parents ten out of ten. That's the reason we're on this tour. We're using their van.
Robin: All the band practices are in their basement, even some bands I'm not in. Bands stay over all the time. Daniel, the fifteen-year-old who is in Pure Disgust, will stay at my house for like a week and my parents are just down.

MRR: So have *your* parents come to see you play?
Robin: Lots of times. They come to lots of our shows and have even seen Misled Youth a bunch of times.
Connor: They were at the first Protester show and it was your mom's birthday! So cool.
Robin: It's really funny. One time I remember walking downstairs when a band was staying at our house and my mom was talking about cats or something to a guy with a panther tattooed across his neck. "You want coffee?"

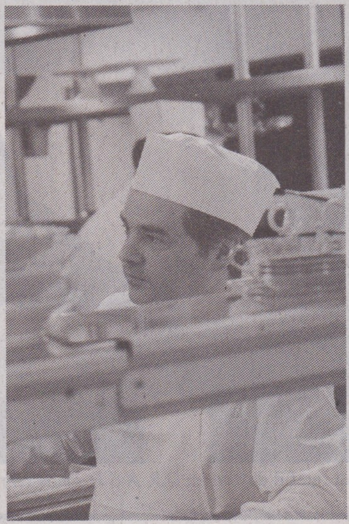
Protester: protestor.bandcamp.com
Misled Youth: misledyouthdc.bandcamp.com

BROOKS HEADLEY

"NO ONE EVER BELIEVES IT, BUT BORN AGAINST WOULD CARRY A CRATE WITH A FRYING PAN AND A BOTTLE OF OLIVE OIL AND WE COOKED IN (PUNKS') PARENTS' HOUSES ALL THE TIME..."

Brooks Headley has played drums in some of your favorite bands (Born Against. Universal Order of Armageddon, Skull Kontrol, Young Pioneers, Oldest, Wrangler Brutes, C.R.A.S.H…) and that would be enough reason to interview him. But Brooks is also the head pastry chef at Del Posto, a zillion starred Michelin restaurant in NYC, and has a book out that reflects both of these realities: DIY punk and delicious food. This worthy and enticing tome, thoughtfully titled Brooks Headley's Fancy Desserts *is hilarious and beautiful, just like punk and contains recipes and flyers and so much more than you can fathom! It can be found at your local independent book emporium… I advise investigating this possibility instantly. I talked to Brooks about his hatred of Refused and his love of fresh fruit...*

Photos provided by Brooks unless credited otherwise / Interview by Layla Gibbon.



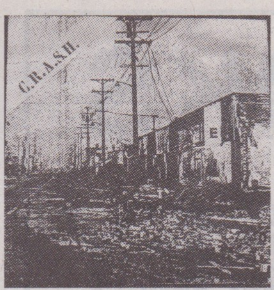
headshot by Jason

MRR: How did you discover punk? What was your formative punk rock experience? What was the first punk record that grabbed you?

I discovered punk in, of all places, Brockport NY (a suburb of Rochester) in 1985. I was thirteen. I was on a trip to visit my cousins who were definitely not punk, but they had some peripheral skater friends that turned me on to 7 Seconds, Black Flag's *Damaged*, Dead Kennedys, and weirdly the Replacements' *Let It Be* LP. The Replacements thing is funny, because of course, when you are in the isolated suburbs you make weird connections as a little kid, where the Replacements are on an equal playing field as *Damaged*, which is obviously ludicrous. I still do love early Replacements, probably because they were there with me in the beginning. But the Replacements were more cute-sy and funny ("Gary's Got a Boner" was impossible not to find hilarious at thirteen), whereas *Damaged* was just plain terrifying.

But the cassette that I took home with me back to Baltimore on that trip to listen to on the plane was *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables*. It completely blew my brain open.

BORN AGAINST photo Martin Sorrondeguy



That fateful day when C.R.A.S.H made some MRR top tens...

It was scary and funny and confusing and the music was really fucking strange. And Jello's voice was so *not cool* and there was a lame Elvis cover at the end, that in a really cool way just destroyed the entirety of the whole album, you know? Even as a thirteen year old I was like, "Why the fuck did they do a cover of 'Viva Las Vegas,'" that's so stupid, why end such a masterpiece with a dumb joke? I understand now, though. And there're all these really dumb show-tune-y elements on the record that just pop up out of nowhere and then get buried in garbage (i.e. the end of "Chemical Warfare") Also, the drum sound on that record. Oh man, I love the drum sound on *Fresh Fruit*! I was always bummed that none of the records I played on ever had a drum sound as cool as *Fresh Fruit*. And the cover—I have stared at that cover for so many hours, on cassette, and you are like, "What the fuck does that cover even mean?" And it didn't get any easier when I finally had a larger vinyl copy to stare at. And you couldn't really understand all of Jello's singing, so I would look up words in the dictionary and go to the library and research stuff he was singing about. And why was it on a weird British record label (Cherry Red)? It just made it all the more crazy and weird and *what the fuck*. Seriously, 30 years later, listening to *Fresh Fruit* still gives me chills, and I still skip "Viva Las Vegas" at the end. Ha. You are thirteen and someone is saying, "God told me to skin you alive" right before this fucking crazy song about killing children. What does this all mean?!

MRR: What made you want to play drums? What was your first band like? Who were drummers you wanted to emulate?

I didn't pick drums, they picked me. I was compelled by a higher force to start playing drums, seriously, as corny as that sounds. I involuntarily tap on everything constantly everywhere. This has been known to drive ex-girlfriends and co-workers crazy. I started playing drums when I was ten in band class at elementary school. My mom never had a lot of money so she got me a used snare drum, which bummed me out because all the other kids had shiny brand new ones, and mine had a battered head, but goddamnit, mine *sounded* better. I have never been a drum gear fanatic. I'm completely repulsed by Guitar Centers and pro drum shops... buying cymbals and sticks and heads has always been traumatic (well, the Professional Drum Shop in LA is cool, but maybe that's the only cool one). I just like playing drums, but have never had a nice drum set. I really just don't care about the quality of the equipment. I learned early on that if you just try to hit them as hard as possible then any old piece of crap set will sound OK.

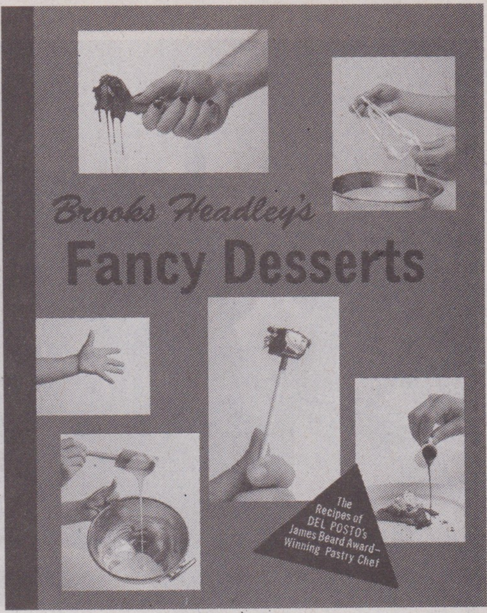
My first band in the suburbs of Baltimore was pretty hilarious. We were called Fifth Column in like, 1988, having no idea there had been other Fifth Columns and current Fifth Columns. We put out a demo tape and had a Poison Idea cover on it ("Typical" from *Cleanse the Bacteria*), and I was such a goody-goody nerd that I wrote to Poison Idea and asked for their permission. They wrote back and said yes, but that we needed to come see them on tour and sing the song with them. We all drove up to Harrisburg, PA on their next tour and yes, when they started into "Typical" our singer jumped up and Jerry A put him on his shoulders and sang the whole song while the rest of us stood there in awe watching (and seething with jealousy!). It was a really rainy gloomy night and the show was in this weird sort of bar/VFW hall and there was just mud everywhere. And Pig Champion was there, sitting in a folding chair just destroying those songs on his guitar. It was amazing. Our band was pretty bad though, definitely the most mediocre of local band-ness. But we tried hard!

Drummers I have always loved: Earl Hudson, Tobi Vail, Rat Scabies, James Canty, Fenriz, Bun E. Carlos, Chuck Biscuits, J Mascis on the *Deep Wound 7"*, the drums on the first Die Kreuzen LP make me weep, shit I could go on and on here... I have definitely tried and failed to emulate all of them. Alan Myers from Devo especially. The drums in Young Pioneers and UOA were definitely an attempted mash up of Bikini Kill and Devo, at least in my brain.

MRR: What is your most pleasurable food memory from tour? Can be delicious or hilarious—all interpretations of pleasure! A decent memory that keeps you warm at night when times are tough.

My formative touring years was at the latter end of Born Against and the beginning of UOA. We always ate pretty well on tour and we would cook a lot at people's houses. No one ever believes it, but Born Against would carry a crate with a frying pan and a bottle of olive oil and we cooked in parents' houses all the time. We got stranded once in Springfield, Missouri with a busted van; the show the night before had been shut down by actual Nazi skinheads, and there was a brawl outside the hall where the gig was planned. The kid who set up the show let us crash at his house for the next two days and I very clearly remember making this fried mess of that powdered Nature's Burger mix, fried potatoes, broccoli, onions. And then (since I had plenty of time because we were stranded waiting for the van to get fixed) I started making these homemade tortilla-pancake things with dried basil and sesame oil and cayenne pepper to wrap up the potato stuff in. I think I made a honey mustard dipping sauce too. The pancake things I had experimented on at home in my mom's kitchen in Baltimore, so I was stoked to bust it out for the group. This would have been in early 1993. I was always really into cooking; a lot of us were back then. We were all vegetarian and vegan,

Wrangler Brutes at Narita Airport



and sometimes the best stuff was the stuff you made for yourself, because unless you were in New York City or Berkeley, decent vegetarian food was not so easy to find.

Other than that, I have tons of examples of staying at parents' houses on tour and getting amazing home cooked food by moms in nightgowns at midnight. Born Against was always really polite on tour, moms loved us. All my other groups were not as parent-friendly. Once, a million years ago, my mom made a crazy vegan red sauce spaghetti spread at her house in the suburbs for all of Born Against and all of Screeching Weasel. Sat us down at the dining room table at 1:00 am after a show; Richard the roadie was there, and Ben Hamper, the writer who was on tour with Screeching Weasel. Really absurd. It was back in the days before everything was instantly documented, so no photos of this exist, although I really wish I had a visual record of it.

MRR: What is/was the most gruesome/sordid food related incident experienced as a punk on the road?

Easy one: pizza in Japan on a Wrangler Brutes tour. I really don't know why I bothered, but it was really grim pizza. Like, made in a dorm room with a gun to the cooks' head style of pizza. I know I should have known better, but I couldn't resist. Truly vile! It was like a dried out tortilla with government surplus American cheese! US punk and hardcore bands going on tour in Japan always makes me laugh, especially when it's a band full of vegans or vegetarians. Japan is an amazing place to eat, but if you don't eat fish, you're pretty fucked. You're only gonna be eating vegetable tempura and those tofu skin inari rice things, which ain't bad, but for two weeks straight can be a drag, and not so great for your endurance or gut.

I never really had any experience of being completely destitute and flat broke on tour to the point where there wasn't enough money to eat. I always had a straight job with every band I have ever been in, the job that you would go back to *immediately* upon getting home. You know, play the last show, drive all night to get home, go to work that morning.

MRR: What is the worst job you have ever had? Why?

I worked for two weeks at a thrift shop in Richmond, VA baling clothes. I had this industrial machine that would turn all the unwanted donated clothes (these chain-smoking old ladies would go through everything in an adjacent room) into packed 200 pound cubes, which I would then load by hand-truck into a shipping container that was five cubes tall. And then I could only assume the really crappy clothes baled into cubes would then get sold to a third world country or go in a landfill. I would just stand there all day with the clanking machine thinking about all this stuff and getting more and more bummed out.

I also worked for two weeks in an office in DC as a tie-wearing file clerk. My only office job ever. It was so demoralizing and so boring, and I complained about it so much that my girlfriend at the time forced me to quit and apply for a cooking job. Which I did—that turned out to be my first professional pastry cook gig around '99.

I've also, weirdly, never *not* been given time off to go on tour or even a small weekend of shows by any employer ever. My theory was always that if you worked your ass off and are just a quiet robot, no matter how shitty or boring or important the job is, if you need time off to tour, your boss can't say no. But you can't get greedy about it. Maybe I have just gotten lucky and had good bosses forever. I'm not sure.

MRR: Did your time in the barbaric Ford Econoline of hardcore prepare you for the brutality of life in the kitchen? The endless toil! It seems like your experience in DIY/hardcore/punk has fed into your work, in terms of making things happen (how you got your job maybe?!) rather than following expected routes, like cooking school—I always think of punk as making your own culture on your own terms, and reading about how you got your job it seems as if it sort of links up to that idea somehow...

I have never thought of being in a punk band and touring as barbaric. It's the greatest thing in the world! When your band is just kind of scraping by, breaking even, but the shows are fun and inspirational and exciting, that's just the best. All of my friends who eventually went on to be in bands that actually made money, to the point that it became their job, they would always have this weird "oh god, we have to go on tour again, we just wanna hang out with our girlfriends at home" vibe. That's so funny to me. Playing a show to 35 super psyched kids in Missoula or Minot, that's just the best feeling in the world, man.

What's the late '80s *MRR* comp, *They Don't Get Paid, They Don't Get Laid, But Boy Do They Work Hard!*? It's funny, right, but that comp really deeply affected me when I got it in 1989. It was almost like the music was way secondary. The whole point of that record was preaching this philosophy: do your own thing, who gives a shit if anyone cares, do it on your own terms... You know—the cover, the booklet, the song titles, the band names... God, I don't think I even remember any of the actual songs. Obviously, the whole point of the record was this extension of the Big Boys aesthetic, "Start your own band" thing and boy did it hit me hard. But unlike all the other bands I was into at the time, Black Flag, Joy Division, Throbbing Gristle, Misfits, etc.... All the people involved with this comp were just normal people, dorks really. You didn't have to be a genius or super cool to do a band, you could just fucking do it, and maybe it would suck but who cares!

I've always approached cooking in that same way. There's a lot of mindless conformity in a lot of high-end cooking and I don't really understand it. "Why the fuck does everyone insist on doing shit the

C.R.A.S.H

exact same way?" kind of thing. I always encourage my cooks and the people I cook with to look beyond and try to wrangle their own thing. Shit, I guess I can trace it all back to "Nation of Sheep" by Christ On A Crutch from that compilation. *That* song *I do* remember, god, Christ On A Crutch was so fucking good.

I don't know—I just love to cook, so I feel really blessed that it was a weird hobby that became my job. It's a creative job and it's also the coolest thing, seeing people really happy after eating your food. In order to be a lifer cook you really have to have a psychotic work ethic and be a tyrant about hospitality. It's not about you, you are not a fucking artist or anything, it's all about the guest, the person out there paying for and eating your food. It's just like when you cook dinner for your friends at home, you've invited them into your home, they are your guests, you know?

I'm working on a vegan/vegetarian fast food restaurant right now. I hope to have it open within the year in New York. It's something I've been dreaming about for years, and is absolutely a culmination of all my time listening to punk records and going on tour, as well as all my years spent toiling away in the kitchen and picking up skills and techniques. It's going to be affordable and healthy and fast and super fucking delicious. I already have a veggie burger that is gonna be on the menu, it's pretty fucking great and it is vegetarian, and can be vegan. Trust me, OK?

MRR: What are your favorite punk songs about food? Have you heard the Delinquents classic "Food Free Food?" You can watch it on YouTube if you haven't! It's the best…

Ha, I've never heard that Delinquents song! I love "Radioactive Chocolate" by MDC, one of my favorite songs period.

The video for "No More" by Youth of Today is pretty hilarious. I have never been a YOT fan; I have never been able to get into the sneakers and shorts variety of hardcore. But the "No More" video is killer. It was filmed in the neighborhood formerly known as the Meatpacking District in the west side of Manhattan, pretty much right where I work nowadays. Anyway, in the video they are all jumping around blue-dyed animal carcasses (which used to be a common trash can sight around here 25 years ago) and knocking cheeseburgers out of people's hands. It for sure swayed some suburban kids in Connecticut to go vegetarian!

I will say that I always get a little excited when there's even a brief mention of food in a song... the refried beans line in "We're A Happy Family," or the candy references in "Diptheria" by Nation of Ulysses, or even Hasil Adkins talking about hot dogs, or, you know like, Glenn Danzig saying "Ripped up like shredded wheat." And this is a stretch of course, but I love the band names Aspirin Feast and Kraut, which both conjure up food imagery to me. Man is the Bastard had lots of songs that referenced food too... "Slave to the Bean," "Kosher Grimace." Jello's recipe for the "tricky dicky screwdriver" in "We've Got A Bigger Problem Now." Ha, I guess I could go on forever here.

MRR: What is your favorite recipe from *Soy Not Oi!*? Were you inspired by that combination of cookbook with a soundtrack when putting your book together?!

I remember getting *Soy Not Oi!* right when it came out, ordered from a *MRR* ad. I read it cover to cover in my mom's basement. I still have my original copy, which is very strange as I usually get rid of everything.

I love *Soy Not Oi!*. It really was a fucking total handbook for being vegan/vegetarian in the early '90s. So much important information in it and a *lot* of it. Hugely influential in my life. I learned about arrowroot and nutritional yeast and tamari from *Soy Not Oi!*. There's this recipe called "pasta al chaos" that I still make a variation on for the cooks at the restaurant where I work sometimes. And the recipe for the "Oh shit, I better cook the vegetables before they go rotten" stew, that's a keeper, too. The music recommendations for each recipe are kind of funny, those guys really liked metal. And the recipe that tells you to cover tofu with a peanut butter/soy sauce/chile powder/cumin mix and then bake it in the oven… God that's still so good.

MRR: Can you give the readers of *MRR* a recipe that they can make in their punk houses/luxury squats/parents' basement etc., etc.?

OK, it's autumn, so keep it simple. Go to your local greenmarket, buy a bag of whatever vegetable is currently in season (celery root is my favorite) and at its peak from a farmer there. Heat your oven or toaster oven to 400°F. Chop up the thing in irregular chunks. Toss it with a little bit of olive oil or whatever oil you have around. Roast it until it is getting a little bit browned. Pull it out and throw it in a bowl. Season it heavily with salt and black pepper and the juice of one lemon. Eat immediately. If you have a bottle of Sriracha or Tabasco hanging out, then squirt a little bit on to taste. Vegan and local. You can't lose. Works with everything except tomatoes… but those aren't in season anyway.

MRR: Do you remember what was on the cover of the first *MRR* you read?

I'm pretty sure it was the Fugazi issue with the barcode that said CHANGE or something like that. But the first cover that really stuck with me was the Hard-Ons "All People Suck" issue. And content-wise, the Sam McPheeters "Currently Fucked" column that dissected the Go! "Pizza Boy" song from the *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh* 7", which was hilarious and about a year or so before I joined Born Against.

MRR: If you could only have five records, what would those be?

Jesus, really?... Fuck. OK, this is so difficult... this will definitely change by tomorrow... I'm doing six, no, seven...

1. Die Kreuzen – self-titled LP
2. Slits – *Cut* LP
3. Cupid Car Club – *Werewolves!* 7"
4. Deep Wound 7"
5. Slant 6 – *Soda Pop Rip-Off* LP
6. Dead Moon – *Crack in the System* LP
7. Flipper – *Generic Flipper* LP

MRR: What band should never have existed and how would the world be improved without them having soiled it?

That band Refused. Oh man, they are a funny group. But I'm glad they existed, because they are a blast to make fun of. Even funnier… bands that claim to have been influenced by Refused! I'm always like, "Nooo, no, no, no, you can't possibly be serious!"

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CHEST PAIN - Weltschmerz LP
Austin, Texas weirdout powerviolence hardcore group put together their opus. Think Gasp meets Swans meets Killing Joke all blended with some Man Is The Bastard.
FISTULA - Vermin Prolificus LP
TLAL's first sludge release and this one will melt your face. In the vein of 16 and Cattle Press, Fistula bring a handful of new tracks that twist and crush. 15 years as a band and still killing it.
STILL HOT: TLAL Vol II LP, The Kill LP, Mindless EP, BearTrap EP
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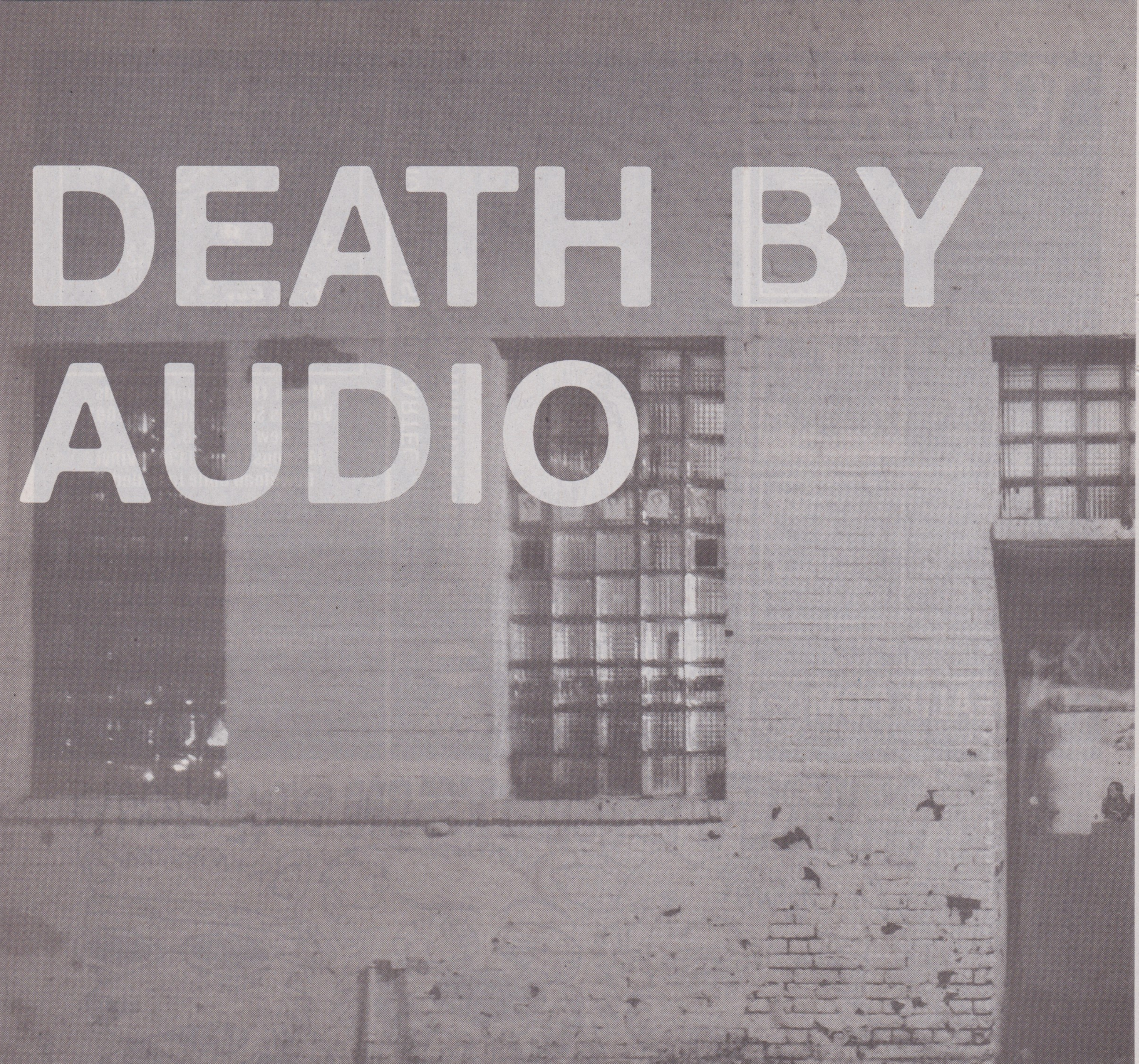
DEATH BY AUDIO



This summer, Brooklyn's Death By Audio announced that after seven years of operation it would be closing in November. Over those years, the space became a vital institution in NYC's DIY scene, opening its doors nearly every night to an extremely wide range of shows across multiple genres and levels of exposure. Its apparent accessibility, openness, and lack of pretension felt like a rarity in a Brooklyn whose underground music scene became grossly commoditized over the course of the venue's lifespan. Edan Wilber oversaw booking at DBA for much of the past seven years, and I asked him questions about his time running the space and his outlook for the future. Introduction and interview by Nathan Albert. Photos by Konstantin Sergeyev and Erik Hess.

MRR: How did Death By Audio come about and how did you get involved? How do you define your role at DBA?

Death By Audio was a guitar effects pedal company way before I became involved. They had a space in Brooklyn and, when another area of their building became available, they snatched it up. It was initially used as a film/photo studio and, when the people involved with that started to flake, my partner in the space, Matt Conboy, had the great idea of asking a friend of ours, Todd Patrick, if he would wanna do a show in the space to help pay rent. Somehow, cosmically, I ended up working door at that show.

After a couple of years of working door or running sound for Todd at various places around town, people started asking me if I would help them get a show at this place or that place. Death By Audio was always my favorite place to book, so when the opportunity came up in 2008 for me to take over the full time booking duties and become a partner in the space, I took it. Matt and I have been running the space ever since.

I handle more of the day-to-day stuff—I fill the calendar, I run the website/email list, I manage and run sound for all the shows. It's really been a labor of love for all these years. I realized the other day that I've been in this space for a quarter of my life. I couldn't do it without Matt; he keeps this whole place going. I could never handle the administrative end of

things, dealing with our landlords and whatnot. We are planning a bunch of really fun stuff for the end and thankfully he's taking the reins on most of it so I can book and run the rest of the shows with little distraction. We are having a huge Halloween show, a 24-Hour Drone show, an art show with over 50 participants and all the while we are trying to film everything that's going on. Not to mention the countless amazing shows we'll be having for these last few weeks! We are going to try and print really nice posters for many nights as well.

MRR: What models did DBA have in mind when starting? Did you have formative experiences at DIY spaces growing up that influenced the way you ran DBA?

I can't speak for the very beginning of the space but I can speak for myself. I have always been a fan first and foremost. Before I was involved in the scene I hovered around it for like two or three years. I was such a scared dude—I just didn't wanna look like a big nerd!—but then you finally break in and you realize that most people who do this are nerds.

There are two instances that I can say are why I'm talking to you right now. The first time I saw the Coachwhips was one of them. My mind was blown by that band and it made me rabid to find out about more under-the-radar type of stuff. The other was, after years of going to see shows put on by my friend Todd Patrick, when I decided to talk to him at a show. He had done some really fun stuff at a music festival in Austin the previous year and I was letting him know that I wouldn't be going this year because he wasn't doing anything, at which point he told me that he was and that it was all a secret to be revealed later, but that if I needed a ride I could go with him. That trip was very life changing for me. I met my other best friend, Joe Ahearn, when we were shoved into a tiny car for 30 plus hours with a metric ton of speakers strapped to the top. We hosted something like 100 bands that weekend. When I came back I felt a new appreciation for things and one of my first few jobs in the week after that was working the door at the first show at Death By Audio. It all fell into place too perfectly.

MRR: DBA seemed to transcend many underground music scenes in New York. There were a lot of big hard core shows there, alongside noise gigs and indie pop ones, but also shows well beyond things people would generally consider "punk." Did you consciously cast a wide net, or did it happen organically?

I ruwn the sound in the space at every show, so my criterion for booking is that it's something I wanna hear. If it sounds interesting and you are a relatively polite person through email I probably gave you a show. Of course not everyone—I get insane amounts of email!—but I managed to fill up most nights so I'd say I tried! I have always enjoyed a lot of different musical stylings over the years, but the music that I love most is loud and angry and the people who come here seem to respond well to that. But then something at the opposite end of the spectrum will hit me up. Maybe it's like sitar driven dance music and I'm sitting there thinking, "I gotta see this," so I tell 'em they have a gig; and then it's an even bigger challenge for me because I have to find three more bands in a similar vein.

I was also always majorly focused on helping the touring band. There are so many places to play, locals can learn through trial and error which places are the best for them, but a touring act has one or two nights to try and have a good show, and I take that duty very personally. I feel like that's why so many wpeople from so many different scenes gravitated here. I genuinely care about the bands. New York is a big city and if you come from some small town and a hundred people come see your show and I pay you out at the end of the night and it keeps you going to the next city, that's what I wanna do for you and that's when I'm successful at my job.

MRR: As DBA came into being in the late 2000s, it seemed like there was a particularly extreme spotlight on Brooklyn's DIY scene. Todd P became this national brand, and a lot of the bands, punk and otherwise, that played early gigs around town started to appear on magazine covers and newspapers and such. Some DIY spaces hosted shows sponsored by shoe companies. And yet, DBA outlasted that era and never seemed to give the impression that it was selling out. I read somewhere that you never signed a contract or gave a guarantee even when dealing with larger bands. Was it difficult to stay true to a value system during your run, and were there ever moments when it was tempting to compromise?

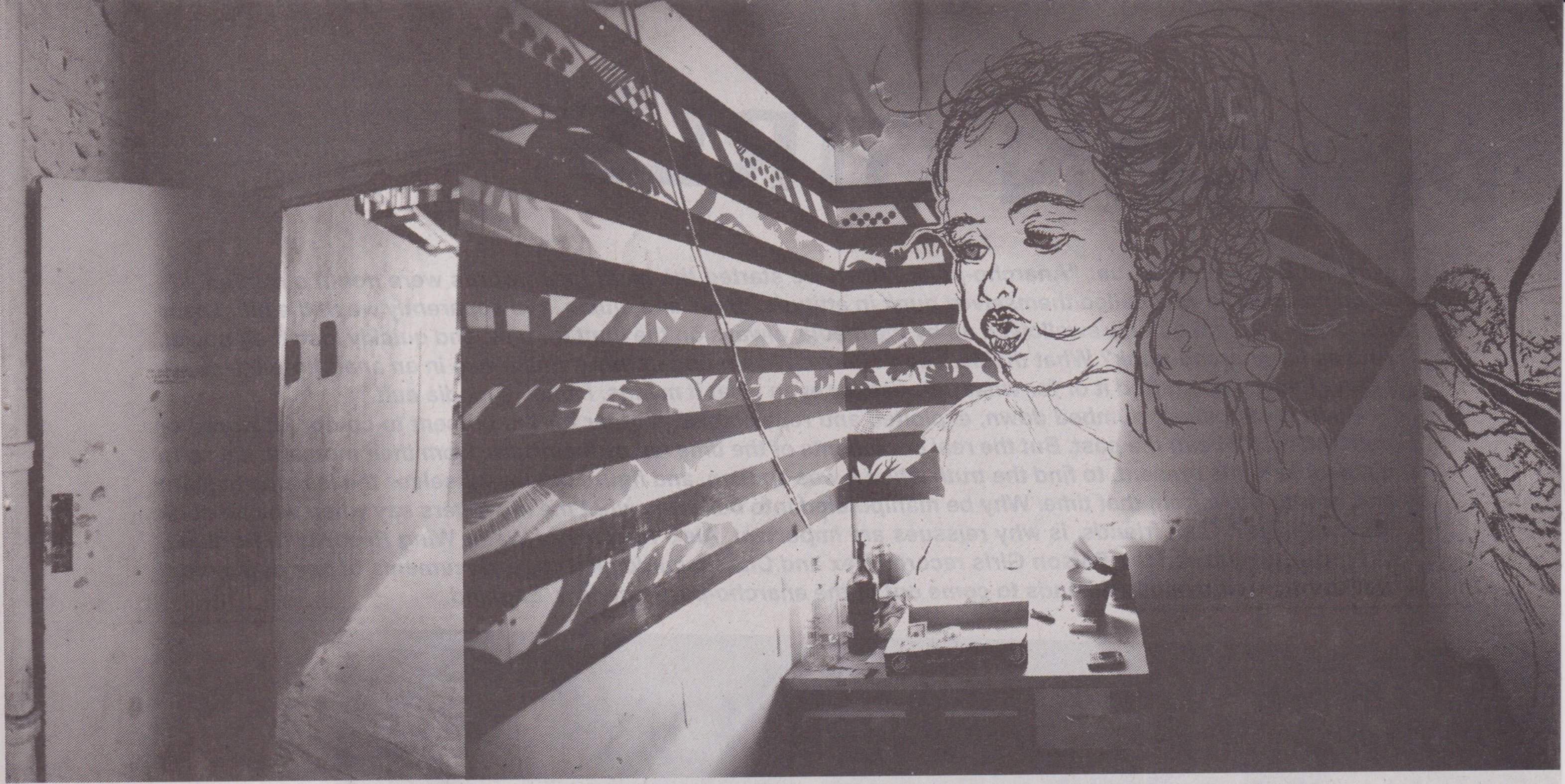
I just never really liked working with any sort of businessperson or company trying to market something. That shit makes me feel disgusting. It kind of sucks to have all these ideals sometimes—it would be easier to just lay down and take the money, I'm sure. I have no interest in selling a product. Companies wanna buy your cool factor and it's just fucking insane to me. It's not like we make a lot of money either, we have pretty consistently been close to not paying rent on time for years, and that's an insane amount of stress on me, but I always had to trust that it would work out, and it has.

I never ended up signing contracts in the beginning because it was all just me talking to people in the bands and booking it one-on-one, but then one of those acts gets big and they still wanna work with us but they have to go through an agent for whatever reason and they make special exceptions for us. Once I realized people didn't need me to sign a contract I just never did, and no artist has ever complained. And look at the people who keep coming back! We are doing things the right way here and people absolutely respond to that, people get in a higher position and then they protect us from the business end.

I deal with a lot more music business people than I used to but that's because even businessy people understand that we're doing the right thing and they trust me and it gets done on our terms. I'm not sure if anyone in my position in the future will be able to get away with what I've gotten away with. It really is a ground up kind of thing. All the big bands that we get to play here might have played one of their first shows here and they keep coming back because we always trusted them. We didn't wait for them to get a bunch of hype and have them sign a contract; we just wanted to have a good time.

MRR: My favorite show at DBA is probably one of the more recent ones—the Vivian Girls farewell gig in early 2014. In hindsight it feels like an eerie foreshadowing of the space closing, as that band seems to epitomize the late-2000s Brooklyn DIY era in which DBA came about. What are some of your favorite shows that you booked?

There have been so many good ones! Eddy Current Suppression Ring, Ian Dickson booked that one! (He also booked the most terrifying show, Iron Age and Sex/Vid,



way over crowded, way too much blood!) Universal Order of Armageddon! Protomartyr! Jim Jones with Snakes Say Hisss as his backing band. Doomsday Student. Classics of Love and Forgetters—that was two separate shows but getting to mix sound for both Jesse Michaels and Blake Schwarzenbach was so mind-blowing to me.

Maybe the best one for me was in 2012. I think Ty Segall was on tour at the same time as Moonhearts and it was right after Ty and Mikal had released *Reverse Shark Attack* and at the end of the night they played three or four songs off that. It was really, really special.

MRR: There's a somewhat reductive narrative going around that refers to the irony of DBA getting pushed out of the neighborhood due to the gentrification that it helped create. While I recognize that there are a lot of factors at hand here—coming immediately to mind are the forces of unregulated capitalism, the romanticized, profitable rise of the "creative class," the long arc of racist mid-20th century housing policy, etc.—DBA's presence in Williamsburg was certainly a part of what made it more palatable for developers to shift the area into the upscale neighborhood it is today. Did you think about these things in your seven years at DBA?

I've thought about this question before and, in terms of gentrification, I have to say that when Oliver Ackerman got the lease on this building ten plus years ago, it was an empty warehouse. There were very few businesses on this street—is that still gentrification? If absolutely no one lives in your zone and you move there, are you gentrifying it? If someone builds a house in the middle of a forest, and then ten years later there are houses all around that house, did the person who built the first house gentrify the forest? Maybe he did. I think about this a lot in terms of whether or not I add to gentrification personally. I wouldn't say it is DBA's presence that directly brought developers here, but more our kind; artists in general, the people who made these warehouses their homes. Does that mean I should cease to do what I do where I do it because of what has developed around me? How long do I try and pay an insane amount of rent just to keep a place like this going? Lucky for me, that last one has been answered.

The real question is where to go now without participating in more gentrification. NYC real estate is a wildly different thing than it was ten years ago. Areas that were once desolate are now bustling and, as gentrification pushes out of the industrial areas, it pours into communities like Bed-Stuy and Ridgewood where there is already a very rich culture. I don't want to disturb that, so where do I go now? If someone displaces you, then whom do you displace?

MRR: Do you know what the story of the minivan seat in the back room is? It's kind of amazing and also maybe a little disgusting how many times I have sat on it.

The minivan seat is just from an old van that died. There was another van seat in the space before that, but that's somewhere in Mexico now. We needed seating and it was there. You can't imagine how much sturdier a van seat is than an actual chair. Those little fuckers break all the time but I think that van seat is between 15-20 years old. I hadn't even thought about how it's never been cleaned—grey is a pretty good color for that! I lay on that thing all the time, yick!

MRR: What suggestions do you have for people who want to start their own DIY spaces?

Holy shit, don't do it! Just kidding! If you wanna start a DIY space make sure it's what you absolutely love. When it's time to pick the crusty toilet paper off the floor and you ask yourself why you're doing it, you better have a damn good answer. Don't do it thinking you'll make easy money because you absolutely won't. Always be honest and fair. Always treat people well because you never know when you might need their help. Soundproof everything. Don't be an asshole. Have fun. And if you aren't having fun anymore, stop doing it.

MRR: What are your plans for the future?

I'm taking a much-needed break. I have had shows booked consistently for almost eight years—you never get a real break from that. I'll be spending the winter in Florida. Maybe I'll try and set some shows up down there. As for Death By Audio, we really, really wanna do it again and we are currently looking for a place to do just that. It has to be the right space in the right neighborhood, because we wanna make sure the new space is just as good, if not better then the old one.

The last Death By Audio show will be November 22, 2014. Stay updated on the final shows at entertainment4every1.net.

POISON GIRLS

Lance d'Boyle reminds us: "Anarcho-punk. When we started the band these words were not in our mind. We soon met people who called themselves punk in attitude, dress and music, and apparently we fit the bill. These concepts then are quickly swallowed up by the media, always on the hunt for new, and quickly lose their power. And as for anarcho-punk? What that is, I don't know. We are apparently number two in an anarcho-punk chart. I don't know who started it or for what purpose, or even what it means. I smell a media cult."

Much is simplified, dumbed down, exploited and repackaged in order for the present to co-opt (at worst) or understand (at best) the past. But the real documents of the time tell us their truth, from their moment. It's up to us, people of the present, to find the truth when it was spoken, and figure out for ourselves the lessons to learn and how to grow from that time. Why be manipulated into believing what the marketers say when we can think for ourselves? That, friends, is why reissues are important. Alex Yusimov of Water Wing Records in Portland, OR recently reissued the Poison Girls records Hex and Chappaquiddick Bridge, documents of one of the most well-known and respected bands to come out of the anarcho-punk scene in England.

Vi Subversa (vocals), Lance d'Boyle (drums/backing vocals), and Richard Famous (guitar/vocals) answered questions sent by email, as did Alex Yusimov. Other information gleaned from Richard's other writings, the history posted on the Poison Girls website, a MRR interview done in 1985 by Allison Raine, transcription from Zillah Minx's film She's a Punk Rocker UK, and writing by Tony D. of the Kill Your Pet Puppy blog is interspersed throughout. Photos were provided by Richard Famous and Paul Cooper, but they didn't take them. If you know who took them, please let us know, and thank them for us. Interview and editing by Erin Yanke.

Alex Yusimov: I got into Crass and Rudimentary Peni in high school and after playing their records a hundred times over, I started checking out other Crass Records bands. I was immediately drawn to the Mob, Honey Bane, Zounds, KUKL, and Flux of Pink Indians. Eventually, that road led me to Poison Girls.

Musically the band was flawless. They were obviously amazing musicians. And I was blown away by Vi, a woman who in her 40s and 50s was so far ahead of anyone's time. I've been listening to her lyrics more because of these reissues and they still seem pertinent, not as time-sensitive as some of Poison Girls' peers. She is turning 80 in 2015. No Ramone could do that.

Vi Subversa: I first remember writing poems as a child. I spent the Second World War years as a

child evacuee in Wales and was very much influenced by the musicality and cadences of the spoken language and accent. There was a lot of singing in school there, but I always felt outside the comfort and confidence of the local children when it came to giving voice. I felt like an outsider—but I always longed to sing.

When, years later, I became aware of feminism as a growing force, and met the people who became Poison Girls, I offered some possible lyrics and was delighted when they became songs in the context of the band.

MRR: What was the environment Poison Girls grew out of?

Lance d'Boyle: The economic and political situation in the UK was seriously bad for working class people. High unemployment (especially for young people), the beginning of the attacks on public services… It was in fact very similar to the present situation, only now it's much more serious.

Richard Famous: It's hard to imagine what an impact punk had in '76 and the first half of '77. The general public was appalled and threatened with "the breakdown of society as we know it."

Lance: The music scene was similarly going through great changes, with a new generation of musicians and fans demanding to kick out the old guard of boring old farts and hippies for a new energy and attitude. Instead of standing aside, we allowed ourselves to be swept up and accepted.

Richard: In retrospect, it was more just disrespectful behavior, weird clothes and colored hair. There was, however, a torrent of creative activity and artistic flair. There was precious little coherent political thought, or punk philosophy, beyond "You can do it yourself, creativity is messy, find energy through anger, perfection is overrated."

Vi became part of the Soho anarchist scene of '50s London, a celebrated ceramicist, took part in the original CND march to Aldermaston, and was counter culture drop out of the '60s. She found herself in the mid '70s, aged forty with two children, living in Brighton.

I had been in bands and writing songs for a few years. I had finished university and was living in Brighton, on the south coast of England, with Bella Donna, the original Poison's bass player. We got involved with an experimental theater group, which included Vi and Lance, which took *The Body Show* to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 1975. It was an experimental, semi-improvised theater production, and it was for this show that we started making music and writing songs.

Lance: Before Poison Girls, I didn't play in a band or play an instrument. I was a keen follower of music however, especially blues based. My "seeing the light" moment was going to a gig in Bristol in the early '60s to hear the Rhythm and Blues Caravan (Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Muddy Waters). I was a keen listener of all things blues from then on. I was a teacher of Human Resources when I met Vi, and then Richard, and somehow became the drummer for our little musical sessions. I was moved from the beginning by Vi's lyrics and voice which I recognized were something special. I learned to play to play for her.

Richard: We had a variety of names but our debut as Poison Girls was the first gig at the legendary Vault in Brighton, (which incidentally we had set up and run), supporting the Buzzcocks in early 1977. In late 1977, Scotty Boy Barker replaced Bella Donna.

Vi: I think what we were doing was challenging male dominated ideals, the very obvious ones.

Richard: Though punk had energized and activated a whole swathe of kids, by 1978 it seemed to have been incorporated into the mainstream and repackaged as "new wave" or "indie." Punks were few and far between and punk in general was seen as a bit of a joke (like the infamous Sid Snot from *The Kenny Everett Video Show*) or as a Mohican sporting photo-op for American tourists on the Kings Road.

However, left behind was a small group of politically aware kids who were pumped up with nowhere to go. It was these people who were brought together by Poison Girls and Crass doing gigs throughout the UK and Europe, crystallizing into the anarcho-punk scene.

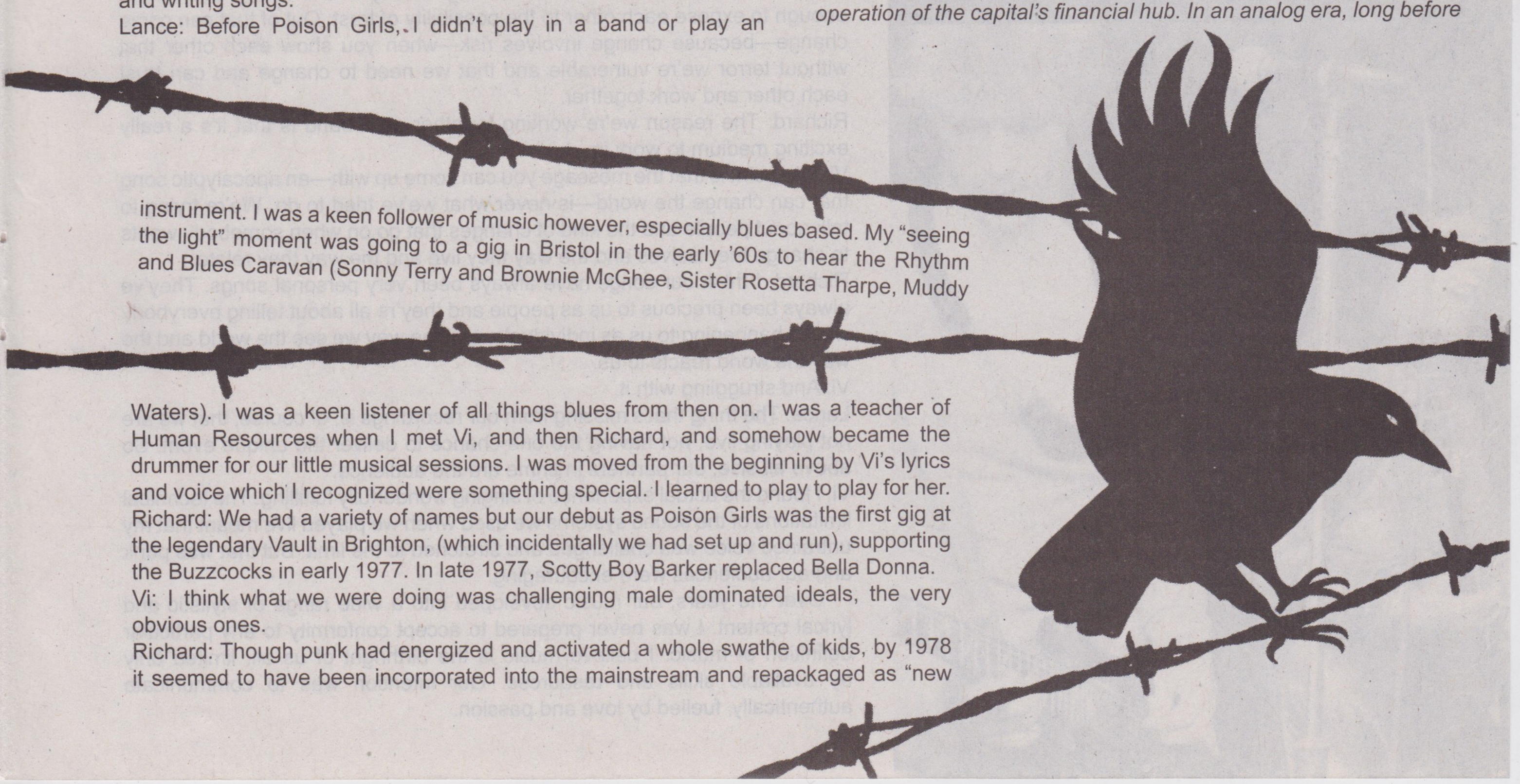
1979 saw Bernhardt Rebours joining the band on bass/synth/piano/ backing vocals, and a move to Burleigh House. Poison Girls were on the verge of releasing their first single when they had a chance meeting with Crass, who happened to live four miles up the road, providing both bands a new and creative context to work in. Over a three-year period Poison Girls played over 150 gigs throughout the UK and Europe, over 100 of which were with Crass. They were nearly all benefit gigs for one cause or another, and saw the political potential of what would become "anarcho-punk" take hold.

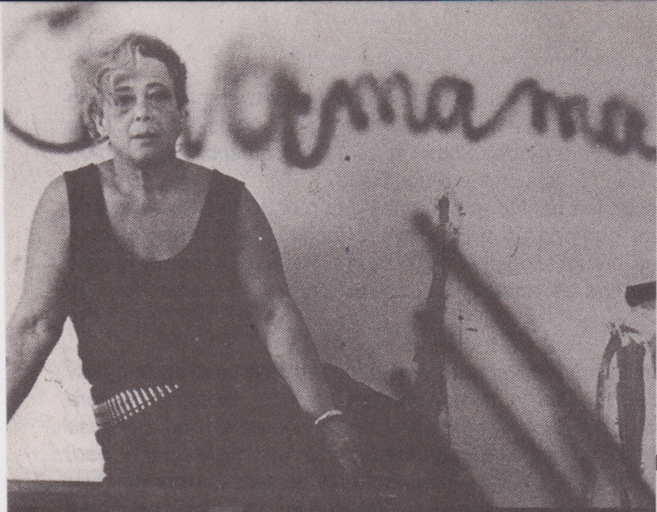
Richard: I know that Poison Girls and Crass were instrumental in laying the foundations for the anarcho-punk movement. We introduced the ideas of pacifism, CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament), feminism, sexism, animal liberation, corporate capitalism, direct non-violent action, and the connection of the personal to the political (the bedrock of our take on anarchy) to a generation ripe for an alternative way of looking at the world. The seeds of the late '80s Stop the City protests, leading onto the present-day Occupy movement—they all spring from the time of the punk explosion. I know we were not alone, but our role was to help provide the framework for all these ideas to hang from.

What were the Stop the City actions? Here's Rich Cross' article from Freedom, *written in September 2013. The city referred to is the Square Mile, the financial district of London.*

"Called on 29th September 1983, to coincide with the quarterly calculation of the City's profits, protesters were encouraged to take part in a 'carnival against war' and deliver 'a day of reckoning' for the warmongers and racketeers of the Square Mile. Around 1500 anarchists, libertarians, punks and radical peace activists descended on the City to occupy buildings, block roads, stage actions and swarm through the streets.

Cumulatively these efforts were designed to snarl up the operation of the capital's financial hub. In an analog era, long before





the City's 'Big Bang,' when files and paperwork still had to be physically couriered between companies, the impact of mobs of unruly demonstrators filling the City's narrow streets could be dramatic. Estimates differed, but the occupation of corporate space interrupted scores of monetary transactions, and drove down the day's profits. The cost to those demonstrating was significant too: more than 200 arrests at the first Stop the City; nearly 400 at the March 1984 event; and close to 500 in September 1984.

Support for Stop the City came from two principal directions: from elements within the radical wing of the nuclear disarmament movement (which had been looking for ways to generalize and extend action beyond military bases) and from within the ranks of anarcho-punk (a subculture eager to test out its collective political muscle). But the audacity of Stop the City struck a chord with activists and militants from many other movements and campaigns."

Vi: I learned to play the guitar because I did not want to be a token decorative female front to the band—as if! And I wanted to share in the work of the music, to make my share of that intoxicating electric noise. What fun!

Richard: We met and worked with some amazing people in some amazing places. That in itself was a great privilege.

We usually played in venues that had no drinks license, so under-eighteens were allowed in, and never in student venues that had any "non-student" exclusion policies. This generally meant we ended up in church halls, arts centers, community centers, town halls, and, on one occasion, a Scout Hut. Basically non-music business venues.

The gigs were always highly charged and edgy. The National Front (a British fascist organization) was very active at that time (around 1980) and we had a policy of not excluding anyone from gigs. For a long period, this led to the threat of violence at nearly all the gigs (and personal acts of violence against the band in our home). Maybe we were naïve, but there was a strong belief that we should talk to and engage people rather than isolate them. It is a testament to the people who came to the gigs that they were not intimidated by these threats, and apart from a few notable occasions, actual violence was averted. Scary days, though. Stand up and be counted.

Vi: We're supposed to be about wanting change—we make critiques of the world we live in. I think that if you want to make change you have to have trust between people. If all we do is display the hard side of ourselves to each other, we're generating terror. I've seen this at a lot of gigs and it isn't what I want. I want to be hard enough to say what's wrong, and tender enough to expose each other to the possibility of trust. Out of that can come change—because change involves risk—when you show each other that without terror we're vulnerable and that we need to change and can trust each other and work together.

Richard: The reason we're working together as a band is that it's a really exciting medium to work in.

Vi: The point is that the message you can come up with—an apocalyptic song that can change the world—is never what we've tried to do. We're trying to talk about people and the kind of changes that go on when somebody wants to change themselves and the way they live and the way they relate.

Richard: I think our songs have always been very personal songs. They've always been precious to us as people and they're all about telling everybody what's happening to us as individuals, and the way we see the world and the way the world reacts to us.

Vi: And struggling with it.

Lance: The thing that's missing from our recordings is, of course, that we are not playing live, not having the one chance to deliver the unique event. So above all else, our partners in crime are the audience.

Vi: I found the actual experience of singing wonderfully fulfilling. The technical limitations of the sound systems we used when we played live meant that my untrained voice was challenged and stretched to the limit. But that was punk and our audiences were encouraging.

Over the years, our music developed into a wide range of stylistic and lyrical content. I was never prepared to accept conformity to any particular definition of music. I believe music is the birthright of us all, limited only by available skills and resources. Our intention was to communicate authentically, fuelled by love and passion.

> "IF ALL WE DO IS DISPLAY THE HARD SIDE OF OURSELVES TO EACH OTHER, WE'RE GENERATING TERROR. I'VE SEEN THIS AT A LOT OF GIGS AND IT ISN'T WHAT I WANT. I WANT TO BE HARD ENOUGH TO SAY WHAT'S WRONG, AND TENDER ENOUGH TO EXPOSE EACH OTHER TO THE POSSIBILITY OF TRUST. OUT OF THAT CAN COME CHANGE—BECAUSE CHANGE INVOLVES RISK"

MRR: IS IT ENTERTAINMENT—OR IS IT POLITICS?

Richard: Vi Subversa successfully broke every rock'n'roll mold that came to hand. A middle-aged, militant feminist, peacenik, anti-fascist, anti-capitalist punk! Vi's impassioned exploration of female aging is unmatched in mainstream rock and the connection between personal and political, dissected with razor-sharp incision, has never been bettered.

Vi: I was energized by the punk stuff and the opportunities it gave us to talk about things that were very important to me as a mother. The press was like, "Punk mom in suburbs, blah blah," and I hated that, I really hated that. I wanted to be there as a person in my own right joining in the fun and making music and exchanging ideas and being where the action was.

MRR: PLAYING LIVE, WHAT WERE THE CROWD FAVORITES? WHAT WERE YOUR FAVORITE SONGS TO PLAY?

Richard: Strangely, most of our live showstoppers never got studio recordings. "State Control," "Tension," "SS Snoopers" and "Bully Boys" were all songs that got the place humming when played live, but only got recorded as weird versions ("State Control" as a ghost "unplugged" track on *Chappaquiddick Bridge,* for example) or as live recordings.

It was always a delight to play "Promenade Immortelle," which is a very delicate and fragile song, to a packed mosh pit of hardcore punks, and watch them melt.

Tony D.: Their single *Bully Boys/Pretty Polly* (a flexi disc given away free with *In the City* magazine) was an attack on violent machismo that led to the band being blacklisted by the left-wing Socialist Workers Party and attacked by members of the right-wing National Front. Both these political movements were convinced it was an attack on their organizations—of course it was!

Lance: One hardly mentioned song I have a special affection for is "Cinnamon Gardens."

MRR: LET'S TALK ABOUT THE RECORDS THAT ARE TO BE REISSUED. HEX?

Richard: *Hex* was originally co-released on Xntrix (our own record label) with Small Wonder Records (based around a tiny record shop in Walthamstow, East London) as a 12" 45 mini-album.

It was recorded more or less "live in the studio" over the weekend of April 27-28, 1979, with the sound effects added and the tracks mixed the following weekend at Southern Studios. Nearly all the sound effects were recorded on a cheap cassette recorder and manually spun in to the recordings. How recording has changed!

Vi channels the anger and frustrations of any single mother living in what was (and still is) a man's world. From the opening salvo "If I had my time again, I'd like to come back as a man!" to the final "Reality attack reality attack reality" the record bristles with a fiery passion and intensity. The lyrics explore the expectations of normality, political correctness, pressures of conformity, pain and mental illness and the horrors of war.

Vi: The content of *Hex* was intended to be an offering to the Women's Movement of the time. Women's voices were reverberating through consciousness raising groups. I wanted (and needed) to support this. The first working title for *Hex* was *Another Woman's Voice*.

MRR: HEX WAS RE-RELEASED ON CRASS RECORDS IN 1981. HOW ABOUT CHAPPAQUIDDICK BRIDGE?

Richard: *Chappaquiddick Bridge* was released in October 1980 on the new Crass Records. It took a while longer to record. We did it over four weekends starting May 17, 1980 at Southern Studios. A lot of time was spent on the sonic explorations at the end of most of the songs. These days it feels like a very experimental album and it was very much at odds with what was expected of a punk band back in 1981. The songs are long. There are extended sonic workouts and codas, using synths, abused studio effects, electric violin, and acoustic piano as well as "random" electric guitar sounds and vocals. The mix has thundering drums up front that power the songs, and help create a barrage of rich sound.

The lyrics speak of love, power, sexual politics, war and peace and most things in between. This is Vi at her most poetic, with a razor-sharp insight.

MRR: TOTAL EXPOSURE?

Richard: *Total Exposure* was recorded on the last date of the last tour with Bernhardt Rebours playing bass, at the last gig we were to do with Crass—July 5, 1981 at Lasswade High School, Edinburgh, by Cargo Studios. It was an emotional date.

It is a very honest record. There are no overdubs at all, which, believe me, was unheard of. No correction of tunings, bum notes, wavering vocals. In fact, on the night, Vi had a severe throat infection, and ended the gig spitting blood. (Sorry, you probably didn't want to know that!) It was of course edited (our set was a lot longer than one LP), but our performances were one continuous piece, with tracks segued and all gaps filled! It was called *Total Exposure* for a reason. It was released on Xntrix in October 1981 and originally came out on clear vinyl with a transparent cover.

Alex: The *Hex* 12" EP and *Chappaquiddick Bridge* LP are out now. Both are reproductions of the Crass Records versions including the gatefolds but with sturdier tip-on sleeve covers. *Chappaquiddick Bridge* originally came with a one-sided 7" flexi of the song "Statement," and to honor that, Water Wing is including a one-sided 7" vinyl record of "Statement" with every copy of *Chappaquiddick Bridge*.

We also have plans to release *Total Exposure*, though a date has not been set.

Richard: Now I am living in the middle of nowhere, still writing and recording songs, but not performing live.

Lance: While we were at it, Poison Girls more or less dominated my life. I didn't have time for a proper job, and I haven't had since. I'm living in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, one of the poorest parts of Spain, teaching drums, still playing in bands, researching and practicing non-monetary economies and working on my little house.

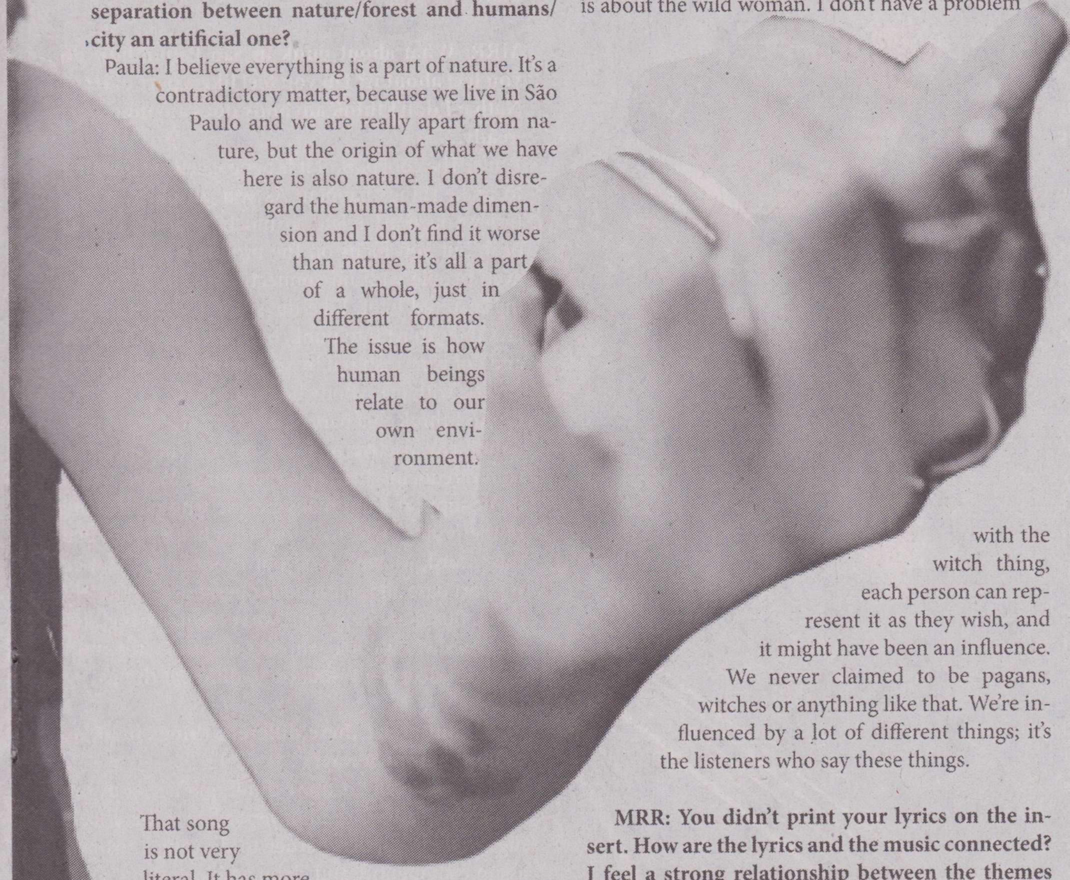
The experience of the band changed my life path completely.

For more information see poisongirls.co.uk and waterwingrecords.com.

RAKTA

It was once said about a certain London group circa 1977 that they were "The Only Band That Mattered." I'm far away from London and this is certainly not the '70s anymore, but I couldn't help but feel this way at certain Rakta shows in their hometown of São Paulo, Brazil. After years in this industry of punk rock, one tends to get cynical and expect little more than competent contrivance and cliché. Which is exactly what Rakta is not at all about. When I first heard them, I began the standard process of trying to compare them to something else and it felt like early Siouxsie and the Banshees and Flipper records were playing simultaneously—which is incredibly reductionist, but also a great compliment, obviously. Since the '80s, many Brazilian bands have been complimented (some even regarded as classics), but very few, if any, have received the kind of hype these four wild women are getting on a musical level. Which makes me wonder if they're going to be the first of us to not only sit at the cool kids' table, but to also dictate the menu. We'll get the answer after their first North American/European tour, which happening right now.

There are four of them: Natha (drums), the krautoid human drum machine; Laura (guitar), the fearless texture maker; Carla (bass), São Paulo's answer to Jah Wobble; and Paula, (vocals), purveyor of all things mystical. I've known them since previous incarnations, but I still needed to know what they had to say. Introduction and interview by Pedro Carvalho. Photos by Mateus Mondini.



MRR: Paula, we've had conversations where I defended a kind of modernist point of view, with a materialist conception of history and a certain belief in progress, while I identified in your discourse elements of both pre-modern and post-modern notions, a critical view of civilization itself and so on. You have a song named "Run to the Forest." Do you believe there's such a thing as "nature?" If you do, is it any better than culture or whatever it is that humans produce? Isn't this separation between nature/forest and humans/city an artificial one?

Paula: I believe everything is a part of nature. It's a contradictory matter, because we live in São Paulo and we are really apart from nature, but the origin of what we have here is also nature. I don't disregard the human-made dimension and I don't find it worse than nature, it's all a part of a whole, just in different formats. The issue is how human beings relate to our own environment. That song is not very literal. It has more to do with something intimate, something primitive, intuitive and instinctive; a metaphorical cave. It's about going back to your interior, back to your center, to fetch your roots and rediscover yourself.

MRR: What does the concept of the forest mean, then?

Paula: For me, it represents the return to the wild/savage, because that's where you find all the elements and the origin of life.

MRR: I've read reviews of your album that mention witches. Is witchery an actual thing in the Rakta universe? Mythological, performed rituals in the forest?

Paula: Not really. My main inspiration is actually the book *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, which is about the wild woman. I don't have a problem with the witch thing, each person can represent it as they wish, and it might have been an influence. We never claimed to be pagans, witches or anything like that. We're influenced by a lot of different things; it's the listeners who say these things.

MRR: You didn't print your lyrics on the insert. How are the lyrics and the music connected? I feel a strong relationship between the themes and the music, at least.

Carla: It's all instinctive. The music was mostly written before the lyrics. Sometimes the lyrics are things I felt and said when we were jamming the songs. We didn't print them because they're simple and are supposed to function more as sounds, like mantras.

Laura: The voice functions as another instrument.

Paula: If you write the lyrics down, you're suggesting what people are supposed to feel. I've always preferred to bring out the intuitive side, not the rational one. We read a review that was pretty awesome, where the guy said he didn't know Portuguese, so he didn't understand what we were singing, even though all the songs are in English! I like to think he was paying so much attention to the general atmosphere that he didn't remember to listen to the lyrics. But the best part is that all of the feelings that he described actually had a lot to do with the lyrics. He *felt* it instead of *understood* it, which is what that record is about.

Laura: That's what the record is about, working with all your senses. You can smell it. That's why some copies come with a stick of palo santo (*Bursera graveolens,* an incense-like aromatic wood that's said to have mystical qualities).

MRR: How did it all begin and how did you develop such a peculiar sound?

Laura: Natha saw a funny "bass player needs band" video that Carla put online. They were already friends, so they decided to play together. They invited me; Paula was into it as well.

We had a lot of ideas, but when we actually started practicing for the first time, no ideas came up. We tried playing Ramones and Discharge covers, but they sucked. We kept trying until Paula yelled: *"Let's not play covers anymore, let's write a song of our own!"* So we came up with the song "Repetition."

Paula: I was against playing covers because since we didn't know how to play very well, they would end up pushing the band towards particular styles. If you start playing covers, you tend to use them as references for the next songs. And I wanted the music to be our own.

MRR: And that's what the hype is all about—you sort of created your own style. At least here in Brazil, most punk bands pick a particular style and follow it, while you seem to follow your own genre. Was your sound planned in your minds or was it a result of not really knowing how to play in the beginning?

Paula: Natha had already been in Vitima, who played a few shows, Carla played drums in a band a long time ago, Laura played in a band with her dad when she was a child, and I had sung in Pushmongos but was more used to making music on my own

Carla: I started playing bass on my own when I was already 27.

MRR: Speaking of instruments and learning how to play, were there any players you looked up to, or still do?

Carla: I don't have any particular bass players, but I like dark, bassy tones, because I listen to a lot of dub. A kind of atmospheric tone that fills the spaces well, which I found in different genres… besides dub, bands like Bauhaus, Cocteau Twins… But all I know I learned by just listening to music and talking to friends.

MRR: Natha, the way you play reminds me of Can and krautrock in general. You have this hypnotic repetitive thing, while most drummers love doing fills.

Natha: I don't know, I never really thought about it. I listen to a lot of things, but the minimalistic style came from the Gories, who didn't use cymbals. That's where I got the idea to make it simple.

I haven't heard much krautrock, I think the straight ahead drumming fits my personality. I played like this in Vitima as well. I've had some lessons and learned fills, but I like basic drumming. The first time I saw someone playing in this repetitive manner that I related to was the drummer in the X. And more recently, I watched Ipso Facto's drummer playing with MIA.

MRR: What about the guitar? The emphasis is like a patchwork of textures, more about the sound itself than the riffs.

Laura: I don't know if that's what I do, but I like the term "patchwork of textures." I actually like to play the bass better. I started playing guitar when I was thirteen, because I had to, in order to be in a band. As far as references go, I really like punk, that's what I listen to the most. One thing I enjoy about Brazilian punk bands from the '80s are the guitars. They used a kind of distortion that sounds strong and atmospheric at the same time. Sometimes you can't really understand what they're playing, so it becomes abstract. My guitar icon is Redson (Cólera). And after Rakta I got really into effects and started thinking about what kind of guitars I should be playing.

MRR: Paula, your voice is very interpretative, sometimes almost theatrical. Where do you get it from? What about the keyboards and Theremin?

Paula: I think it started to change when we added effects to the vocals. I have recordings of the first rehearsals and it was completely different. As Laura said, it's another instrument, and I'm not a real singer, so I explore my voice in a way similar to how they experiment with their instruments, which I had never done before.

Keyboards were the first thing I ever tried to play, but I started playing guitar in the garage with my sister when I was 13. Then, after a relationship, I started getting back into keyboards and trying to use them with pedals, but my idea was always to eventually use the Theremin and other electronic elements. My biggest reference, as far as singing with Rakta goes, is Nico, who has a low voice. I love voices like hers, which create an ambience.

MRR: How was your first tour, in southern Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina?

Laura: It was really intense. We had never spent so much time together, so there were some conflicts. And we were able to solve them, which was great for the band.

Paula: We cried, but there were no punch-ups.

Laura: We argued while Natha ignored us.

Natha: It was an exercise in patience.

MRR: Did you notice big cultural differences when you traveled from place to place, both in the punk scenes and culture in general?

Laura: We felt a different rhythm in each place. I like to talk onstage at the beginning or end of the shows and Uruguay was where I felt more confortable speaking about politics. There's a squat there called Viejo Colon, which I considered the ideal space because of the people who were there and because it's an occupied place. That was where I found it most different to the scene in Brazil. In São Paulo sometimes I feel a bit coerced not to talk, I feel people look at me weirdly, policing my words. "Mucha policía, poca diversión," ha ha!

MRR: Apart from that, do you consider São Paulo a violent city? Does the city create a collective neurosis in its people?

Natha: It's very violent, but it used to be worse. I've seen a lot of violence. Well, not a lot, but enough!

Paula: I think the city is the way it is because the people build it like this. It's a vicious circle.

Natha: A friend from Brasília once told me that in São Paulo people are less sensitive than in other places. People here are too worried about their own lives to care about other people. When you live here you're always going across town, taking care of business. It makes people cold.

Laura: It takes me two hours to get to work. People have no time for anything else.

Paula: This in itself is a kind of violence that the population has gotten used to. They see it as a part of life.

Carla: If you take a subway at 6pm you understand the whole problem with the people in São Paulo, that's it.

MRR: What about punk in São Paulo, how do you feel about it? Do you feel like a part of it?

Natha: I don't think anybody does anymore, really…

Paula: The cool part of it is people getting together to make things happen. As you get older, sometimes you don't relate so much to other aspects of it, but you focus on the productive side. I see even people with no connection to the scene being inspired by it. Like my sister and brother-in-law, they aren't into punk, but they play music too and got very inspired by seeing us play out on the streets, with everybody helping out.

Carla: I think this part of it is very strong. Maybe it's a bit restrictive to speak of "a scene," because you're reducing it to just one thing. We've had a lot of support from many people who participate in the punk scene, like you, who helped produce the record, Mateus, who put it out, etc… so our support base and our modus operandi is definitely punk. But at the same time we've been playing a lot of shows with people who at some time were into the punk scene but went on to different things.

MRR: But aren't these different things punk as well in their own way?

Carla: Yes, totally! I don't think one needs to say "I'm punk" anymore in order to live it. It's a feeling, really. It's much harder to do things than to assume an identity and claim an ideology.

MRR: Who do you play with, usually? Are there any bands you feel you have something in common with?

Laura: Nobody in particular. The more different bands we play with, the better.

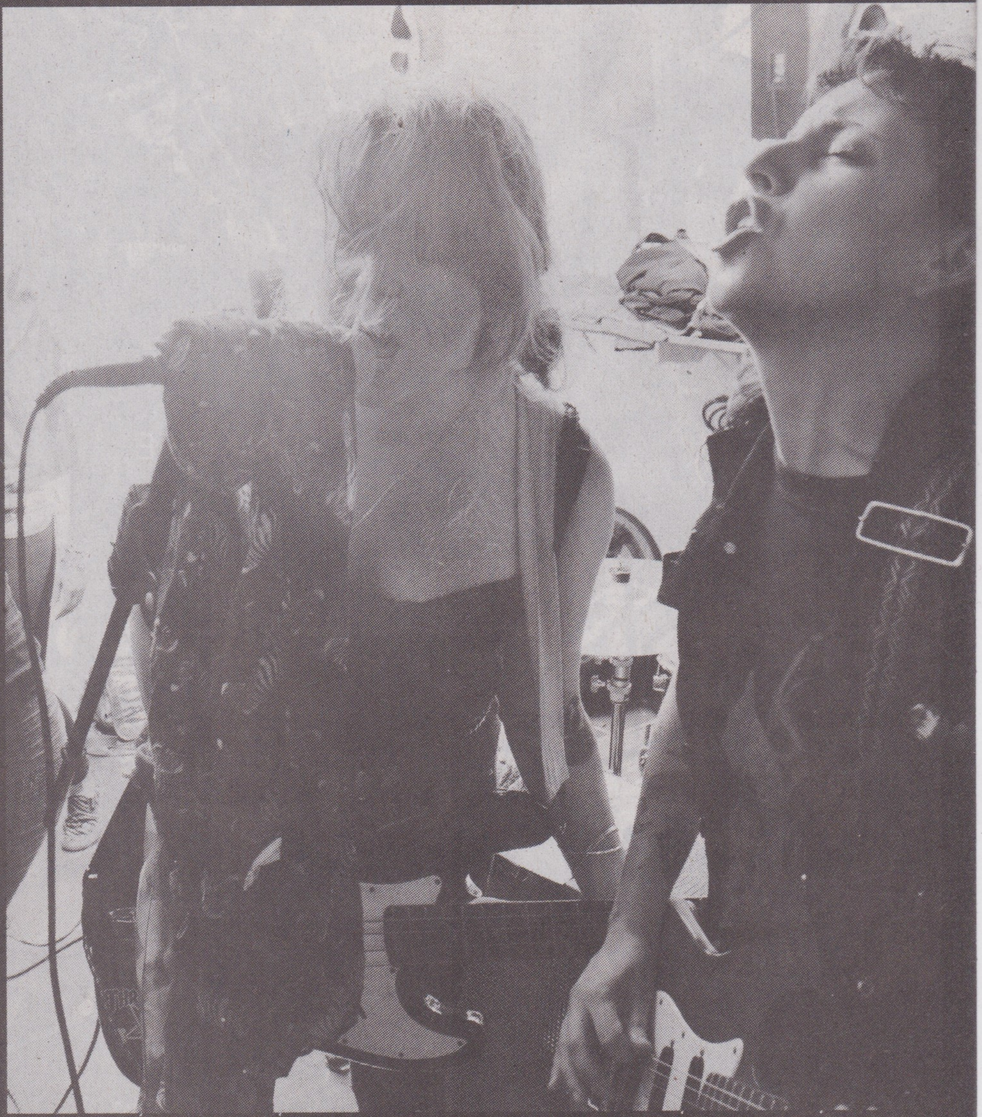
Carla: I think there're a lot of bands I can relate to…

Laura: Cadaver em Transe…
Natha: I liked playing with Futuro.
Paula: Each band is unique in spirit, so I can't really speak of bands with a similar spirit to ours. They relate to each other in their uniqueness, integrating a whole. We like to unite different things, actually, not create a uniform group.
Carla: My favorite experience with Rakta was actually playing out on the street downtown, where all kinds of people were able to participate.
Natha: And many people helped, it wasn't only our gig, it belonged to everyone who helped. Rakta likes movement, above all.
Paula: Getting people involved.

MRR: What about your record, how did it all happen so fast? In Brazil we see tons of bands in the US appearing out of nowhere, creating hype, putting out records, touring and breaking up really fast, and by the time people here become aware of them, the band is over and the records are all gone—while Brazilian bands take years to be able to do anything! You seemed to find a way to do a lot of things in a short time, more like they do it in the US.
Laura: I blame it on Carla! She's a bit older and has been into punk for longer than us, so she really wanted to make things happen, and it motivated us a lot.
Carla: It took us a year to actually play a show, but after we did it we felt an impetus and started doing things. Mateus encouraged us a lot to record and supported us on every step. It took a year for the LP to come out, it was supposed to be a 7" and a flexi, but we found out it was easier to just do a 12".

MRR: Did you know it would be such a success?
Laura: People said it would. You told us it would be a hit, Mateus too…
Carla: We felt it because of the way people reacted when we played live. We felt people were actually interested.
Natha: I felt it more in the audience than in ourselves.

Listen to Rakta at rakta.bandcamp.com. The band is currently wrapping up a North American tour with a European tour to follow in November and December.



LIKZO

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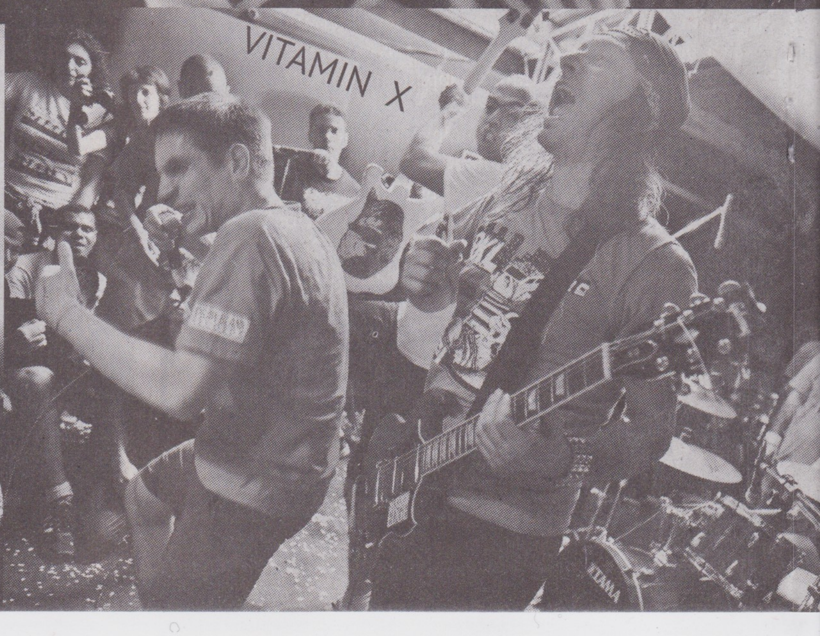
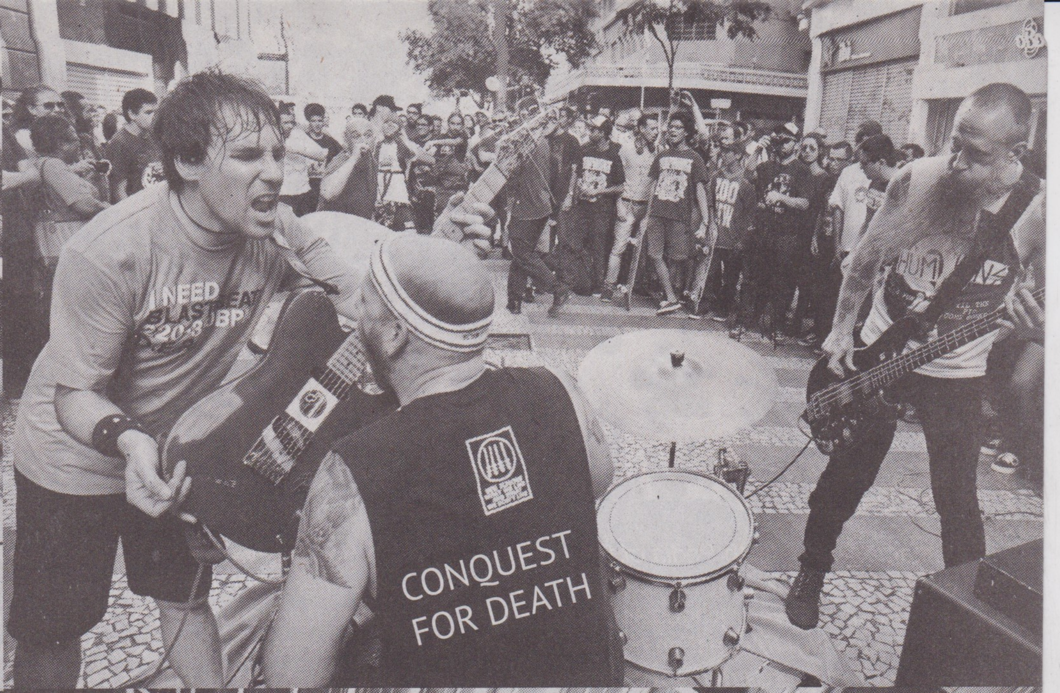
MODULARES



VITAMIN X

FUTURO

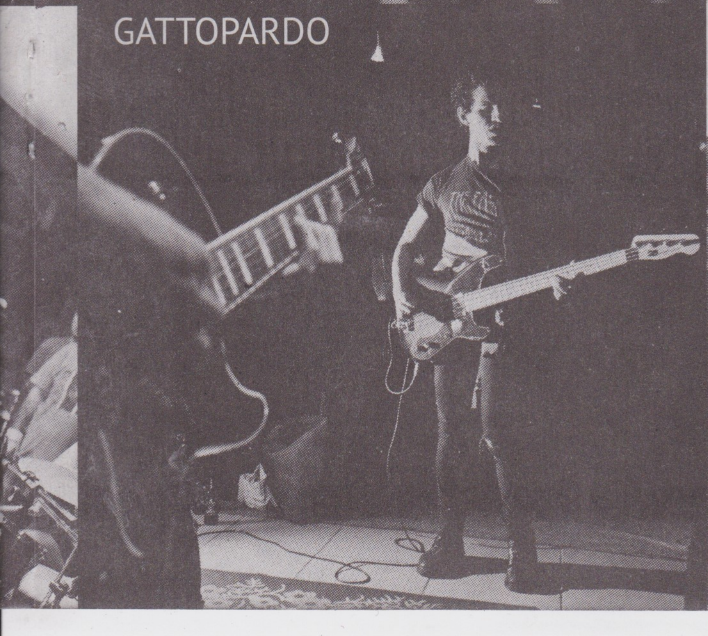


CONQUEST FOR DEATH

BELGRADO

LA REVANCHA

PHOTOS BY MATEUS MONDINI



GATTOPARDO

POLARA

I became friends with Pedja of Doomed to Extinction Records when he mailed me a letter to my PO Box in NYC after seeing Cervix play in Oakland. We stayed in touch and, a year later when I moved to the Bay Area, I got to meet this punk in person. He grew up in a war-ravaged section of Eastern Europe that no longer exists. This has permeated his outlook and political views, which leads him to question many vapid things about American punk. This is not to say that all American punk is bad or worthless, but that there are many times when the message is lost and fashion is chosen over substance and meaning. I've had my own tastes and punk ideals questioned by Pedja in a way that was very challenging for this privileged, American-born punk. Even the worst conditions here do not compare to the atrocities that many other punks have witnessed firsthand. I think it is very important that American punks hear about punk overseas in "non-first world countries" where Nazis still roam the streets and where it is dangerous to be a punk. His ethics are solid and his label releases true punk with a message. Here is Pedja reminding us all that punk and punk community can be used as a weapon for the greater good. Interview by Amelia An.Ok.

MRR: Who are you and where are you from?
I am a humanoid. ID #3F77K1D6. I am from a place that doesn't exist anymore. It's still there physically, but it went through genocide; its soul and heart are gone.

MRR: What was it like growing up in a war-torn state?
This question is the reason why it took me a year to answer your interview. It's a very private and intimate thing that I can't talk much about publicly. How was it living in a war torn state? It was bombastic! I witnessed the collapse of a culture, on my way back from school (when there was school). I watched dead bodies floating in the river. I saw families get separated, neighbor attacking neighbor, NATO planes bombing. I saw thousands of refugees, I lived in a city without electricity, water, and heat with almost all of the male members of my family being on the frontlines. We ate shit food from metal cans (when we were lucky)...

But at the same time I saw unimaginable bravery and friendship, people helping each other and sharing everything they had. After you live in a war (especially like the one that happened in Yugoslavia) you change forever. You are scarred. And there is nobody who can understand you except for those who were right next to you while you were going through it. War is a black hole to avoid!

MRR: What Anti-Fascist groups were around when you were growing up over there?
There were various Anti-Fascist groups around but I'd say most of them were Anti-Fascist only on paper. These groups were leftovers from the Communist era (going to cemeteries, celebrating dead partisans, etc.) but were doing nothing to stop the then newly appearing nationalist hate mongers. Some of the most successful AntiFa groups were small, unofficial ones and groups of friends (often punks) who attacked Nazis in the streets.

MRR: Do you travel Europe often?
Well, for so many years I dreamed of traveling, of going to different places, seeing different cultures and punk scenes...but unfortunately I ended up having a passport that was worthless. I could only go to thirteen countries without a visa, and most of them were too fucking far away from me (such as Jamaica), and visas were extremely hard to obtain. I remember when our friends from Croatia and Slovenia would go to different fests, squats and gigs abroad, but all of us with Bosnian, Serbian and Macedonian passports would have to stay home. That was extremely hard for me. I just wanted to be able to move around but instead I lived in a cage that was locked from all sides. Even then I managed to find cracks in the system and escaped and spent some time traveling around Europe. Luckily, the visa situation has changed for the better and I've managed to get a different passport, so now I have traveled around Europe many times.

MRR: What is the biggest difference you see between punk in Europe, Eastern Europe, and the USA?
I can't really talk about Eastern Europe since I've never been to the proper East (Poland, Russia etc.) but I can talk about the Balkan punk scene (ex-Yugoslavia). While things are constantly changing, my experience is that if you are a punker over there you're constantly in danger—from cops to Nazis, from football hooligans to neighborhood kids and grannies throwing rocks at you. Society hates you: they call you a junkie, lowlife, scumbag, perv...You need a lot of guts and heart to be a punk over there, especially after the wars of the '90s. 1970s and '80s punk in Yugoslavia was a very different thing to punk in the '90s when the scene got politicized, when people started organizing and doing direct actions. Some of the people who were involved in punk in the '90s (or are still involved) have created so many amazing things—from permaculture farms, anti-war campaigns, anarchist infoshops and bookfairs, militant anti-fa groups...Punk in the US for me is just a fashion, a style of music, image, and outlook. US punk is a reflection of American society: privileged, entitled and soulless.

DOOMED TO EXTINCTION RECORDS

MRR: What are some good distros in Europe right now?
Some of the distros in Europe I've dealt with are Inflammable Material, Symphony of Destruction, Crucificados Pelo Sistema, D-takt & Råpunk, Blindead Productions, Shogun, Phobia, Gasmask...There are also small distros that do not have a presence on the internet but who do an amazing job, and distros that carry all kinds of stuff (books, zines, tapes, shirts) such as Što čitaš? from Croatia.

MRR: And what about fests?
Too many to name! From bigger fests like K-Town in Denmark, ScumFest in the UK, and Fiesta De Gràcia in Barcelona, to smaller fests like Anti-Fa fest in Bosnia, I always have a great time going to punk fests in Europe. It's very intimate, I always meet new people. Most of the time I don't see any bands but instead end up spending time catching up with friends.

MRR: Are there Nazi punks where you are from?
The first Nazi punks I encountered were some idiots from Croatia. They used to cause a lot of problems, but I've always been more worried about those who do not call themselves Nazis; those "normal" ones whose system of values is the same as the Nazi one: nationalists, sexists, homophobes...

MRR: Why is someone a Nazi if they like the Exploited? I do not appreciate being called a Nazi, by the way.
I guess we have a completely different sense of humor. And, I've never called you a Nazi. I think that you are talking about our conversation from a while ago when you praised the Casualties (it was not the Exploited). What can I say? I'd rather be talking about Duran Duran and Damir Avdić than the Casualties. They mean nothing to me; I do not see them as a punk band, that's all.

MRR: Did you start your label over there?
Yes, I started the label over there sometime in 2003. Before that I had been involved in distributing music, zines, and anarchist books, and once I had enough money to release a tape, I started my own label.

MRR: How many releases have you done?
Twelve so far. The thirteenth release just came out this September. It is a Crimson Scarlet CD collection from 2011-2014. We also toured the East Coast in September, and made 250 copies of the CD that is remastered with new artwork. A few months ago I also released Crimson Scarlet's *Athens Cave Sessions* cassette for the March 2014 tour with Dead Cult from Portland. Before that, I did an Instinct Of Survival flexi 7". My next release will be Vočo Protesta / Lastsentence split 7". Vočo Protesta is a noisy hardcore/crust band from Tokyo, and the drummer from Asocial Terror Fabrication recently joined them on guitar. Lastsentence are from Osaka and play Scandi hardcore/punk. Their singer also plays guitar in Ferocious X and their drummer recently joined Framtid on bass. It should be out sometime this fall/ winter.

MRR: That's sick, I can't wait for that release! I love Lastsentence but I do miss their original singer. How do you feel about CD versus cassette tape or vinyl?
I've always liked tapes and vinyl more than CD. I only have a few CDs while I probably have thousands of cassettes. I remember my first attempt to release a tape in the US. This guy at the print shop who had printed 7" covers for me before was shocked when I asked him if he could print a tape cover. He told me could print anything but couldn't understand why I wanted covers for cassettes. I told him I liked tapes, had been releasing them and wanted to keep doing it. He agreed and did a great job, printing covers for the Instinct of Survival, Nakot, and Fight Back tapes. That was maybe eight years ago.

Two years ago at a party I ran into that guy who printed those covers. He said that I was the first one to ask him for tape covers but that in the last few years he's made so many more! I was glad to hear that others wanted to release cassettes.

Lately, as CDs started becoming outdated, I've been getting more and more into them. Mainly because I was able to get some amazing, rare albums by Japanese punk bands that were only released on CD for almost nothing.

I've released only one CD (by my friends' band Unutrašnja Emigracija from Bosnia), and I'm excited to see how the Crimson Scarlet CD will turn out.

MRR: Any current travel plans?
I just toured the East Coast with Crimson Scarlet. I was excited to go east as I had never been there. I am also excited to be going to Canada. I hope to go back home sometime this winter and spend a few months over there.

MRR: Any last words?
Bring me the head of Hillary Clinton!

Say hi to Pedja in person if you live in the San Francisco Bay Area or email him at distortba@hotmail.com.

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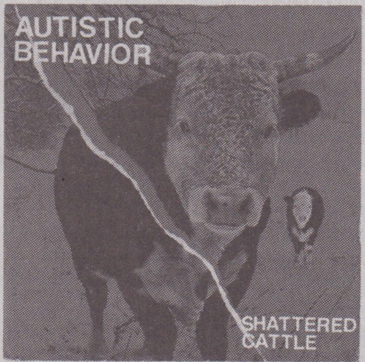

AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR
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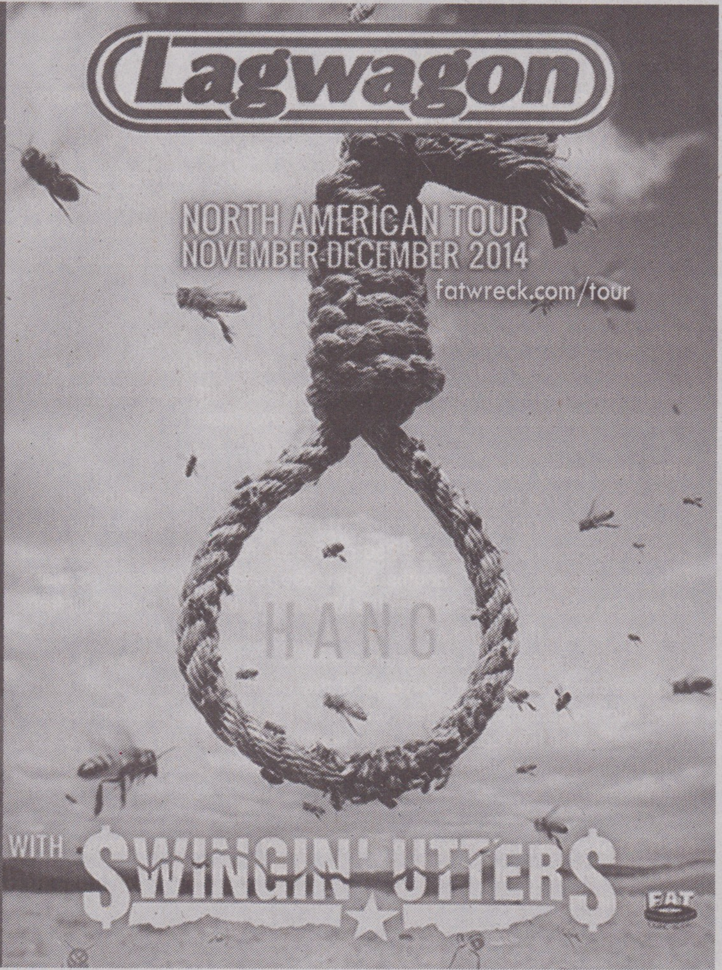
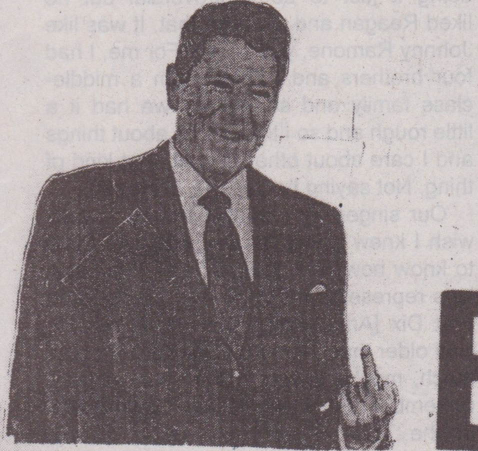




AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR

In order to form a more perfect understanding of how this band became the Killer Forces from NJ, we must first look into the eye of the beholder and see the corruption that brought the four players together. Late 1970s Philadelphia was cocaine and murder. Phone booths doubled as urinals, XXX Peep Shows surrounded the four corners of City Hall, and disco blared out of every car window. Still the youth wanted more...We were not happy that Freddie Mercury stood on our stage at the Spectrum and proclaimed us to be Philthydelphia! We wanted more...And soon we were hearing the Runaways, Girlschool, the Ramones, Blondie, the Talking Heads and the Sex Pistols, but we still wanted more...College radio, found by accident on our way to commercial radio, told us that the "more" was arriving in 1981 and it was Black Flag and they were playing for us in Kensington on July 10. We made our way from Camden, New Jersey. We paid a few dollars at the Starlight Ballroom and heard a local band was playing first…then it happened. More was feedback and screeching… more was loud angry thumping bass…more was the beat of the drum that called us to order…more was the growl and the swooping mic cord that caught you around the neck and pulled you in. More was Autistic Behavior.

Lenny Crunch, Crunch Productions, describing the first time he saw Autistic Behavior, July 10, 1981 at the Starlight Ballroom in Philadelphia with Black Flag and SOA

It's amazing that Shattered Cattle *ever saw the light of day. Shelved for over than 30 years, this was the most hidden gem in Philadelphia hardcore history and for many one of punk's holiest grails. It was supposed to have everything—super-fast discordant music, heartfelt and poignant lyrics, and enough attitude and snottiness to make it really, really fun—and it does not disappoint. The fact that so many people put their efforts into making this release happen is testament to the power and importance of this music, both in the band's meager two-year existence in the early 1980s and today.*

The two main players in putting this album out are Craig Surgent, who was Autistic Behavior's bassist and currently guitarist in the Spectrum Disorder tribute band put together around the release Shattered Cattle*, and Bruce Howze Jr. from SRA Records. Bruce—BJ to his friends—has been relentless in helping put together this puzzle, piece by lost piece, starting when he tracked down Craig a number of years ago. Without him this never would have happened. Yoni Kroll sat down with Craig to reflect on the band and the new release. Photos provided by SRA Records.*

MRR: One of the the first things I ever saw referencing Autistic Behavior was a flyer for a Better Youth Organization show with TSOL and Ruin. That totally blew my mind.
I was out of the band at that point. I think they played for like six months later, after I got out. They had some good shows then—I'm not sure how they went but they played with Minor Threat and Flipper. I would have loved to have been on those shows but I was out of my mind.

MRR: If you had to describe the band in just a few sentences, what would you say? Where did the name come from? It seems like from what I've heard and from what you've told me, being out of your mind was sort of the nature of the band.
Well, I mean, that's a way to describe it. The influences that we had were from the Sex Pistols and stuff like that to the early Fall. Being in the band was being in our own world. My understanding of autism at that time was that there's one form of it where you're in a world of your own where you just don't talk back to people, where you don't have to answer back. When I got to that part in the dictionary I thought, "That's cool. It's like you don't have to say anything back to anybody."

MRR: It's funny, up until six months ago looking up the band would have gotten you very little. Then this record came out. I think one of the big pushes that SRA had at the beginning was talking to fans in France who were saying, "We love Pennsylvania hardcore, it's the best thing in the world! And Autistic Behavior is the holy grail." Let's go back to 1982. Where did Autistic Behavior fit into Philly punk and hardcore?
We came out of punk, the proper English stuff: the Clash, the Damned, Sex Pistols, X-Ray Spex, Stranglers. We loved that stuff and we'd find it here and there and the occasional thing we'd see on late-night TV or something like that. We all met and had those influences already instilled in us and then we built from there. As we were writing our songs the hardcore stuff came out from California, speeding things up more and more. There weren't a whole lot of bands yet doing this fast slow, fast slow thing, so we naturally did some of that stuff. It was very organic. We didn't think about things, didn't write about the, didn't know about them, we just did what we did.

We formed in 1980. I have to say that back then things were slow moving. We'd have practices every once in a while and gigs were so infrequent that you change a lot over the course of two years.

I lived in the same house with Steve Eye, who I'm always thankful to [because] he was the one who filmed all these bands. Initially he got into the clubs because of us, he came in with us. He filmed Bad Brains when we played with them and all these other bands [like] Black Flag and a lot of these infamous shows that end up in the *American Hardcore* documentary. But as you're watching it, the titles that flash across the map say Boston, New York, and it's like... Philly, what, where is it? There's not a damn thing about it.

MRR: I think it's always been the case that Philly does its own thing. It might or might not make sense to people on the outside but more often then not, everyone just says, "Who cares? If you don't get it, that's not our problem."
You know why I like that? It keeps people honest. Make whatever music you want because it ain't going to get popular anyways. So do what's in your heart and make something creative. That's what I'm really happy we did. 'Cause if you listen to the record, it bounces from one influence to another and it doesn't sound like we're copying anything.

MRR: Outside of the musical influences, what were the political and societal influences when AB was going?
[Laughs] I really hate to talk about that. Wayne, our guitarist, he was from a better-to-do family and I don't know if he was doing it just to be controversial but he liked Reagan and stuff like that. It was like Johnny Ramone, you know? For me, I had four brothers and I come from a middle-class family and sometimes we had it a little rough and so I think more about things and I care about other people, that kind of thing. Not saying he doesn't, of course.

Our singer, he was just a real...I really wish I knew where he was, 'cause I'd like to know how he's doing and let him know he's represented well on this. He lived on Fort Dix [Army Base] with his father. He was older than us, first of all. Not sure how much, maybe seven to ten years older. I remember him saying he saw David Bowie at the Tower [Theatre in Upper Darby, outside of Philadelphia] in '74, that famous tour. He was into that kind of stuff but he lived on the base with his parents. He was kind of an outsider character for sure. He totally fit well in the stuff that we were doing, he was no fake or anything like that, but it was strange that he lived there with his parents.

MRR: What was it like growing up punk in New Jersey in the late '70s?
There was a station called WNEW that had a new wave/punk-type program and later on in the day they'd play punk, like the Damned and stuff like that. We'd all hear this separately and when we met we'd talk about it.

There was a place near Trenton called Rock Dreams. That was the big record store that carried this stuff. And they had the Dickies and things like that, the special vinyl releases, the Buzzcocks EPs that would come in. We all had them together, collected them, so we hit it off like that and started playing music together. Those influences crammed together, and you know, we'd take a piece from here, take a piece from there.

We had Devo, Sex Pistols, the Clash, and all those things and we listened to them and there weren't many

people in the high schools that we were going to who listened to them. It was really like you're over there and these people are over here doing the whole thing that's been done for centuries. We were fortunate that we all had each other and found other people.

It was the same thing with shows that we played and went to. We'd come up to Philly and we'd see one person at the punk festival the first time we went there, like Neil [Perry] from Y-Di or Chuck [Meehan, also from Y-Di] from the first gig we played at City Gardens. I met him then, he was really cool with us, and that was the thing: we'd see people the next time and it was, like, "Yeah jeez, he looks familiar" and we'd sometimes talk to them and we realized that we had stuff in common and it kind of really grew organically.

MRR: It's interesting, because even with as popular as punk is and as accessible as it is these days, there's still very much that feeling of instant companionship that happens when you go somewhere new and see someone dressed similarly. You realize that you have something to talk about, something in common. There's a Mischief Brew song about showing up in a town not knowing anyone and seeing someone with the same Subhumans patch that you have and thinking, "Oh okay, there's someone that I can at least talk to. Even if we can't be friends, at least I know I'm not alone."
There was a lot of that —let's check our shit at the door and we'll talk and compare notes. But that was one of the things about our band: we really didn't dress punk at all. I was wearing flannel on stage before the whole grunge movement. Not that that's a good or bad thing, just a working class type thing.

MRR: But I mean, dressing punk in those days was having a mohawk and lots of safety pins on your clothing. That was a good chunk of the associations people had with it.
It makes me laugh because when we played with the Dead Kennedys I was still working at this Pathmark. I had shaved my head recently and when I let it grow back I gave myself an anti-mohawk, a racing stripe down the middle. It only lasted for a couple of days. You'd just get ridiculed for shit like that.

I guess the drummer and the guitarist had leather jackets with studs, Buzzcocks pins, other identifier things.

MRR: When the band was at its peak, what was driving you?
We went where it was to go. We were really thrilled that we would see people again and they would come out to our shows. Back then, since there was no internet, we wouldn't have a great idea [how people felt about the band] except for the people who would come to our shows again. We wouldn't see someone rave about it or anything like that.

MRR: There are some legendary stories, like the Kater Street gig where a bunch of people were arrested.
I had just moved up to the city. Basically for me it was the best day of my life at that point. The sky was so blue that day and they basically said, wake up, come on let's go have a beer, equipment's all set up. I never had that much fun: playing this music that I made up, people are having a great time, and then the cops come and I don't get taken away. I'm thrilled about that.

I remember seeing the paddy wagon coming down the alley in the videos later. I think a lot of people wanted to get arrested or something like that. My friend Lenny and a bunch of other people did get taken away to jail. I was really lucky. I hated to see anybody else get taken away but I think Wayne saying, "Come back August 28th for Millions of Dead Cops" into the microphone probably didn't help.

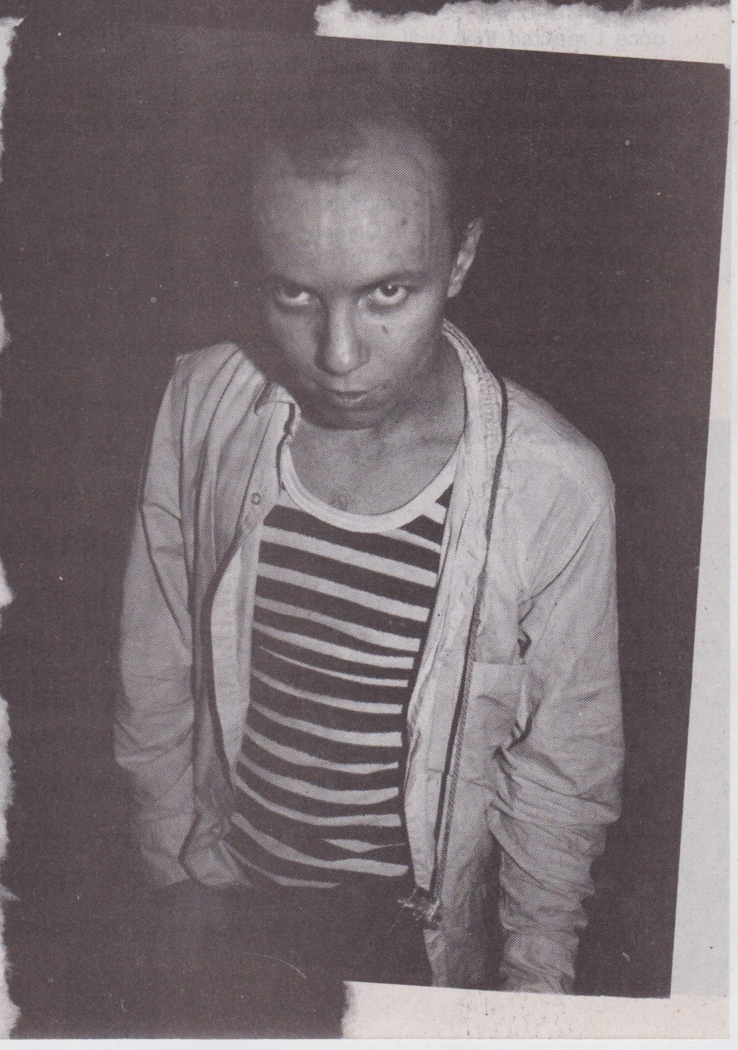
My friend Lenny who did Crunch Productions has the police report somewhere still and it says that people were jumping off of cars onto each other and hurting each other and it was just so far removed from the truth. There's one scene where this guy Dave, a real tall guy, he falls down to the ground and everyone picks him up and he's got this huge grin on his face. It wasn't about "Let's kill each other!" it was about "Let's all get aggression out!" which is one thing that I thought was so great about that time.

Later there would be people who would think, "You like to jump off the stage and bump into each other? I can do it even better. I'm the king of the hill!" and it didn't even matter about the music. Where as before, like at that show, you'd have a lot of kids who didn't get a lot of exercise at school, they were outcasts, and this was their chance to get some aggression out and have some exercise. It was a peaceful thing mostly. It doesn't have to be staid and safe. People were physical but it was basically friendly. Somebody falls, you pick them up.

MRR: How old were you at that point?
Seventeen. The days went on and I was a fish out of water. I was living in a basement of a house people started calling the AB House, because things were centered around John (the singer) who lived there as well.

We had a promise of a gig coming up here and there. But I had no job. They were nice enough to take me in but I'm kind of bumming and had to find a job [and] so the reality started to set in. You have this really high point and then you're like...what the fuck? I wasn't suicidal or anything like that, but you just don't know what's happening, you know? You're winging it totally, which is cool. It taught me to do stuff. If you have to have somebody show you how to do stuff all the time

Our singer, he was just a real... I really wish I knew where he was...



or somebody is taking care of you all the time, you don't learn for real. There're book smarts and learned smarts, street smarts. I learned how to do that.

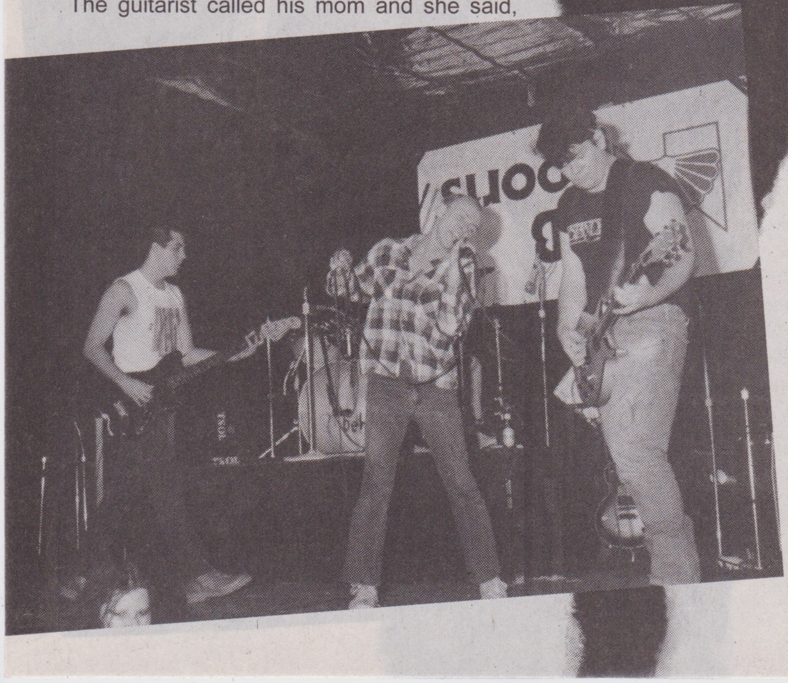
MRR: Did punk influence you to do stuff?
Absolutely. Just the fact that anything was possible, you know? People would say the most ridiculous things sometimes and it would make others think. You're in a world of your own and doing whatever your thing is and you don't have to respond to nobody. It's just a cool situation because nobody can get through to you, nobody can penetrate that.

MRR: So you left the band about six months before they finally broke up in 1983. What happened after that?
I hadn't stopped writing songs. I learned to write 'em for the band and just making it up and figuring it out. I never gave up on playing music. It really saved my life. I wish that everybody in the world—if everybody had some kind of instrument that they could play, and check themselves, be honest with themselves no bullshit—could play something that means something to them and make it better, do whatever they want with it. So that was good for me. I just kept on playing.

It took me a while to get over [leaving Autistic Behavior] because it meant a lot to me. It was two years of playing with Black Flag, TSOL, Dead Kennedys and these great bands, and I just had to stop playing because I couldn't write for that guy anymore. When I joined the band I was writing for that guy's lyrics, that's how I learned how to do it, and once I realized that, well, this guy is doing things I'm not totally supportive of... I'd love to find him again and see him, but you live and you learn and you grow older and you don't want to do things like that anymore.

Two Autistic Behavior songs ended up on the Philly hardcore compilation *Get Off My Back—We're Doing It Ourselves*. They wanted me to come back to the band. I showed up when they had the release party and that day was kind of heartbreaking. It was getting time to play and John's not showing. The guitarist called his mom and she said, "He's sick, he's not coming." He said, "Bullshit, get him to the phone." They had a bassist to begin with, named Pete, real good guy. After I left, he came back in. That's how they played for the next six months. They wanted me to come back into it but I couldn't stand to do it. But I said I would play that gig. When John finally got to the phone and we sorted through the bullshit, he said, "I'm not coming. I don't like how Pete got thrown out of the band." But he wasn't thrown out of the band! We were doing this thing but it just never happened. It was just a real downer.

When you're on stage with two people, three people, four people: fuck everybody else.



MRR: Spectrum Disorder is the tribute band, the reunion band... what's the word you use to describe it? Do you see it as a continuation, as playing covers? What is it for you?
The thing that piqued my interest in it—I probably would have done it anyway if I was playing bass—was Dave [Rochon from Flag of Democracy] who is so enthusiastic and he knows the stuff and wanted to play bass and I got the chance to play guitar!

As far as Spectrum Disorder, BJ was putting all this time into the project and asked if I could do it and I said, "Sure, sounds good to me, but we got to get a singer." He said he knew this guy Joe and he could handle it. At first it seemed a little bit shaky: we had four practices before the first gig. And you know, he did a real good job. I was happy as hell to play it. Not only was I able to play these songs and reconnect with some people I hadn't seen in a long time—Chuck Meehan from Y-Di, for example—they were psyched to see it, they were happy to be there. Whereas for years I wasn't sure, 'cause they had their own success and I wasn't sure how we all jived up together.

MRR: Was it weird to revisit the Autistic Behavior stuff when the idea for the tribute band was raised?
It never left my head. Certain songs, I remember exactly what I wrote them about. A couple songs came from *Twilight Zone* episodes—"Eye of the Beholder," I took the title from that. The Ramones did that, you take a title and write a song.

"A.B. Scam" and "Test Pattern" John never sang in the studio and I was talking to Wayne [Risner, Autistic Behavior guitarist] a few years ago and he said, "I really like those lyrics. Why don't you try and sing it?" So I did it and I was real happy with how it turned out. It adds another dimension to the record. On the album we put the instrumental versions of those anyway.

MRR: Has your push for playing music changed through the years?
When you're on stage with two people, three people, four people: fuck everybody else. I try and play the best I can for us and project that. People like it? Fucking awesome. If they don't like it: don't stand there and heckle me. Get the fuck out, go get a beer or something, do whatever you want. The music always drives me.

As far as Spectrum Disorder, those guys want to keep on playing with it and as long as it's cool, I'll keep on doing it. I thought about it recently, that I've worked on songs for a long time. I have frameworks of songs and if we keep playing together and things are hassle-free and seems like it's genuine and moves on in that direction...'cause they always ask me if we can keep on playing and I'm, like, "Sure, I fucking love to play!" Do I want to go out and play gigs where we're getting fifty bucks but spending a hundred to get there? No. While it's never been my motivation to make a grand fortune or something like that, I sure as hell would like to make money.

MRR: Would you want to write new Autistic Behavior songs? Or, I guess, Spectrum Disorder songs?
If I was to ever make new songs and we continued like this, I probably wouldn't use the name Autistic Behavior again, I'd just make it the A.B.s. I never wanted the name to be disrespectful. [As far as the tribute band goes] someone else chose the name Spectrum Disorder and I thought, "That's colorful sounding, I'll go with it."

I would never ever consider myself the core of Autistic Behavior but I became that. I was visible to people, I talked to people, I had no

problem with anybody. I think sometimes it bothered the singer that I was so active on stage and not only because sometimes I'd hit him with the bass on accident.

MRR: Do you feel like you have as much inclination to write hardcore songs thirty years later? Being seventeen is obviously a lot different in terms of musical thoughts as well as your day-to-day life. I'm always amazed at bands like Flag of Democracy. FOD has a sound and they keep on writing to that sound but it's never been angry music like so much of hardcore. I think that the Autistic Behavior stuff has at least a tinge of youthful angst and aggression and anger.

My friend Jacy, from the Philadelphia Record Exchange and The Strapping Fieldhands, he said the same thing to me when I first played him the mixed down stuff. After listening to the whole thing he liked it but said, "You're fucking angry, aren't you?" I got what he's saying but for me it's just joyful aggression. There are dark songs but for me it was just about making something different. I jot down ideas, song thoughts, and whatever else. For the past several years it's just fragments. That's what it was when I joined Autistic Behavior: I'd come in with a fragment of a song, ask the person a question musically, they'd answer back, and we'd form the song that way.

MRR: The album never came out during the band's lifespan, but how far along did it get?

Well, the Dead Kennedys and Jello in particular liked it a lot. So when they came out, they would get us to play shows. Even if we got banned from City Gardens, which we did a number of times...

MRR: Wait, what did you get banned from City Gardens for?

Well the first gig we ever played there we played with Delta 5. I was underage and was told I couldn't drink. Everybody else [in the band], especially John, was old enough. And I wanted to drink! When we were finished playing, we got beer, some Budweiser, in the dressing room, and somebody had walked into Delta 5's dressing room while they were playing and they had Heineken! What the fuck! So we drank their beer and watched them play and I'm getting drunk and it ends up that this huge mirror gets smashed inside that dressing room that we weren't supposed to be in to begin with. So we weren't allowed to play there. We'd get banned but then somebody would always have us back.

Back to the album: Alternative Tentacles was interested in putting it out. Thankfully it never happened because we weren't completely ready to begin with. It just wasn't going to come together the way it needed to. We had seventeen songs. Right now it clocks in at about 45 minutes. It came out well that way. If it came out then it might be a really short record, probably an EP. What happened was we were all psyched 'cause the Dead Kennedys were going to put it out but then again it was a week-to-week thing. Nothing happened, something would happen, then all of a sudden we'd see a 7 Seconds EP coming out and we'd think, "Oh fuck, they're not going to do it." And instead of us calling them up and saying, "Dude, what the fuck? When do you want to do this thing?" we'd ... well, BJ's talked to them since about it and they said that they never didn't want to do it but it's just that money and time kept it from happening.

Everything is back to serendipity. Things happen at the right time if you let them. I'm not going to say for a reason, but time and hanging in there and perseverance are the best things for me.

MRR: When you were playing that first show back as Spectrum Disorder, did it feel like 1982? Or did it feel like 2013?

I'm very much grounded where I am. Joe sings the songs a little bit differently and he'll work on that. To his credit, that was a lot to learn and to get out there and do, and he did a good job. The fact that Dave was there and I was there that kinda makes it 50/50, old and new.

So when Nirvana is on the cover of Rolling Stone giving the finger with a dollar sign next to them I thought, "You jackasses. You're reaping the rewards of somebody else's real hard work and then pretending you don't care about the money you're making? You're really in a privileged state."

Some of the best bands that I've seen that I like from my childhood, like the Damned and the Dickies, it's awesome seeing them nowadays because the two core members from both bands are there and they get young blood to fill out the rest. It doesn't lose the energy.

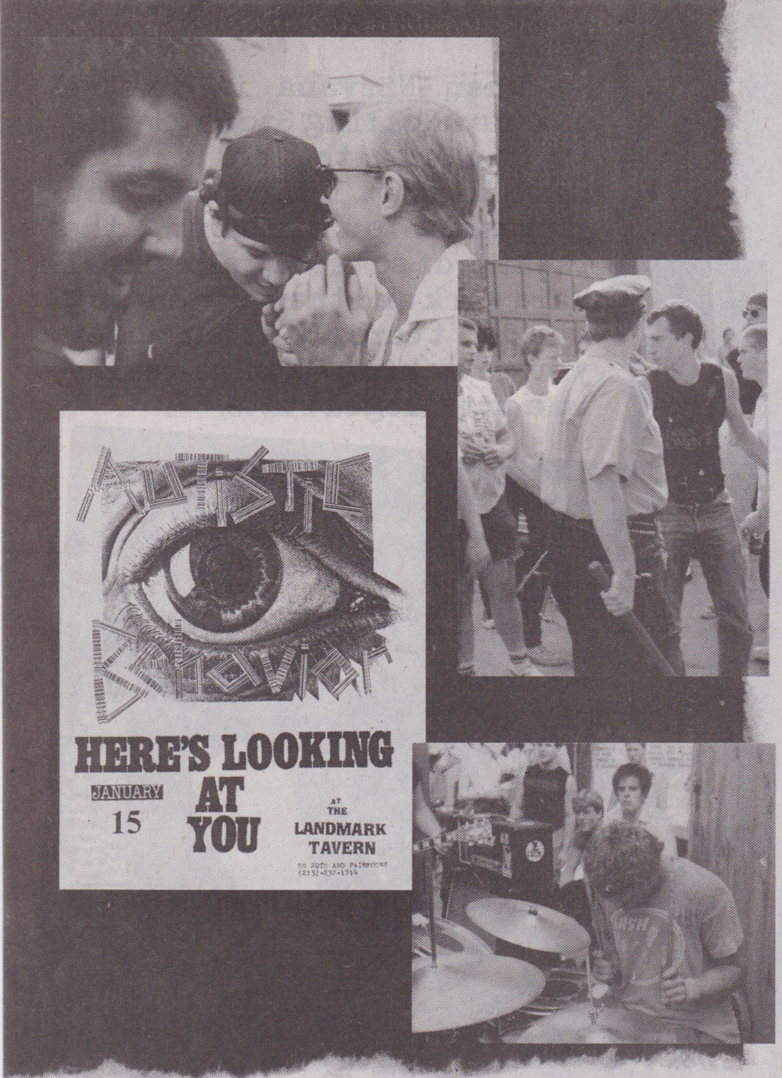
I like playing, I like this music, and you can't worry about what people think. I'm certainly not living in the past. I'm so happy to have immersed myself into putting all my shit together.

MRR: Do you feel like you were waiting for this? Because on one hand, you keep on saying that you're not living in the past but at the same time you've been holding on to all these memories of the band for more than 30 years.

I never let it go, let's put it that way. I would have loved to have put this out at some point. For my own sake I wanted to wrap it up but I figured it would be nothing more than a vanity project because who the hell wanted to hear it?

I'm real fucking thrilled that I was able to do something. I'm glad I saved all this stuff. To me there was no reason to throw it away. Even though I quit the band, I loved it. Wayne, the guitarist, he told me that I ended it at the right time. We played for two years and wrote a certain number of songs. The one song that we never recorded was called, "We the Racists" and it was based on the constitution. I really loved that song but it never came out.

I stopped when I honestly couldn't write for it anymore. You want to stay fresh and make something different or else you're just plodding down the same road, and that's not cool.



MRR: Earlier you were saying that you'd be open to writing new Autistic Behavior songs. What's changed in thirty years?
I have so many reasons I stopped playing in that band. One of them was that John...people gave him a hard time. The girls from *Savage Pink*, this great magazine, were giving him a hard time for being a sex symbol. He was a youthful looking old guy who was singing this punk rock music and he's got charisma.

For a long time we had the gig locked up. I'm not saying this to be cocky or something, but we were the band to be. And people who started bands around then, like Y-Di and FOD, would be saying, "What the fuck, they always get the big gigs." So that started a bit of a backlash there. It did kind of hurt me at the time. I want to play and I wouldn't want to keep anyone else from playing too, but come on. That was another reason it kind of soured for me. People were trying to take us down a peg at some point, in a sly way. Not because they hated us; they just wanted to get their own thing going. I think that perplexed John. He was a confident dude but everyone has their own weaknesses and stuff like that. I think that splintered us somewhat.

MRR: When you were seventeen years old and starting to play in punk and hardcore bands, what did you get out of it?
I hate to even say validation, but the fact that I was able to be honest and make my own music and sink or swim in the crowds that we played was really cool for me. I never fucking intended to be anything, man. When I was that age, I wasn't paying too good attention in school. I wasn't dumb or anything like that, but I was somewhat of a stoner. If people don't know how to teach you, you don't learn. You're cattle. It's like shattered cattle, you know? A lot of the time people falter because they're not geared to fall down the same path as everybody else.

MRR: What does punk mean to you now?
I was thinking about that recently. Starting in, say, 1986 it was a real sour note for me that bands like the Minutemen, who were so fucking talented and great, were just a college radio band and they were never, ever going to break through. Bands like that and Hüsker Dü. So when Nirvana is on the cover of *Rolling Stone* giving the finger with a dollar sign next to them I thought, "You jackasses. You're reaping the rewards of somebody else's real hard work and then pretending you don't care about the money you're making? You're really in a privileged state."

MRR: How about you? Are you still a punk?
Oh, I never was. I really never was. I mean, I had an anti-mohawk at some point and I made my own shirts. In that respect, I'm a punk, but I would never ever call myself that.

I don't think anyone else in the band is punk anymore. I saw the drummer recently and he's a union carpenter or something like that. While he's happy I'm doing this, it's clearly not part of his life anymore. He hasn't played drums for years now. The guitarist still plays, but after he left the band he discovered the Grateful Dead and stuff like that and I was thinking, "Why?! What are you doing?"

MRR: It seems like putting this together has been putting together a puzzle. There's the music, of course, but also the pictures and the rest of the ephemera. Had it come out when it was supposed to, would it have looked like it does now? Would you have included lyrics?
The cover would have looked exactly like that. I'm always really proud of my lyrics. "A.B. Scam" sums up a lot of things for me: "We question what we're told / We're not expecting answers / We've been told things too many times / That we're brainwashed to believe in them / We believe in what we feel / We do not kneel to any leaders / We're tired of force-fed lies / And the people who feed them to us." That's just the statement there. And then this is the part I hope that people don't take too much to heart, but this was [written] around the time when Sid Vicious supposedly killed Nancy Spungen: "Inject yourself / Infect your health / But don't expect our pity / We'll watch deterioration fade you / Into something less than pretty / Detect your problems but don't solve them / Let them gain intensity / Your death wish has come true for you / Giving back the gift of living." And I meant that! That's a lot of words for me. I'm not a real scholar but I had a thesaurus, goddamnit, and that saved me a lot of time.

The Clash was one of the first bands where I liked what they were singing about, and I liked what they were talking about so much that I made myself learn how they sang. It's real important that the things you're saying mean something. And if you don't want to do that, great. People can take you as what you are. You can't get serious about everything but I think there's a place for it.

MRR: How do you think it would have changed things had *Shattered Cattle* actually come out thirty years ago when it was supposed to? There has always been interest in this record—it really was considered the lost gem of the Philly hardcore scene.
That was hard for me to see for a long time. There are some really strong songs on there and some others I really liked a lot. I always wanted to bring it to full scale, full circle, but I always viewed it as a vanity project. Not having the ability to make it all happen by myself, I was just satisfied to listen to it. When somebody was able to do it, I thought, "I've been waiting a long time for it. If it's really going to happen, when it finally comes out I'll fall over dead."

The thing that's funny about that is that I've done so much stuff since then that I won't say are better, but...

MRR: You can say that it's better. I don't think that it's really an issue of saying, "When I was nineten years old, I was on top of my game." Because that shouldn't be the case.
You're right. I've lived a lot since then and all the stuff I've done since then sounds real great to me.

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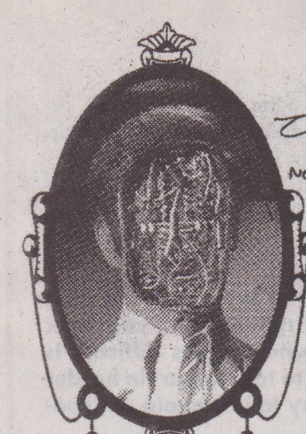


Mothers News

a brief journey from mucus to ashes

Previously New Organs If We But Cultivate Their Need
Previously Immortal Fangs With Which To Butcher The Carcass Of Time

write to: Mothers News c/o Rhododendron Festival PO Box 29081 Providence RI 02909
http://www.mothersnews.net • info@mothersnews.net

Mothers News is a mostly-free newspaper that is published almost monthly in Providence, RI. It covers everything from apples to death to spiky jackets to anteaters to lists to everything in-between and not in-between. I tried to make more sense of the publication by asking their editor some questions but just came out of it with more questions.

Introduction and interview by Greg Harvester. *"Truth and ogle are ever above."*

MRR: Who are you and what's your deal? Who do you think you are?

I'm the editor of Mothers News. It's a monthly newspaper.

MRR: Do you want to remain a nameless entity? If so, is there a reason for that?

I'm more comfortable as an unnamed person.

MRR: Who is the "Mother?" Is this "News?" Why is there no apostrophe in "Mothers?"

The apostrophe is a mark of either omission or possession. Mothers News neither omits nor possesses. It's not missives belonging to an entity known as "Mother," it's by, for and about mothers. That said we use "mother" in a fairly broad way, most commonly to encompass all agents of creation and manifestation that utilize the vital impulse as an engine of growth. The paper is barely ever about sexual procreation. I would not even call myself an advocate of sexual procreation.

Regarding news, I strive to pack each issue with things relevant to the time period. But I admit it's more "timely information" and less "current events." In October, the paper is reliably monstrous; in December, we talk about death; in January, doorways. We don't publish horse race results or a list of upcoming shows; that's not our utility. But we do talk about the weather a fair amount, maybe more. When the weather is less than fair, we talk about it more than fair, by amount, on average.

MRR: Since this is an interview for MRR, what is your relationship to punk?

We're punks. Sakevi of G.I.S.M. had my favorite definition of punk: "Punk is D.E.A.D.: Distress Effervescence Awakening Delinquent." Mothers News is enabled and informed by this method. If you want to view it from the narrative of printed matter in the 21st century, basically everything, in the realm of physical print media, was in the toilet. So all of a sudden nothing matters, and then everything is possible, including this totally fucked-up full-steam-ahead newspaper.

The distress effervescence awakened the delinquent. That's our approach to publishing, writing, designing and distribution; but beyond that, that's also our approach to many things in life. Like I said, we're punks. To call upon the original (?) 17th century definition of "punk," we are receptive. But the paper isn't about electric guitars, safety pins, Mohican hairdos, or Doctor Martens boots. I hope that doesn't disqualify us. If it does—ultimate disgust in your enterprise. It was about spiky jackets only once so far, but it was a killer riff.

MRR: So, what is the newspaper about?

It's usually about eight pages long.

MRR: What publications, art or projects helped inspire you to start doing your own newspaper? Why do you publish your own paper?

This is kind of dumb, but a big reason why I started Mothers News was that I wanted to have something to hand out to people for free. I have a lot of friends who make things in fairly inexpensive multiples (zines, tapes, prints, etc.) and they would give them to me, but the feeling was that they were trading for something I had yet to produce. So I wanted something to give back to people that had been giving me things, and to give in advance to people who might eventually produce something, or just to give out to people I might want to talk to. Having a thing that you trade or give away is great, strongly recommended. Be in the world, strongly recommended.

The non-local B-side of this is the hope that the paper itself would function as a sort of liquid, seeping into weird corners I wouldn't otherwise get to, and finding people I wouldn't otherwise find, opening up interesting situations. Possibly soaking into an area and nurturing a seed somewhere to grow and find light. Happily, I can report that this has been and continues to be the case; it is working out pretty good.

Also, the way I figured, it was a way to make rent money, needed direly at the time and still is.

All of these reasons are still bearing fruit. But also these are only the exoteric (obvious, directly communicable) answers. The esoteric (occult, abstract) answers are, I imagine, fairly standard for all creative projects—peace, harmony, the end of suffering, to provide a beacon, to make a record, to put my hand in the glass, "it's the thing that I do," "call out your real name," etc… Truest answer, it's the thing that I do.

As far as publications I'm inspired by and in the proud legacy of, I'd have to shout out: King Cat, Paper Rodeo (RIP), Rochester Teen Set Outsider, Famous Monsters (Forrest J Ackerman, RIP), Whole Earth Catalog, Mad, Scam, New York Times, El Saturn Records, Crass Records, Archie, Fourth World (Jack Kirby, RIP), Wu Tang, Rabelais (RIP), favorite writer, Borges (RIP).

Mike Leslie

MRR: Before Mothers News, you ran a visionary junk shop called HBML, in Worcester, Massachusetts for three years. Do you feel like Mothers News is a logical extension of the shop or a completely separate endeavor?

The junk shop was and still is a baffling morass for everyone, including me. Not sure how to talk about it. Maybe it was an experiment in seeing if I could have a satisfying artistic practice outside of a gallery or even craft setting, and have it make money? The very loose idea of HBML was to make a wild installation that took the form of a junk shop with lots of wild handmade or altered items, except that everything was for sale at pre-art prices. It was fun to do, and I didn't have to break my back or work another job to do it; or set it in New York or LA. This worked out pretty well. The answer was pretty much yes, it was an ongoing social success, it kept me afloat, and we won a New England Art Award for "Best Installation 2008." I stopped because there were some things seemingly inherent to the operation that I didn't care for, so I had to wiggle out of there. Besides which, it was in my hometown and I was struck with a desire to leave my hometown. I feel like I don't need to explain that (Genesis 12:1). Also it was never intended to last as long as it did.

Anyway, after some time with nothing going on and totally no money at all, I decided to try a new thing with better parameters. A newspaper seemed good because unlike a store, you don't have to physically be present for it to work. Once you publish an issue, that issue will continue to exist without you having to do anything. Contrast this with a store where someone has to open in the morning, stay there all day, then close it at night; it's a no-brainer. And I had lots of experience writing and publishing zines, so it was natural.

As far as unity between the two, both HBML and Mothers News are/were public projects for a general audience, in legacy formats. HBML came to stand for Hermes Barnum Monkey Legba, all agents of transmission, and all representatives of a character still integral to my current enterprise. Also both HBML and Mothers News can be considered social sculptures, and both are artistic practices that I treat as a job, outside of grants and other common arts-support mechanisms.

MRR: Being that you treat it as a job, does it ever feel like a burden to you?

There are some drudgery elements, things that I don't enjoy doing, or don't have the mindset for; the main one right now is selling ads, which can be a pain. I wanted to hire someone on for this but the scene at the moment seems to select against anyone with the aptitude for this kind of hustle. Le sigh. Other than that, the tasks that are burdensome mostly only seem burdensome when I'm not doing them. Then I start doing them, and I remember I like them. But I could really use a business manager, or something.

MRR: What is your print run and where do you send your papers?

Currently, we run 8000 copies. 400 or so go out to subscribers, and the rest get distributed around Providence and at select spots across the country. We send the paper out to advertisers, or to anyone who buys a distribution bundle, which is twenty dollars for around 100 papers. They can resell them for fifty cents (suggested) or a dollar (but not more), and keep the money, or just give them out for free (also suggested). It's a good hustle for someone out there, but as a distribution model it's kind of kludgey. That's what we're doing right now.

For the first three years it was strictly free, and we would send it out to places for free, but this became no longer tenable. It's kind of a drag to move it into the world of sold things. I always liked that it's free, but it has a secret cost, which is the belief that something free might also be good without restriction (which almost no one believes). Anyway, we must do what we must, and fifty cents isn't a lot of money, maybe fifty cents is free in essence, or "free, plus shipping fee." The upside is that I've found that we get way more mail from people who bought it than from people who picked it up for free, and I love getting mail.

MRR: You've been publishing every month since May 2010. Do you have an end goal or cut off date in sight (like Crass or Darby Crash) or will you just continue this project until it's no longer fun or financially viable?

Our custom is to only plan a year in advance, at most. We are now in our 4th year, which we plan on wrapping up in December 2014. Whether we will continue to operate beyond that, I will not say. We will get to that point and reassess. The reasons for this are both practical and psychological (which is also practical). At a certain point, we will stop publishing—that's not just my opinion, that's the second law of thermodynamics (which thus far has proven useful). I've found that if I declare a specific potential end point, I can work more or less diligently up to that point, even if the work becomes difficult. But if I don't have an end point in mind, I have the tendency to just quit when it gets difficult, because I know that I'll have to quit sooner or later, and quitting when it's difficult makes the most immediate sense. So I set an end time to hold myself accountable, to make sure I charge through until that point. It's already been periodically not fun and/or not financially viable, but then, historically, it gets more fun than previous; and this tends to usher in a return to financial viability, though this is more correlation than causality.

MRR: It seems that with both the junk shop and your newspaper, you look into giving up when it gets difficult. Is this an aversion to taking part in harder labor? Is it a way to just avoid unneeded stress?

I think that's a complete misread of what I'm saying. I apologize if I wasn't clear. Setting a potential end point is not a method of giving up, it's a strategy to work through difficulty, and not give up. Also the year-end mark isn't even strictly an end point, it's a point at which we reassess without baggage. But I mean, we've been publishing since 2010. By the time this interview comes out, we'll be on issue #43 or something. I work very hard on the paper.

MRR: In our society that keeps pushing more and more towards an all digital future, what keeps you motivated and interested in putting out print media? Have you had any interest in putting an archive of the newspaper online?

Print media has a lot of advantages over online. It's still there when you turn off your computer, it's in the bathroom, it seems important, it gets on your hands, you can put it in your pocket, no agency is keeping a list of who reads the paper and selling that information... I could go on. All these things keep me motivated and interested. But on top of that, I find that people care about a newspaper, a magazine, a zine or a comic book in a way that it's tough to care about a website. Why is that? I have a theory, which is mine to think about.

Computers are OK though, and I do love and adore the open web and deplore walled gardens like Facebook, et al. Recently we caved and put almost all of the back issues (the first 36 issues anyway) online at Archive.org to be better digested by the global non-human and meta-human intelligence, and to be a pointer pointing in. For good or evil. It's a gamble. I'm also working on reformatting selections from the back issues as a handsome book, for continued human consumption. Still shopping this concept around though.

MRR: Do you have an idea of when this book might come out?

No, still shopping the concept. Industry types, bark at me.

MRR: Do you write for the newspaper with an audience in mind? Who do you envision your audience as?

As far as giving people what they want, or even what I think they might want, I do not mess with that stuff at all. Maybe this flies in the face of my claim that the paper is a social sculpture,

"Print media has a lot of advantages over online. It's still there when you turn off your computer, it's in the bathroom, it seems important, it gets on your hands, you can put it in your pocket, no agency is keeping a list of who reads the paper and selling that information..."

but I basically don't think about the audience. It's not that I don't care—I care what people think about it. But I absolutely do not write based on what I think people will want to read. Basically, I can't afford to care about it. I've found that whenever I try to please people, no one likes it, not me, not anyone—both the result and the process are miserable. But when I put forth the best thing I can, pertaining to myself on Earth at the present moment, that tends to work. My mood is unconfused and my vector of movement is isotropic, each direction equally probable. So it's a seemingly loopy, but ultimately pragmatic decision. I'm not trying to sound tough—I know that people read it, and I write it expecting it to be read by people. I adore my readers and I certainly hope they like it, but it's my belief that I can best serve the community by following my own star and reporting back. I'm a whistling moon traveler, with report; that's my incendiary profile.

That said, the paper is available unrestricted in public places, so I try to be accessible to as general an audience as possible—not too arcane, no massive leaps requiring specialized information or a specific approach beyond a measure of openness. I'd like for a kid to be able to pick it up and extract a small life-changing nugget out of it, potentially bigger than just "other things are out there," which is a very important, but default nugget for "underground" media.

MRR: The paper boasts a comics section of well-known artists like Brian Chippendale, Michael DeForge and Mike Taylor, among others. How did you pick who you would feature in this section and is it difficult to get such busy people to stick to deadlines every month?

The comics section is pretty crazy. I'm very lucky to have assembled such world-class talent. In addition to Brian Chippendale, Michael DeForge and Mike Taylor, I can't forget CF, Katrina Clark, Charlotte de Sedouy, Mickey Zacchilli, and Kate Schapira. Also for a while, we had James McShane drawing kind of a Bill Cunningham people-on-the-street page, Melissa Mendes doing a kind of goth Dennis the Menace one-panel called Mercyful Fate, Charles Forsman doing a witch family serial called Witch Beach, and Matthew Thurber ripping a variant on his comic Infomaniacs, now a major book on Picturebox (RIP). We picked them because they're the best—talented, imaginative, unafraid; plus they work within the format, which is difficult and important. Yes, with some exceptions, it is difficult to get people to stick to deadlines. Everyone comes from self-publishing, which is a less-than-rigorous route. But also everyone's psyched to be doing it in the same time-honored hard-assed way as their heroes. I'm not going to say who's good at getting in under deadline and who isn't, that's not helpful. It's a great team. Danzig interviewed comics legend Jack Kirby one time and he asked him about his work ethic and Kirby (who was extremely prolific) said, "If you want to run a mile, you can run a mile." That's the vibe. How did I assemble this epic staff of cartoonists? I published the paper for a year and then asked them if they wanted to help. Everyone was pretty psyched to get on board. I've found that it's a shared relief to party with people who like to party as hard as you.

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM 20TH CENTURY COLLECTION FROM MEMORY

This is the Mike Taylor who paints, plays bass, and sings, not the Mike Taylor who plays for the Clippers. -ed

"I'd like for a kid to be able to pick it up and extract a small life-changing nugget out of it, potentially bigger than just "other things are out there," which is a very important, but default nugget for "underground" media."

MRR: What do you do to make money to live off of? Does it ever interfere with the production of the paper? Does it ever contribute to the production of the paper? If you use the newspaper to make a living, what are your thoughts on living off of your art?

The paper is how I get money to live, which both contributes to and greatly interferes with the production of the paper. It contributes in that it forces me to keep putting one foot in front of the other. It interferes in that the money aspect is the most stressful part and honestly maybe I would get more done if I just worked a job to pay for the paper and wrote at night.

Making a living on your art is a tough road and not for everyone, but I find it doable with sacrifices. I feel like being a punk gives me a leg up, because being punk, or at least my experience of it, is like training to live on less money, to thrive under duress, to commit fully to an absurd premise, and to navigate through a crowd of punching idiots with clarity and purposelessness (this probably isn't everyone's experience). Another thing about punk (as I perceive it) is that there's a strong community of support that squares can't access. Although squares are probably more likely to get bank loans or just "do things the way everyone does them," which is more fiscally responsible.

So yes, this is my job, with no other job, savings, or personal/family wealth stream. But in order for this to be true, I have elevated my thriftiness to the level of a spiritual discipline or martial art.

Also, while I loath to reveal personal information, I need to say that I am aware that my privilege (as a common-bodied more-or-less-neurotypical white cis-male in America) affords me the leeway to sacrifice things that others are not able to sacrifice, work less hard, and have doors open for me that would be shut for others, some of which I am not even cognizant of. I am trying to act appropriately with this awareness. And absolutely no disrespect if your art does not and will never pay your bills. No one but a complete turd would call that a viable measure of success.

~~BIOGRAPHY~~

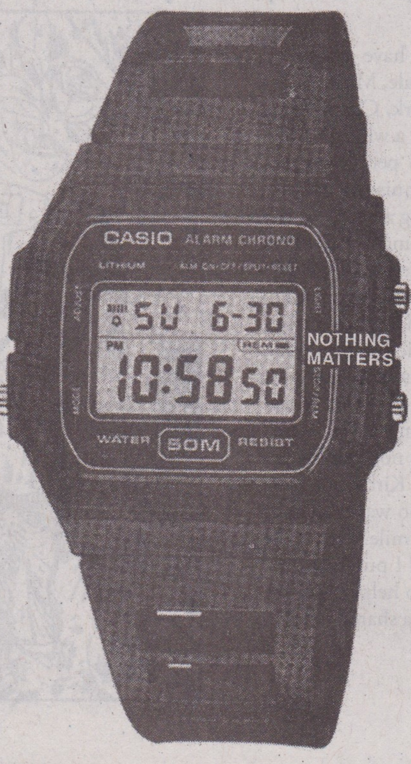
PRODUCT REVIEW SECTION

by Brian Ptarmigan

Casio WL-71 digital wristwatch

"... la eternidad está en las cosas
del tiempo, que son formas presurosas"
- Jorge Luis Borges

What is time? Does anyone really know? The answer is no, they don't- people have spent major major lifetimes trying to figure it out but pretty much, no. While philosophers tore apart basically everything else in the universe- space, consciousness, existence, essence- turning basically everything into some phantom whim, time was pretty much left as is untorn, as a very useful thing to think about always being the same, even though its clearly not. the only thing we know is that it's crazy, that it could just as well be running backwards and everything would still work out fine / no one would care, and that a year to a child of only two is a full half a life- the same as the gap between 2 and 4, 4 and 8, 8 and 16, and 16 and 32 (this is exactly the inverse of Zeno's famous dichotomy paradox, run backwards in another domain and demonstrably accurate). Is it good / ok to be obsessed with time and think about it zipping around you constantly? Probably not. But then it's also not good to keep missing busses and movie beginnings.



MRR: Is this art?

I try to dissuade people from looking at the paper as art because I think that a lot of people put art in a category apart from things in the world. I'd rather the paper be a thing in the world, like a trashcan, or a puma. That's how I can be most effective. I see there is a trend to view art as something totally protected and allowed to do anything, which carries with it the caveat that it isn't in the same world as us. I would rather be held accountable and for my words to be read as true. Not to posit myself as a trickster or a meta-meta—the paper is meticulously researched. It's good, true, and it exists—it's a three-pronged attack. John Cage has a quote that he quoted from someone else, can't remember who, "We don't make art, we do everything the best we can." I should have said that right off the bat.

MRR: What question did I leave out that you really wanted to answer?

Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth and Body/Head did an interview recently and the last question was "What's your favorite pizza topping?" This is a great example of a leading question, because it excludes the best kind of pizza, which is plain. Who wants pizza with a bunch of goddamn shit all over it? A child. Anyway her answer was perfect: "Red pepper flakes." She unasked the question in a very gracious way, I was astounded. Anyway, I don't have a desire to answer any specific questions, I'm happy just to talk about the paper. I had fun doing this interview and I hope this was helpful. No parting wisdom (or otherwise).

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MARMARA

The first time I heard the name Marmara Streisand, I thought it had to be both one of the cleverest combination of words and one of the craziest names for a band I'd heard in a long time. I had to hear what they sounded like! Their EP* Purity of Arms *starts with audio from the taking of the Mavi Marmara flotilla by Israeli troops in Gaza in 2010, while Barbara Streisand's song "People" plays along in the background. To me—and to a lot of people—it's a pretty terrifying thing to listen to. And then came some of the most intense and kicking crust I've heard in a while. You can hear the sincerity and the deep frustration of this band about the situation they are trapped in through their songs and lyrics. If you are looking for truly crazy, angry, anarchist crust punk from Israel with a violin, this band is it. Interview by Becker. Photos by Eddie Bornstein.

MRR: What got you into punk and hardcore?

Maya: I was more into rock and metal, but with punk something in the connection with the substance intrigued me. For me, finding this type of music was an outlet.

Rob: I grew up in Johannesburg, South Africa. In the early '80s I heard the Sex Pistols through my cousin and that's what got me hooked. Later I got involved in the anarchist scene and was exposed to crust and heavy music with a message.

Ben: I grew up in a small village in the south of Israel, next to the Gaza strip and the border with Egypt. When I was in my teens I went to a few punk concerts in Tel Aviv but the place where I lived was far away from the city so I couldn't get too involved. Then later my brother came back from London with records by the Clash and Sham 69 that blew my mind. I got really involved in the music when I moved to Tel Aviv in the early '00s and got closer to the radical political movement.

Michal: I listened to a lot of '80s music growing up and then I guess I kind of met up with some punks and "Punk" and it just fit.

MRR: How long has Marmara Streisand been around? How did you meet? What were your goals when starting Marmara Streisand? Do you play/have you played in any other bands other than Marmara Streisand?

Marmara came to life in the winter of 2010 in Tel Aviv. We were all friends before the band started and our friendship was the basis. Ben, Michael and Rob were all members of a collective called Rogatka that operated a queer-vegan-anarchist space in the city. The place was open between 2009 and 2013, and around 2010 we decided we wanted to try and play together and we used the space for our first practices. Even though our friendship was the basis of the band, it was obvious that our main goal was to try and create a radical-critical art project that involved music, art, performance, and video. It was also an important place to express things that have been building in our identities regarding our surroundings… and also maybe to have some fun on the way.

MRR: What do you do outside of music?

Rob: I go to the odd demo; I paint and do some art. And work my ass off cleaning houses for old ladies.

Maya: I make my living working with people with special needs and mental illness using music. I'm involved in the queer scene mostly organizing parties and DJing at events such as Jerusalem is Burning (a political queer party) and Queerave. I'm also active in a feminist anti-militarist group called New Profile.

Ben: I do some art, mostly collage work under the name Diburnagua. I'm also involved in a few political groups—Anarchists Against the Wall and ActiveVision. For a living I work as a gardener and a video editing teacher.

Michal: I work restoring an old church and take care of my three rescue dogs. I'm looking forward to some new projects on the horizon. It's going to be great!

MRR: The addition of a violin to your songs differentiates you from other crust bands and makes for a very interesting mix. I can feel the frustration and can understand the connection to the region through your sound. A lot of other bands from Israel sound a lot like bands from really anywhere else. How would you describe your sound? What are some artists that you are influenced by?

Marmara Streisand is: Maya: Guitar Rob: Drums Ben: Vocals

Michal: Bass Johanna: Violin

STREISAND

Maya: I feel that the clean violin serves as the lead guitar in the band. While the bass and guitar are heavily distorted, Johanna plays melodies that touch traditional musical scales that are related to the different traditions around us, being both European and Eastern. In other cases, the violin connects to the harmony, giving an edge to our chaotic sound.
Rob: I think our sound is more accidental than anything else and what makes our violin sound different is that Jo plays also on the fast parts, while other punk bands that use violin tend to use the violin only us an atmospheric instrument for intros and the slow(er) parts.
Michal: We call our style "Crust and Roll."
Ben: In my opinion, our sound comes from each one of us having a completely different musical background, so each of us brings their part into the sound. Jo specializes in Arabic music, Maya also plays Indian music, and I listen to anything from jazz to black metal. The other major part in creating our sound is due to how we operate as a band, but also as individuals, during the creative process, the clash between the individual and group dynamic contributes to the music.
Maya: I like a lot of different types of music. I grew up on psychedelic and progressive rock and lately been influenced by reggae and dub.
Rob: I stubbornly haven't listened to anything but punk through my teens and early twenties and then I got into things like metal and sludge. When I self-medicate I also like cheesy electro.
Ben: Lately I listen to mostly black metal and traditional Columbian and Peruvian music, but in my record collection you could find things like John Coltrane, early blues singers, electronics and hip hop next to punk and metal. But I would say that a lot of the things that influence me are not musical but are related to cultural political things throughout history and they can come in a form of a book, a poem, a painting, or whatever.
Michal: I'm influenced by a lot of darkwave, some metal, a lot of '50s and '20s rock'n'roll. Love Elvis, techno, and of course crust, punk and sludge.

All: In some songs we "borrow" musical sentences and give them a new meaning. In "I Don't Have Another Land" we took the melody of a famous Israeli song and gave it a new meaning. Sometimes we come with specific lyrics that we want to use and try to build a musical structure that can represent the same feelings.

MRR: The first time I heard your name, I thought it was an awesome play on words. Can you talk a little bit about it and the Mavi Marmara flotilla?

The name is a mixture of everything the band stands for: being heavy, political and cheeky, punk and pop, black and pink. The name came from our friend Tom Sveta; we had to buy the rights from him with narcotics and sexual favors. The Marmara is for the Mavi Marmara, a Turkish boat that tried to break the Israeli siege on Gaza in 2010, in an attempt to bring aid into Gaza and to draw attention to the imprisonment of 1.5 million Palestinians in the area. The attempt was attacked by Israeli Special Forces who stormed the boat, murdering nine people and injuring many. During and after this action we were involved in protests against the Israeli actions. Streisand stands for the mighty Jewish icon: Barbara Streisand.

MRR: Your lyrics reflect opinions that are not widely accepted in Israeli and American society. Can you talk about your politics as a band? Why is it important for you to sing about these issues?

Maya: I feel we have a very critical analysis of the

reality in Israel and sadly the option of speaking out against this reality of apartheid that is created by the occupation is shrinking. Media is very controlled and censored and the military plays a big role even in the culture. Bringing music that says something different is a good way to maintain resistance.

Rob: Music gives us a platform to express our socio-political ideas and helps create a culture of resistance.

Ben: Anarchism is the basis of our politics. It's attached mostly to the issue of the Israeli occupation of Palestine, but we also sing about issues such as ecology, urbanism and other things that concern us. It's not just the lyrics—we are influenced by things such as queer culture, in the way we design our posters and albums, and especially in our live performances. Our politics are trying to mix a direct message and a call for action, frustration and the emotional process one passes through when surrounded by the environment such as we are. It's not a question of importance: it's our life that we sing about. Around us are buildings, not trees; we see walls and we face violence, we see our friends on the other side of the wall being killed, injured and imprisoned. We try to imitate the sound of their resistance with our music.

Michal: Not many bands here sing about this stuff. If they do, most of the time it's in a "But what can we do about it?" or apologetic way. We don't censor the way we feel. We lay it out raw and angry and we shout out for change.

MRR: How do people who are not into punk and hardcore react to your band/lyrics?

We think that our ability to draw people who are not necessarily related to the punk circles to our concerts is very important and played a major role throughout our existence. It started with our friends who came to the concerts because of us and found a place they could feel comfortable (which is something that is not obvious in the local punk scene). Because we are involved in many groups, our concerts become something like political events that many activists attend because they identify with the things we say, even if they don't like punk music. We also created and played many benefit events, for different causes, from animal liberation to refugee freedom. The fact that there are three women in the band gave more women the will to come to the concerts, where the atmosphere is a non-macho one. We try to be aware of the way the crowd acts in our concerts so there is space for everyone who comes to see us. When we stand on stage we are happy to see people from all genders, ages and backgrounds sharing their aggressions, frustrations and positive aspirations.

MRR: What are some political activities that you are involved in as a band and on an individual basis?

All: Together, Marmara Streisand is a political-cultural act. It's our own and it's a platform for each of us to bring our agenda to in order to create something unique. We call for benefit concerts and send messages and ideas in our concerts and media interactions.

Rob: I'm involved in the occupation movement. I was very much involved in the Rogatka collective, refugee rights movement, and animal liberation as well as the NSLB (National Shop Lifting Brigade).

Ben: I've been involved in the anti-occupation movement for about eleven years now, mostly with Anarchists Against the Wall. I started to go to the West Bank in 2004 to participate in the popular struggle of Palestine and since then I've been going to demonstrations and actions on a weekly basis. Since 2008, I've been involved with a small media group called ActiveVision which is an independent group that teaches video to different crowds, from refugees to anti occupation activists. I was involved in the Rogatka collective throughout its existence, organizing concerts and events, and cooking vegan food.

Maya: I've been involved with groups doing educational projects with teenagers, dealing with feminism and questioning the mandatory military conscription. The group gives support to teenagers who don't want to go into the army for different reasons and are seeking assistance and information. Until recently, I was living in Jerusalem and I was very involved in the struggle against the displacement of Palestinians from their houses in East Jerusalem as a result of the demolition of houses in order to construct the separation or the settlement of a more Jewish population instead.

Michal: Most of the band's shows have been benefits for various ongoing struggles. I've been politically active since the '90s although lately I feel like activism has taken a backseat to daily life.

MRR: Though punk in Israel is not always political, there have been some prominent political punk bands that came out of Israel, such as Nekhei Naatza, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Nikmat Olalim, Mitan, and Mahleket Hanikot Shotrim. Can you talk about the abundance of politics in the Israeli punk scene? What are some noteworthy bands that are active right now?

Ben: Of all the bands you mentioned, only Mahleket Hanikot Shotrim is still alive and kicking and sometimes we play with them. There are a few other political bands such as Uruguay 44 and Total Komplet. Many bands write songs that are critical of different issues, but most of these songs could have been written in California, Berlin or London, because unfortunately, right now, in the Israeli punk scene, to be a political band has become a negative thing. Political messages are portrayed as self-righteous and preachy. People in the punk scene tend to have an escapist approach to life here: "I know everything is shit, so I'd rather sing about something else." People live here, but in their mindset they are located far away. For us, the place where we choose to live is the backbone of the music we create and everything we do. We try to encourage new bands and acts to play with us and create events.

MRR: We are conducting this interview at, what seems to be hopefully, the end of a military operation that left almost 2000 Palestinians dead in Gaza. While the Israeli Defense Forces are continuously killing Palestinians, Fascism seems to be on the rise

Around us are buildings, not trees; we see walls and we face violence, we see our friends on the other side of the wall being killed, injured and imprisoned. We try to imitate the sound of their resistance with our music.

in Israel and activists are constantly being physically confronted by right-wing fascists. Can you talk about the situation in Israel/Palestine right now? How is the punk scene responding to such events?

Last Saturday there was an anti-war demonstration in the center of Tel Aviv. All of the latest demonstrations were attacked violently by right-wing mobs. In some cases in the last weeks activists were hospitalized after being beaten. People from the radical left mobilized in order to be present and to defend the protest. At the same time, a punk concert was being held in Tel Aviv and we feel that the presence of people from the punk scene was missing in this extreme atmosphere. Some people from the punk scene were involved in the protest against the war but we feel that in a movement that conceives of itself as counter-cultural and radical in thought, there should have been more involvement at a time when 2000 people were being murdered 100 kilometers from Tel Aviv. In the streets, the city's atmosphere of nationalist and racist violence is rampant.

We see the recent events as another step in the way Israel acts in the world: being the blind giant that hits everything around it. You can say that people have become numb to the sights of war because they have experienced them so many times, and even if they have a critical approach to the events, they are already too desperate from the situation to act. On the other side, the right-wing opinion has become the dominant and mainstream one, even more than before. It seems that the Zionist movement has rediscovered the tool of vengeance and sent its troops back to the streets to defend the state. This kind of process involves a total state of propaganda, encouragement of violent acts by Parliament members, and a zero tolerance atmosphere toward any opinion that questions any act of aggression.

MRR: Can you tell us about any projects happening in Israel/Palestine that you think *MRR* readers would be interested to read about?

In the past few years, animal liberation became a very prominent issue in the activist scene. A few new groups were established and people managed to both highly promote veganism in mainstream society and at the same time do some of the most radical action for animals. One of these groups is called 269, and last week they opened an animal shelter, the first one of its kind in the Middle East. Another group of radical activists started an antifa group in reaction to the strengthening of the right-wing extremism and in order to practice self-defense. One of the best things happening now is a refugee after-school project that is independently operated by a group of volunteers; some of them are from the punk scene.

MRR: I think a lot of people who have never been to punk shows in Israel have a hard time imagining what shows there are like. Do you usually play venues and bars, or do you try to play more DIY shows? I remember being younger and going to shows in scout halls, basements/shelters and outside shows, but also going to venues like the Patiphone, Rugatka, and Koro. What are some spaces that host shows right now?

Usually we play independent spaces such as Koro and the Zimmer. We also play in Jerusalem and Haifa and at festivals organized by the street punk collective Molotov Hakoltov. There are no squats in Israel now so if you want to play outside you have to do it yourself.

MRR: You just released a 12" LP of your two EPs *The Purity of Arms* and *Lullabies of Destruction* through You're Next Records. What are your plans for the future? Are you looking into touring? Can we, here in the Bay Area, expect to enjoy any Marmara Streisand shows any time soon?

Putting out the LP was a big accomplishment and something we didn't plan on when we started playing. Mostly it was the work of Smiley from You're Next. He encouraged us to do it and it was a joint effort from him and from two other labels: Black Rose Records and Drink and Be Merry. We don't have specific plans at the moment, other than recording a new two-track EP next month and maybe playing some shows soon. We're also helping out a friend by playing for an independent film she's shooting. We don't have any plans for touring and our current financial situation allows us to play just around the Alenbi area.

MRR: Is there anything else you would like to tell the readers of *MRR*? Thank you so much for doing this interview! I will be in Israel in a few months and hopefully I can catch one of your shows while I'm there!

We would like to use this platform in order to call on punk bands to take action and publicly join the Palestinian call for the boycott of Israel. Many bands (mostly from Europe and the US) are coming to play in Israel, thinking of it as an exotic place with nice beaches to go to while touring. Well... it's not. Every place in the world has its dark and oppressive corners; in every place there is something to shout against. What makes this situation here different is the Palestinian call for boycott. People need to understand that this call is something that is not a small initiative but rather a non-violent campaign (developed initially in South Africa during apartheid) directed at the liberation of Palestinians from occupation. By coming to Israel, even people who consider themselves radical contribute to the normalization of a society that needs its "alternative" edges in order to maintain its false democracy. Not to mention, all currency spent here contributes directly to the occupation. We don't preach the boycott movement's rules, but we think that if you do choose to come here the least you can do is travel to the areas where repression is an everyday reality and speak to the people who live there. In your own countries we strongly urge you to boycott Israeli-made products and culture and to publicly support the academic boycott of Israeli academia members.

It's important for people to know where they go, and where and to whom they play, and that Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or Haifa are not just other places on the map.

We would like say out loud: Fuck Zionism. Fuck Militarism. Fuck Religion. Fuck Hallie Salasie. Die! Tamutu.

Contact: facebook.com/MarmaraStreisand

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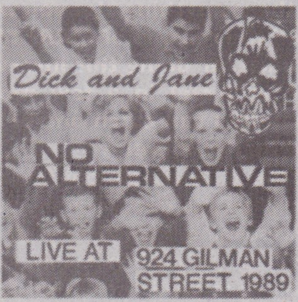

Dick and Jane: Contact us at HellaMadRecords.com!

HELLA MAD

DICK & JANE

June 17, 2014

Dear Dick and Jane—

Thank you for the great performance last Saturday. I am always skeptical when I see acoustic instead of electric and, sometimes as we get older, performers mellow and tone down their performances. (Some call it their "mature" phase.) I see that time and time again. Maybe I need to grow to appreciate that more, but this was not the case with Dick and Jane. The powerful performance evoked the anger and sparse nature of early punk rock/experimental genres. Linda and Dave are reunited to create the magic that they did together 25 years ago when they played on the same bill as No Alternative at Gilman Street. I look forward to seeing them again!

Dick and Jane are:

Linda Xyz: Drum machine and hardcore spoken word

Dave Dalton: Semi-acoustic punk guitars, dobro and frowns

Intro/review by Greg Langston (drummer of No Alternative, the Offs, Sea Hags, the Next, etc.), of Dick and Jane's June 14, 2014 show at Gilman Street, 25 years after their first gig there.

Interview by Laura Jovino. Photos courtesy of the band.

MRR: Who are you guys and how long have you been playing together?

Linda: I'm an outspoken piece of work. Dave and I started making music together in November 1988. Dick and Jane emerged full-force in 1989 when we added Roger (Fudgie) Migdow on vocals and electric guitar and we started playing shows all around the San Francisco Bay Area.

Dave: I'm an old-school busker punk. We wanted to see if this would work and, yes, it did. You know, all bands have the same big drums and Marshall stacks and so forth… Don't get me wrong—I dig that stuff and I do have the loud amps if I need them. But we took that old drum machine out of the box and me and Fudgie and Xyz started to make some noise, and here we are. It's like the Cramps meets Charles Bukowski drinking a beer with Shane of the Pogues.

MRR: Who has been your biggest personal influence or inspiration?

Linda: Tex Avery's cartoons, Alan Vega of Suicide, and getting tear-gassed at Honor America Day, July 4th, 1970 in Washington, D.C.

Dave: Shite, Ronnie Lane of the Small Faces, Mink DeVille, the Pogues, and watching Tom Waits sing about people getting ripped off. My personal influence, Blag Dahlia of the Dwarves, just brings it out and is fucking funny! He is "The Astroboy": "Well, death is like a woman drinkin' rocket fuel / I'll get a little bomb and detonate on my school / This galaxy's forgettable, this galaxy's a trip / I've found the meaning of my life, it's sodomizin' slit / I am the Astroboy! I am the Astroboy!" That's fucking great!

MRR: How would you describe your sound to someone who has never heard or seen you?

Linda: Beautiful driving guitar, pounding beats, and me speaking my mind!

Dave: Beautiful. Yeah, beautiful. Hard-driving and, yes, I don't know how to do leads!

MRR: What is the weirdest gig you've ever had?

Linda: Hands down, it had to be when the original Dick and Jane played a show with the Mentors at the 6th Street Rendezvous! El Duce showed up expecting to borrow my drums. When I gently pointed out that I play a drum machine, he said, "That's okay, I'll play that!" Wait—maybe it was watching Wall of Voodoo at the Deaf Club, in maybe 1976. They played inside a small, clear plastic wrap enclosure and spray-painted it black from inside, so eventually you couldn't see them! Think about their long-term brain damage from the fumes! Hmmm…maybe it was Tuxedomoon.

Dave: When Dick and Jane opened for Green Day at Gilman in '89 with the Dwarves and No Alternative. What was funny was, while the Dwarves were playing, Salt Peter, the bassist, broke his bass, so they asked to borrow one from the other bands. Mike Dirnt let Salt Peter use his and that was it! Pete kind of banged it up a bit and Mike was having a cow watching! I can't help but laugh about it. After Pete gave it back, he said he was sorry and Mike was almost in tears 'cause it was his new bass!

MRR: What is the coolest gig you've ever had or seen?

Linda: Ooh, that's hard! Off-hand, it would be any Ramones or Cramps show I ever saw. Coolest show played? My first band, AlieNation, opened for the Blasters at the Mabuhay. It was sold-out and packed! I've played Max's, CBGB's, Irving Plaza, etc. All those were cool. Dick and Jane opened for Johnny Thunders in October 1989 at Berkeley Square right after the earthquake. Dave always got us a lot of cool shows.

Dave: Coolest show has to be the Sex Pistols at Winterland in San Francisco in 1977. Or maybe my other band, Cell Block 5, touring with the Flesh Eaters—gee, there're a lot shows. The Cramps at the Warfield or Johnny Thunders at the Mabuhay in 1986 or '87, the Adicts, the Vibrators, the Boys, and Toy Dolls…All great shows!

MRR: Do you think social media makes a difference in getting exposure, or not?

Linda: I'm torn. I don't think having band and event pages on Facebook hurts. But, when multiple bands playing the same gig set up separate event pages, some invitees just see one page or the other. The "going" counts get totaled separately and people decide whether to go or not based on how many other people are going! Or when your friends living in Timbuktu mark themselves as "going" just to be supportive, it skews the count. I love making posters for all our shows and putting them up on Facebook, though!

Dave: Social media works. Man, why not? I can't afford phoning here and there, and besides it sucks now because clubs and promoters want you to have a Facebook page, a website or even a label now. Booooo! But it does work. You can find out who's playing where and maybe get on a friend's band's show. It's just making it work.

MRR: How do you all know each other?

Linda: On November 3, 1988, Dave Dalton walked up to me at the Chatterbox and said, "You are gorgeous" and walked out the door! I was stunned for a minute or so. Then I scooted off that bar stool and went out that door, too! The rest is history.

Dave: We did meet at the Chatterbox. (That was a great club!) From there, Linda and I started to hang out and talk about music. She introduced me to Fudgie. He was a friend of the Dwarves and played guitar. We just started to work on music, getting high and making music.

MRR: Which of you is the most in charge of the band?

Linda: Me, of course. Kidding! Dave and I work together!

Dave: I guess both. She does a lot, man, making flyers, networking, making event pages, crossing the T's dotting the I's. It works. I do work getting us shows or finding shows here and there.

MRR: How has the music scene changed or stayed the same since you've started playing music?

Linda: It looks like fewer people are coming out to shows, perhaps because there are so many other, um, "diversions."

Dave: It's changed a lot. Fewer places to play, for instance. And lots of egos. Back in the day, in the late '80s or early '90s, Dick and Jane could play big punk shows and it was "all are welcome." I have to give kudos to Mike Avilez of Oppressed Logic. That guy has helped us out and helped me the entire time I've known him. He's a great guy.

MRR: If you could tour anywhere, where would you choose to go?

Linda: Back in time, so I could be the one hitchhiking when Lux Interior drove by. Touring today? I'll play anywhere anyone will have us!

Dave: Umm, I don't know. Maybe across the States but just not the same route I've already traveled back in the '80s and '90s. A West Coast tour or East Coast? Nope, I'd like to play in small farm towns. Man, I know the central California valley is cool. Places like Modesto, Madera, Turlock. There are scenes out there and they need to be tapped into. Or maybe Mars...

MRR: Do you listen to different kinds of music, or just mainly punk rock?

Linda: Mostly punk, but some "old" country, '50s Motown and soul, some early rap, Irish punk.

Dave: Punk, Buskerpunk, Celtic, Northern Soul, Juke Joint. If it makes my toe tap, yeah! The bands I'm listening to now are Tom Waits, the Adicts, Rancid, the DKs; the comps *Club Foot* and *Not So Quiet on The Western Front*.

MRR: What was the first record you bought?

Linda: As a teenager, DJs came to my school and gave me 45s. The Doors, Bob Dylan, etc. As an emerging punk in 1975, we bought the Ramones, Talking Heads, X, Blondie, the Clash. My first band AlieNation was given 45s by all the local Bay Area bands, like, VKTMS, the Mutants, Los Microwaves, Impatient Youth, the Mondellos, etc.

Dave: The Beatles, *Hard Day's Night*. And I started to buy British music, like the Small Faces, the Kinks, Ian Dury, the Jam, Clash, the Rich Kids, Mink DeVille, and the Faces. I love my old vinyl bootlegs.

MRR: Who is your all-time favorite punk musician?
Linda: My all-time dream-team would be Lux and Ivy, from the Cramps, and any line-up they had since I first saw them in NYC in 1975! I miss the Cramps and the Ramones every day.
Dave: I like Blag, Tim Armstrong, East Bay Ray (he's produced some of my bands) RKL, TSOL, the VKTMS (with Nyna), Johnny Thunders, Point of View, Ol' Cheeky Bastard, Fifteen. There are tons of bands!
LINDA: Dave, you have to come see the VKTMs with me! They'll rock your world! They still surprise me after over 35 years!

MRR: What's your favorite place to listen to or see bands play?
Linda: The Mab, of course! Now, El Rio, the Uptown, and the Knockout.
Dave: The Chatterbox (R.I.P.), Gilman, Thee Parkside, house shows, and the BART stations in SF. There's a place in Sacramento, the Colonial Theater. Matt's a great booker there! I like Pirate Punk shows and I do like the Roxy Roller online radio show on FCC Free Radio. You can play there in SF.

MRR: Have you ever been injured onstage?
Linda: Nope.
Dave: A couple of times! I'm in a band that plays once in a while called Cell Block 5. We played a show at the Showcase in Corona, California with the Adicts and the Vibrators. I started out a song called "Two Fist!" They loved that song and a pit started. A couple of big kids jumped me on stage and roughed me up a bit. I got a bump on the side of my face, but after the show was over, they came over to say "sorry." It was cool. I did break my ankle falling off a stage in Canada opening for the UK Subs. Crazy, but I made it!

MRR: What is the most difficult part of being in a band?
Linda: The whole "group marriage without the benefit of sex" thing. That's why I prefer small bands! Too many times bands are made up of people with way different goals. Someone wants money and fame, another wants groupies or drugs, and someone wants to be "note perfect" every show! That's a great goal, but it just isn't gonna happen every time. It's live, not Memorex! I've seen too many bands tear themselves up backstage over small things, all while the audience is still out there clapping and asking for more!
Dave: I don't know, just getting along, I guess. Just making sure we get there on time. Like Xyz said, we just have two people and it's simple.

MRR: What would each of you do if you weren't playing music?
Linda: Getting old or die or something!
Dave: Selling records or tires or maybe ending up in jail.

MRR: How old were each of you when you went to your first punk show?
Linda: Moved to SF in 1975, when I was 25. I can't remember if we started to go to small underground events then or in early '76. In any event, I've been a punk for over 40 years!
Dave: I was in my late 20s when I saw the Sex Pistols. That was it for me!

MRR: When you write a song, do you have to be alone and have quiet, or can you multi-task?
Linda: The best ones just come out of my hand, usually while listening to music.
Dave: Anytime, in my room and it comes to you. I guess I hate jamming. It's fucking boring.

MRR: What would you say to a musician who has self-doubt?
Linda: Only true assholes think everything they do is perfect.
Dave: Linda hit it on head.

MRR: Any records coming this year, 2014?
Linda: Yep! A split-CD and limited vinyl, *Dick and Jane and No Alternative, Live at Gilman Street* from our show together in 1989, on Hella Mad Records.
Dave: We've had this recording on a cassette for 25 years. We're going to be on a Food Not Bombs comp, coming out in November, and then we'll be going through some old recordings and putting them out. We'll also focus on putting out our new stuff, too.

MRR: Is punk dead?
Dave: It never was dead. It has always been here, just different clothing fashions, how you feel, and your mood swings. Fuck who knows? Anything that rebels is punk.
Linda: No, 'cause I'm not.

For more info on Dick and Jane, go to their band page on HellaMadRecords.com and on Facebook. Don't be fooled by imitators, they are the San Francisco Bay Area originals, since 1988 and even with a little 25-year break, they are roaring back, strong as ever!

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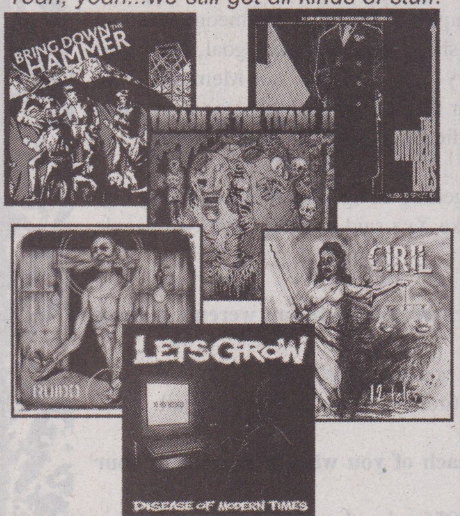

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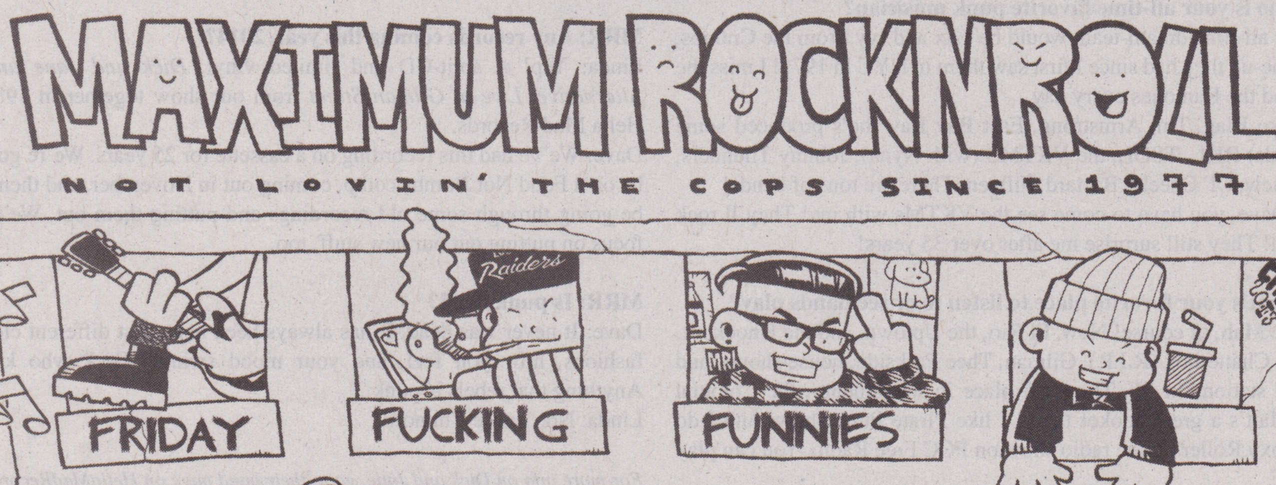

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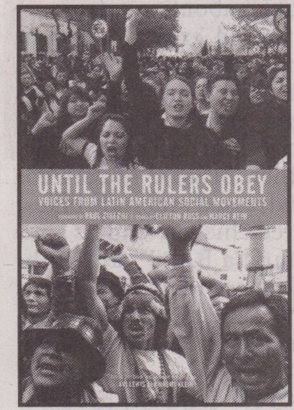


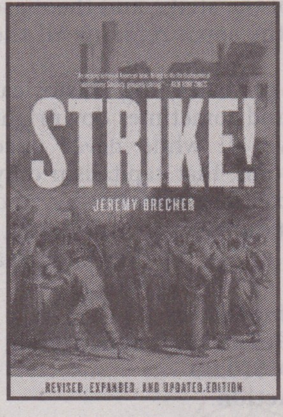
Until the Rulers Obey: Voices from Latin American Social Movements
Edited by Clifton Ross and Marcy Rein
528 pages • $29.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

In *Until the Rulers Obey: Voices from Latin American Social Movements*, editors Clifton Ross and Marcy Rein present a vibrant, country-by-country people's history of Latin America. This history is of course inseparable from a neocolonial, postcolonial and neoliberal framework, proving that the people's *response* to these paradigms (not the paradigms themselves) will dictate the future of Latin America. If any generalizations can be made from the varied collection of stories in these pages, it is that a North American "Progress" project imposing political institutions and a global capital agenda on many Latin American countries has created some unexpected results, ushering in tides of resistance and political instability. (See John Chasteen's *Born in Blood and Fire* for more about this.) Having many of the actors' voices presented in one collection gives weight to the groundswell of political activity in Latin America, providing an important counterpoint to institutional and media versions of Latin American history. In *Until the Rulers Obey*, threads of independence, improvisation and community shine through, revealing idealism that continues to bubble to the surface.

At more than five hundred pages, with fifteen countries represented, *Until the Rulers Obey* is thorough and formidable. I see this as a reference book that will sit alongside *A People's History*, to be digested slowly, section by section, when I need information about one of the countries covered. For each country, a theoretical overview introduces main issues followed by interviews from various players in the political scene—the scholarly interpretation is brought to life through personal narratives. Several general themes are prevalent: how grassroots movements, both left *and* right, become adopted by institutions of power (or in some cases become the ruling structures themselves) and in doing so, either abandon or uphold the people's agenda; how Latin American governments respond to international pressures of global capitalism; how wage laborers, farmers, indigenous people and other groups are impacted by governmental responses to global capitalism; how religion, family, gender and race play into resistance movements; how both colonial rule and global capital have historically relied on a massive, often poverty-stricken and largely disenfranchised workforce; how in some of the leftist "pink tide" governments, growing opposition to "welfare states" has emerged (see Colombia), emphasizing sustainable work programs over temporary monetary subsidies; and how in many cases, state-sponsored programs draw resources away from and contradict grassroots organizations. As political institutions in Latin America shift, as colonial governments become neoliberal governments, as military dictatorships become democracies, little seems to change for the lowest socio-economic classes.

Latin American social movements (again, if any generalizations can possibly be made) demonstrate a rare convergence of ideas and action. In *Until the Rulers Obey*, farm workers, urban laborers, priests, academics, poets and many others often find a powerful unifying philosophical thread that drives social justice forward. There were some fascinating surprises for me (a reader with little background in Latin American history) in this book. Latin American religious groups are in many cases instrumental in mobilizing against the state, not extensions of the state (see the sections on Guatemala and Honduras.) Also, academia in Latin America is regarded by some of those interviewed not as a center of progressive resistance, but as a tool of oppression, silencing indigenous voices by excluding native languages from the curriculum. Looking outward, toxic United States agribusiness practices, especially in Central America, have contributed to emigration, often emigration *to* the United States. Globalization has been and is teaching the oppressive and oppressed countries of the world that actions do have consequences close to home (no matter where home is) and the proof is in these pages. This volume is vital for anyone hoping to understand the diverse, rich, tumultuous and sometimes violent history of Latin America, and for the weaving of "unofficial" and "official" Latin American histories. As well as being a varied and vibrant people's history, *Until the Rulers Obey* offers hope by showing that in some areas of the world social movements are still driven forward by powerful philosophical ideas.

—Alyson Barrett-Ryan



Strike!
Jeremy Brecher
462 pages • $24.95
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Originally published in 1972, Brecher's history of labor struggles throughout the history of the US is nothing, if wildly impressive. This new edition includes a new chapter, "Beyond One-Sided Class War," which looks into what the author refers to as the "mini-revolts" of the 21st century. This book, while far from being a totally comprehensive look at labor, does an extremely good job at focusing on the idea of the labor strike as the ultimate tool against capitalism and, in some instances, the state itself. Brecher's style of writing is incredibly engaging and uses a great narrative voice to create an almost cinematic retelling of some of the most famous, infamous and forgotten labor struggles that helped change the United States.

What is probably most effective in this book, as a work of history, is that the author manages to find an overreaching

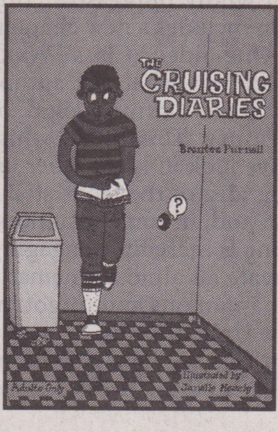
narrative of three centuries of labor struggles and can draw a direct line between the consequences of the strikes of the 1800s and the effects on 21st century labor and economy. The global recession we are living in now is shown as a cause of the labor battles fought, and lost, in the 1980s and 1990s. The rise of the militarized police in our current society can be seen as the 21st century equivalent to the implementation of National Guard Armories in the early 20th century as protection against insurrectionist Americans (read, laborers) seems to be a very real parallel. The author, in the original chapters speaks about how one of the greatest threats to American democracy in the early 20th century was the growing disparity between the rich and poor and how President Roosevelt understood that, and how the only way to save democracy from fascism was to implement a socialism-lite—beginning with labor and health. This piece of history and policy could be very well heeded today, if only American politicians read things besides poll numbers and corporate sponsored bills.

The only qualm I have with this book is some language choices in the new chapter. In the post-'60s radical and progressive communities there has seemed to be an almost fetish-ization of the labor struggles of the late 19th century and early 20th century. For some reason these battles were seen as purer and more of the people and the soil. Brecher uses the phrase "mini-revolts" to describe many of the labor and protest actions of the 21st century, which put them in the shadow of the people beforehand. The US no longer is an industrial based nation. More people work in service than in industry, and to call the fight for labor in those fields "mini-revolts" is to do them disservice. To call the protests surrounding HR 4437 (the bill which prohibited and penalized giving aid to undocumented immigrants) that occurred on May 1st, 2006 in which over a million people across the country (the author's numbers) marched in protest in cities across the US a "mini-revolt" is to be downright insulting.

Outside of that semantic problem, the new chapter does a wonderful job of showing the changing face of strikes and mass protests in contemporary society. With more wildcat and leaderless protests emerging (the WTO protests of '99 and the NY Occupy protests being lynchpin examples) and less people unionizing and protest on the job, or at the workplace, Brecher admits that while the face of the strike and the mass demonstration may have changed, the spirit remains all the same.

This book does a great job of balancing historical chronological facts with engaging, and sometimes downright thrilling and suspenseful narrative all while never once undermining the author's overall point, that capitalism only works if the people work. A very exciting, empowering, and informative read that is more important now that ever before.

—Ray Suburbia



The Cruising Diaries
Brontez Purnell & Janelle Hessig
24 pages • $10.00
Gimme Action
www.gimmeaction.com

If you've read this magazine for the past couple of years, chances are good that you've read a column by Brontez Purnell. And if you happen to live in the Bay Area, and also happen to be punk or queer or both, chances are equally good that you've probably met Brontez Purnell, or have at least seen his band, the Younger Lovers. And if you know Brontez Purnell on a personal, first name basis, and you kiss each other on the cheek like a pair of French people every time you see each other, and you're a queer cis-male punk, then chances are that you've probably slept with Brontez Purnell. Lord knows I have.

We were both kind of drunk and at a show at the dopefiend-strewn warehouse in Oakland's Ghosttown where Brontez used to live. We started making out, then made our way upstairs to his room, which was filled with books about gay demons and Kathleen Hanna posters, as one would expect. Though I'm usually a bottom, and at the time probably identified as a "power bottom," I fucked Brontez really hard while we listened to L7. Or maybe it was Daydream Nation, I'm not sure. In any case, it was nice, quick, and satisfying, and afterwards we made out and talked for a while. Then Brontez exclaimed that he was "hungry as fuck," so we got dressed and rode bikes down to the hamburger stand. He ordered chicken tenders and steak fries, and while we waited, he found a BART card with almost $25 left on it and gave it to me. Then we went back to the horrible warehouse, where the music had ended, and we took our clothes off and ate chicken tenders and fries in bed while cuddling.

I didn't have to type that story out, but I did, mostly because I would like to emphasize that Brontez is the sort of person who makes you feel special, and while he might take advantage of this rare ability sometimes to get into a dude's pants, I know that Brontez actually does care a great deal for his friends and lovers, at least if they're not assholes.

Which brings us to *The Cruising Diaries*, a collection of stories that is mostly about assholes and shitty situations that Brontez has encountered in his search for love, or at least a good lay. If you were lucky enough to ever receive a copy of his zine *Fag School* in the mail, you know these stories. But here, on thick paper and coupled with Janelle Hessig's hilarious drawings, the stories become more real. You read a story like "Taco Truck," and check out Janelle's drawing on the facing page, and can easily imagine Brontez sucking off a tweaker behind the Tacos Mi Rancho truck next to Lake Merritt. Or you're perusing a story like "'Shrooms," which begins with Brontez "getting ridiculously baked with a bunch of lady men at the park," and you smile maniacally because you know exactly where and how this happened—even the most occasional visitor to Dolores Park knows that there is always a cabal of S&M radical faerie types lounging half-naked on the park's southwestern slopes. What was originally left to the imagination alone is made ever more palpable by Janelle's illustrations, even those hyperbolic and insane moments where Brontez has that "pulsating butthole feeling" and concludes he'd been "*fucked by a ghost*," as there's no one in bed with him.

I've admitted my bias, and it is strong, but I do believe that almost any weirdo will find *The Cruising Diaries* to be a hysterically funny glimpse into the mind and dick of Brontez Purnell. These stories never fail to make me laugh—I actually quote one of them quite often—and the addition of illustrations (from the creator of *Tales of Blarg*, no less) takes the book to a level that makes it a must-have, even if it just ends up as another addition to the pile in your punk house's disgusting bathroom. One day, some punk is going to be in that disgusting bathroom taking a shit, and you'll start to hear giggles and chuckles echoing off the greasy linoleum floors and rotted walls. No doubt that another punk has found *The Cruising Diaries*, and will never be the same.

—Ted Rees

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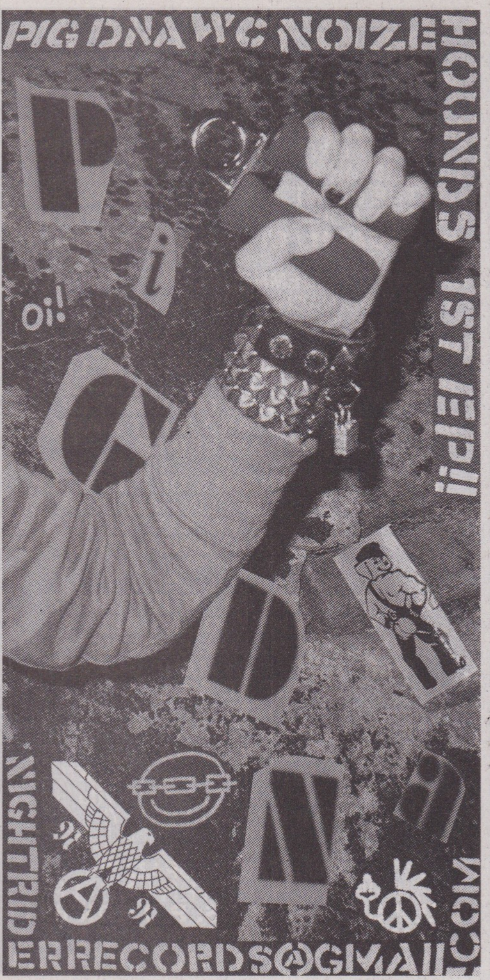

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RECORDS

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(CR) Camylle Reynolds
(DG) Dan Goetz
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(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(RL) Ray Lujan
(RM) Ryan Murphy
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(SZ) Shit Zoo
(WN) Robert Collins

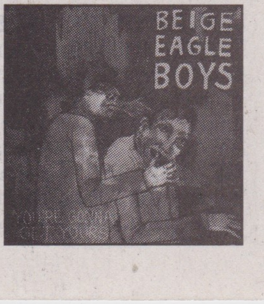
'77 – "Predaja Zivota" LP
The NE! label delivers another old recording for the diehards. If you can't get enough of old, obscure, and unreleased punk, particularly from Eastern Europe, this is the shit for you! Side A is a live recording from '83 and the flip has demo tracks. The A-Side sounds pretty good considering it is live. These are great bouncy songs with no hardcore influences, just straightforward punk with dark undertones. Good stuff and great to see this label putting the effort in getting this stuff out to the world. (MS)
(NE!)

III. KATEGORIJA – "Autoignition" LP
III. KATEGORIJA was one of Ljubljana's earliest and best known hardcore bands, formed by members of some of Yugoslavia's even earlier hardcore units, STRESS D.A. and the short lived DEPRESIJIA. "3RD CATEGORY" (a reference to lower class citizens or the cheapest cuts of meat) had several songs on the legendary *Hard-Core Ljubljana* compilation and a longer lineage than either of the former bands, surviving a line up change in 1985 and shifting to more metallic hardcore in 1986, as well as releasing a few tracks on the inaugural Artcore (!) vinyl release from the UK, the *There is No Reason To Be Happy* compilation 7". This collection compiles ten songs from their 1985 demo on the A-Side, showing their earliest sound energetically seizing the direct boot stomp of DISCHARGE singles and interpreting it with the same haphazard looseness and coarse vocal scrub of CRUDE SS, but with more artful, proggy bookending and sans the overt metallic riffage. Awesomely chaotic, no rules hardcore explosion. It's not "raw hardcore"—it hasn't even been over-thought that much. It's direct, primal, youthful spasms of charging guitars, raw shouting and hammered toms, and worthy of any international hardcore fan's immediate attention. Their track "Manijak" pretty much provides a blueprint for what a large bulk of the DIY "raw hardcore" scene in 2010 was hoping to accomplish. The two tracks on the flip, taken from their 1986 demo, are a solid, cleaned up version of the same DIS-attack, pinstriped with more metal riffage and solo squeals. Like the bulk of European crossover of the time period, they never quite make the tradeoff in terms of recording, playing, and technical delivery to make up for what they shed in primacy and raw impact. A lot of the factors of why mid-'80s European crossover largely falls…let's say *sideways* and not flat…were often beyond the band's control, as there were just no studios or financing to match the recordings of the METALLICA and SLAYER records they were seeping influence from. The strength of the songs stills shines through the complications of their configuration. 480 copies pressed with a band history, lyrics and explanation of the band's anarchist framing, all packaged in a multiple-insert gatefold that visually is a little too "Hey, guess what I just learned in Photoshop!" for its own good. Great enough material that the unappealing pixelated flames shouldn't hold you back from picking this up! (KS)
(NE!)

AGATHOCLES / PARTIYA – split EP
Russia's PARTIYA are way more stoner grind that I remembered. Erratic double bass and manic rudimentary grind, no frills other than being down-tuned into oblivion. And I don't really need to discuss the legacy of AGATHOCLES, do I? Mincecore legends drop five more bangers recorded in 2010 and this time around their approach is bizarre sounding lo-fi D-beat madness. Fuck mincewhatever, this shit is mindfuckaliencrust! I know it's easy to dismiss them, but AGATHOCLES' releases over the last few years have been consistently solid (and varied), and this split is no exception. (WN)
(Beloved Eastside / Centipede / Delusion of Terror / Enrage / Grindfather / Mu Hu Hu / No Bread / Tanker)

ALBATROS – "Sous-Entendu" EP
Screamo hardcore with horns, and I'm into it! The guitar patterns have a very early-2000s DC sound, with riffs reminiscent of FARAQUET, paired with post-rock (not ska) horns. The singer sounds a little like the guy from FUCKED UP but with more desperation. I love the current horn resurgence and this is another success. They sound a bit like a more hardcore influenced INGRID. ALBATROS are from Montreal, which has been a musical powerhouse for well over a decade. The overall power of the songs here is palpable and the instruments all weave in and out with licks popping in off-time in that brilliant math rock mode. All four songs are solid tracks and the album is packaged well, with a screen-printed gatefold cover and a two-sided insert featuring lyrics. Thumbs up. (DV)
(Desordre Ordonne / Le Mort)

ALONE IN A CROWD – "Is Anybody There?" EP
Put out at a time when NYHC was straight *fire*, this record is objectively better than most of the dreck you and your friends are doing in 2014, but it's still pretty jarring to explain it in relation to their contemporaries. I mean, shit, this is Jules from SIDE BY SIDE we're talkin' about here. Ya know, *You're Only Young Once*. This record, to put in a more popular context, is the A$AP FERG to A$AP ROCKY. It has the amazing 8-Track Don Fury production, heavy guitars and bass cutting through for the breakdowns. The vocals are the very legendary "Tiger Scream" that ANTIDOTE invented, and Ray Cappo perfected. It's



all there. But it definitely didn't reinvent the wheel. You've got the song about posers, the song about staying true, and the well placed nod to DC Edge (GOVERNMENT ISSUE's "Teenager In A Box"), all the components that made YOUTH OF TODAY, BOLD, and JUDGE such standout bands, without the panache. "When Tigers Fight" is the standout track (but you already knew that) because it's knuckle-dragging and oafish, the way hardcore should be (in this humble reviewer's opinion). Who doesn't like a well-placed song about kicking someone's ass for talking shit? This is a very well done repress of a record that only the already initiated will appreciate. It's far easier to explain to someone that they may wanna listen to JUDGE and then find this record later. For me, this record is still a gem in the swirling pile of beret/studded shit that has been 2014. For fans of: Sunday dinner with your folks, the Jewish New Year, and bricks. (MW)
(Atomic Action)

AMERICAN STANDARDS – "Hungry Hands" CD
Three songs of modern hardcore with some metallic and even '90s emo parts. This has a wide variety of vocal styles which seem to settle on "maximal minimalism"—AKA they get a lotta miles out of taking small steps and don't overdo it to the point of pretension. These Phoenix dudes are floatin' somewhere around BLACK CROSS and maybe a faster HARKONEN. There are enough changes on each song to make them continually interesting and their technical flair doesn't contain the usual barf-inducing feeling like most similar bands. And thank gorgonzola this *doesn't* sound like KVERTLAK or some other trendbot band. Spot on! (JD)
(self-released)

APPRAISE – "Deeper Than That" LP
I know a lot of youth crew sounds like a lot of other youth crew, but there is an undeniable MINDSET influence on this band. Not inherently a bad thing, but this is a little blatant, down to my correctly predicting the cutoff ending of the first song, which sounds more than a little bit like the title track off of *Leave No Doubt*. Other than that, this is above-average youth crew in the React! Records style (after all, you can't spell APPRAISE without PRAISE), with a bit of INSTED influence (including some borrowed riffs) making an appearance on the second side as well. The vocals are quite similar to those of Marko from VITAMIN X, and the recording is big and slightly distorted, which is a nice contrast to these kind of records sounding far too clean. It sounds more like a collection of good songs than a cohesive record that unfolds, but I don't mind, since there are relatively few duds. The guitar leads on the title track make it possibly my favorite. (DG)
(Can't Keep Us Down / Refuse)

ΑΡΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΤΕΛΟΥΣ – "Πτώση" LP
Dark, melodic, atmospheric post-punk from Athens, Greece, which, over the last decade or so, has produced at least a 2xLP comp's worth of notable bands. ΑΡΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΤΕΛΟΥΣ, which traslates to BEGINNING OF THE END, seem to draw influence equally from local trailblazers ΓΕΝΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΧΑΟΥΣ (CHAOS GENERATION), METRO DECAY, and STRESS, as they do from their contemporaries and peers ΧΕΙΜΕΡΙΑ ΝΑΡΚΗ (HIBERNATION), ΠΑΝΔΗΜΙΑ (PANDIMIA), and ERA OF FEAR. The brooding bass has a prominent position in the songwriting, propelling songs through the labyrinth of riffs and hooks. There are metallic parts (epic but not heavy) bleak atmospheres à la AMEBIX and some bittersweet post-rockish progressions. The exasperated vocals are shouted yet melodic (and I would be interested to hear them move beyond that style), with lyrics touching on everything you'd expect from a current Athenian band: the nightmare/dream of existence, the loss of self, and the fall of society. The record title, *Descent*, sums it up laconically. Unless you've sharpened up your Greek recently, you wouldn't be able to tell, as there are no translations framing the release and the mental headspace of the band. While I get that some bands don't always care for or think of such things, I think this is a shame, as many people miss out on the message and intent, which is there in every note. Peeling away at the layers with every listen and I'm content to say I don't yet know how deep the rabbit hole goes. Go for it! (LA)
(Sabroia DIY / Scarecrow / We Don't Fight It)

ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Weaver" LP
Over the last five years, I have seen ARCTIC FLOWERS evolve from their beginnings at the now sadly defunct Laughing Horse infoshop to touring, receiving never-ending praise in countless write-ups, and releasing an extremely strong body of work. This band effortlessly combines mid-tempo punk with darker elements of early post-punk à la SKELETAL FAMILY, but they defy genres and really stand on their own. The seething and churning songs wax and wane, filled with impossible-to-place catchy hooks that keep you wanting more. The lyrical content touches on a literary consciousness you don't really encounter anywhere else. I want to be lost in this record forever and never come back. (AP)
(Deranged)

ATOMÇK – "Whitewashed" EP
There're shrieked vocals, there're vocal shrieks, and then there's this new, next level where it sounds like a field recording of a pteranodon swooping around and flying by to occasionally and randomly shriek into a microphone while a dope enough mid-fi grind duo of guitar and drums blasts away in the Cretaceous period. This UK band spooges up other vocal garble, vomit, growl and spit, but the off-kilter and wacky shrieking that fills out this three-piece band is simultaneously too much to take and fascinatingly can't-look-away captivating. The six tracks pile on the noise and demented lyrics referencing Thatcher, centipedes, targeted assassination, lame scenesters and the dole, all between lumbering, pounding, just shy of technical drumbeats and stop'n'start crush. Grind is often a fill in the blank proposition, but this throws so much against the wall that it colors way outside those lines for a weird, fun listen. (KS)
(Beloved Eastside 83 / Outsider Art / Positive Cacophony / Rip Roaring Shitstorm / Sharp Noodle / Stop Talking / Wooa Rghaa)

THE AUTHORITY – "Wreckage of the Past" CD
Lace up your boots and lather some sunscreen on your shaved noggin for some vintage Orange County Oi! from the '90s. I vaguely remember these guys and may very well have seen them. Some of those times are a little fuzzy. For '90s Oi! revival bands, San Francisco's WORKING STIFFS are always my touchstone and unfortunately, these guys are not quite up to par with those blokes. The production on some of this is a little too slick and they too frequently verge on some Epitaph Records sounding melodies. The rougher and more basic songs are the best ones. "Embrace the Hate" starts this off with a bang, "Guns of Navarone" goes into some SLADE style stomping, and "It's A War" is a fine ANGELIC UPSTARTS crafted rager. There's a POGUES cover that's forgettable. Their standard patriotic and skinhead themes get a little dull with twenty-three tracks—I'd give it maybe seven good ones. There's a song called "Barstool Breakout". Har har har. (RO)
(Crowd Control Media)

AZOTOBACTER – "Restrained/Detained"
Hailing from the beautiful island of Victoria, BC, AZOTOBACTER combine old school filth punk fury with clean, climbing, and diving bass lines. It's really refreshing to hear this style of punk in a sea of raw noise after raw noise band. This is no garbage after the fire nails. This is sharp and new. The artwork is awesome and weird: creepy images of bugs and things in the damp moist soil. There's even a drawing of flower incorporated in their crusty punk logo. Look, I know pogo bug rock will always be underground, but at least my human ears got to review AZOTOBACTER. They are raw, they are real, and they seem to dig no standard. Good on you, AZOTOBACTER. Your EP is intense. (JR)
(Byllepest)

BATMAN & GARAGEKID – "I'm Not A Monkey (I'm A Bat), But I Like Bananas Too!" EP
Completely stupid and silly and I love it. The label describes the music as "a sick mixture between garage punk and comedy." Goofy would be a better word, but you get the idea. Dumb, dumb, dumb, but oh-so-fun. I can't get enough. (CK)
(Bachelor)

BEIGE EAGLE BOYS – "You're Gonna Get Yours" CD
Grungy noise rock with a heavy AmRep vibe. The more tuneful moments recall CHOKEBORE, but there's plenty of UNSANE style heaviness as well, and an appealing hint of REATARDS garage-y looseness throughout. I could do without the DON HENLEY cover, no matter how much the song has been reshaped by the band because…man, fuck DON HENLEY. (AU)
(Reptilian)

BIG ZIT – "Electric Zit Vol. 1" EP
Dang, the Midwest is really delivering in the wild, weird, and innovative hardcore department right now. Northwest Indiana's BIG ZIT provide five bursts (yep) of idiosyncratic and warped hardcore, all but one clocking in at under a minute (the other one is just 1:08). The singer runs with the vocal stylings of

H.R. of BAD BRAINS to a more pitch bending and alien sounding territory. I have little to no idea what is being sung (other than "I hate you all / I hope you die" on the track "Suhbuhb'n Varmun") but I can only imagine that it contains a high concentration of distilled hatred. There's also a certain raging quality to this that reminds me just a little bit of BI-MARKS. I dig the artwork that resembles a swatch of early '90s activewear fabric. You should get this so you can get rowdy listening to it without having to search for "big zit" on the internet. (LT)
(Not Normal Tapes)

BLITZKRIEG BOP – "The Usual Suspects" LP
I'm a sucker for just about anything even remotely related to the great Lightning Records, so color me way-on-board with this BLITZKRIEG BOP collection. Sure, Rave-Up recently excavated this some of this shit as well, but NE! has done a dandy job too, so we're drowning in options. This collection, split equally between solid studio gold and some gold-plated live offerings, is liable to scratch any classic '77 UK punk itch you may be having, particularly if you have a taste for also-rans with a few piss-with-the-biggies moments. Not as powerful as bands like the CORTINAS or MANIACS, but worthy of being mentioned in the same breath. Hell, they do an EQUALS cover, which makes them at least as good as the CLASH. Disco Frisco, you say? (MC)
(NE!)

BLOOD RED – "See Something Say Something" EP
Dave's snarl conjures up visions of Yow, and the rumble when the guitar drops out does nothing but reinforce that impression. Pittsburgh's BLOOD RED is cut from the same stone that begat the sharp-witted noise guitar bands from two decades past (I'm talking COWS, JESUS LIZARD, SCRATCH ACID) but it sounds like these kids were actually weaned on visceral hardcore and are just trying to translate one language into a manifesto that listeners from a different planet can understand. They are succeeding. Hardcore should be smart, and this hardcore is. (WN)
(Square of Opposition)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "Blowhard Deluxe" LP
BRIMSTONE HOWL's got the blues and I like it. I wish I could be listening to this album lying on my couch at home sipping an ice cold iced tea. Instead, I am sitting at a desk at *MRR* headquarters so I'll close my eyes and let the songs take me away. They do. The songs on *Blowhard Deluxe* were recorded in the summer of 2009 though they seem more '90s to me—most of them remind me of GREG CARTWRIGHT. When I've settled into a nice introspective seven song groove the last song "Call My Name" gets really rockin' and catchy. The song is gospel-ish with a pumped up feeling building to a repeated "Christ Almighty"—a very nice way to close this album. (CK)
(Dead Beat)

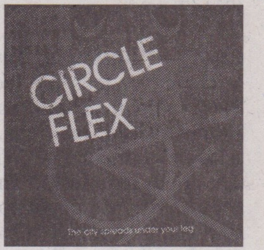
ČAO PIČKE – "Sonce V Očeh" LP
It seems the former Yugoslavia is an endless well of punk brilliance and ČAO PIČKE's *Sun in the Eyes* is no exception! The tale has it that ČAO PIČKE, which means HELLO PUSSIES, got their name while enrolling for a state-run concert in 1981, whose three organizers were women. The band wrote it down as a greeting, and the organizers thought that was their name. If many of the Ljubljana bands were rooted in melody, it sounds like this band had a hard time sitting still—which would explain the fact that their longerst song clocks in at about three minutes, while others barely reach the twenty second mark! Off-kilter, attitude-filled, and relentlessly angular in chord progression and song structure, but always super tense and angsty, with funkyness and new wave taking on a new and improved meanings. I can practically feel the thudding of the bass chords as the soundwaves ripple through solid mass, and envision the dust forming around the drum kit, the two-channel tape recorder humming, their raw energy when they played Novi Rock. The guitars dance and plonk and trip and tip-toe and jerk and wiggle around like a jazz dancer on ectsasy, as Alenka Marsenič shrieks, bellows, snarls and teases with her intently expressive vocals—at some point I literally jumped in my seat as I didn't expect her voice to leap in when it did! Wicked! The (translated) lyrics are personal and bluntly brilliant, making me feel like I've stumbled upon Marsa's journal: "I never fall in love with a guy / they are subordinate to me," "And when I say hello how are you / I hope that you are not well / you and your love / all together a piece of shit," "Our domestic atmosphere / Arrest, confinement cell, violence, regime / We all are empty space / Never never we will lose our minds." After the band dissolved in late 1983, Marsa would go on to form the inimitable TOŽIBABE, where she continued to innovate. I can't wait to add this to my record collection! (LA)
(NE!)

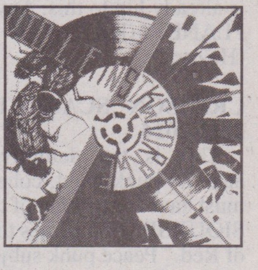
CASSILIS – "Quitting" 12"
CASSILIS waste no time establishing their position as an authority in the dicey, genre-splitting territory of punk they reside in, equal parts of BOTCH's heft and the raw, diverse sound of what NEGATIVE PRESS. They open with a commanding track that sets the table for the dark, progressive juggernaut of the next twenty minutes. The pulsing bass lays a foundation while the drums are set free to add and embellish at will. A haunting voice is aptly lost in the mix of ebullition, spouting a stream of conscious angst and nihilistic rage. A very perfect storm for a record that stands on its own in a little place it carved out all for itself. (RM)
(Black Lake / The Ghost is Clear / Square of Opposition / Zegma Beach)

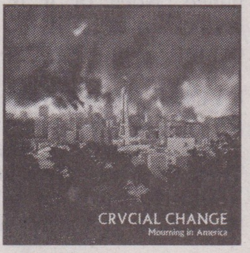
CASTRO – "Hidden Agenda" EP
A Norwegian five piece, made up of old timers from a few other bands, most notably Katya from LIFE...BUT HOW TO LIVE IT, these songs are a bit too polished for me, a little too Warped Tour sounding. Katya's vocals are still awesome, but I could do without the RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE style breakdown, which made me literally shiver and wince. I'm hoping a future full-length is made up of more of their faster, angrier, catchier songs, because this recording does have some promising moments. (DZ)
(Kong Tiki)

CIRCLE FLEX – "The City Spreads Under Your Legs" CD
You don't win friends with riff salad, even if a lot of them are good riffs. I've listened to this CD intently four times in a row, and except for the anomalous final song, which is a cool '80s alt-rock-style number with off-key singing, I don't remember much about any of the songs, except that the overall sound is scrappy harDCore via Scandinavian bands taking cues from harDCore (this band is from Japan). They have lots of cool elements that could work well if pieced together properly—scissor beat parts, youth crew buildups, gang vocals, '70s rock-type leads—but none of it sticks or goes anywhere. What's the point? (DG)
(Weekend Stand)

COKSKAR / VIOLENT GORGE – split EP
If you think grindcore has gone soft, let me present COKSKAR for your aural disembowelment. This is raw, punishing grind from the punk school—shit so manic it almost sounds like screamo (and I'm guessing that the band will hate reading that), discordant high end torture at its finest. VIOLENT GORGE on the flip sound like... well, pretty much like what their moniker implies—distant, cavernous, and terrifying grindcore. Each band fills a different void in my life, but I gotta say that the VIOLENT GORGE side is one of the most brutal slabs I have heard in a long, long time. (WN)
(self-released)







THE COMBAT ZONE – LP

Well-schooled Boston punks dish out ten tracks of pit-ready, stompy hardcore that's best described as "hardcore the way they'd want to hear it." BOSTON STRANGLER takes specific moments from the canon of early '80s Boston hardcore and beyond, and intermixes them to come up with something that is simultaneously identifiable and fresh, and the COMBAT ZONE does the same, instead drawing from Oi!, UK82, DISCHARGE, SSD, and possibly early SLAPSHOT, with a rich guitar sound that brings to mind the X-CLAIM glory days. Most of the music is a 1-2-1-2 pace, but nothing here blends into anything else, which is far more than I can say for most of the toompa trend of the last few years. The drummer in particular is not only incredibly precise and dynamic, but he knows exactly what to play to make every single moment of this record sound its absolute best, whether switching things up to break up any would-be monotony, or adhering to the nuances of the array of influences. Add a punishing mastering job that begs for blasting at top volume, and you've got yourself a banger. (DG)
(Side Two)

COZY – "Button by Button" LP

The cover tells me they're trying too hard. They've got matching vests and complementary haircuts. Come on, guys. Man up. All kidding aside, it's kind of cute. With that settled, can we talk about the music? This shit is right up my alley. If you're a fan of power pop that is almost *too* catchy, you owe it to yourself to go out in search of this one. I'm not even through the title track and I can tell this thing is going to live on my turntable. I'm guessing Bobby Martinez is already hip to this. Anybody remember RED PLANET? (KK)
(HoZac)

CRIMSON SCARLET – Collection CD 2011-2014

This is the definitive collection of this anarcho-punk band, cohesive and impactful, a must have for any fan of the dark arts. A sinister SIOUXSIE vibe comes through on "Two Kinds of Red." Peace punk subjects under dark waves with a slightly twangy delivery—you can't get much more unique for this genre. (JR)
(Doomed to Extinction)

CRUCIAL CHANGE – "Mourning in America" EP

Fat Bob from HARD SKIN once argued with me that there are no good American Oi! bands. I argued in favor of that one good TEMPLARS LP, but, for the most part, he's right. This EP is no exception. Weak, predictable riffs. The awkward, stumbling lyrics fall out of this dude's mouth like a truckload of bricks. There's some requisite dodgy fodder about God, the flag, dignity, a common bond, and staying united. None of it is memorable. This is bollocks, mate. (GH)
(Crowd Control Media)

CYCLE OF VIOLENCE – "Never Bow Down" CD

Where have all the boot boys gone? There're at least three in Detroit. CYCLE OF VIOLENCE play an Oi! influenced brand of street punk that reminds me of my thirteen-year-old self wearing plaid bondage pants and listening to the VIRUS. The vocals have a really Cookie Monster powerviolence sound to them, as fast as that SPAZZ/INFEST style. They have a song dedicated to liters of Jack Daniels called "#7". The band photo led me to believe that these fellows may have some unsavory beliefs, but their song "14 Lies" states that not only are they not Nazis and they hate Nazis, but they are "Nazi headhunters." If you're going to hunt something, it should probably be a Nazi, right? (KC)
(Crowd Control Media)

DAMAGED HEAD – "Tunnel Vision" LP

Holy Shit! These chillers from Sweden straight up recorded the long lost ETA record from before they became the REGULATIONS. This whole LP has a 2004 Feral Ward vibe that I find refreshing. Maybe it's because I was fifteen when they were releasing jammers from the VISCIOUS, CAREER SUICIDE, and GORILLA ANGREB, but this record totally reminds me of that. It's somewhere between the first CAREER SUICIDE LP and a faster NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS. Some of the lyrics kinda date it though: "Kurt Cobain went insane / blew his brain… Who's next? / I put my money on Bieber." I'm willing to forgive that 'cause this LP is the perfect mix of fast, chaotic, and melodic, in a way that seemingly only Euros can pull off (shoutout to YOUNG WASTERNERS). Much love to this band for the added bonus of a sick layout. (MW)
(Adult Crash)

DAILY RITUAL – "Depressed State" EP

Singapore has been killing it for a decades and boy does this hit deep! One, two, let's go! Blazing, anthemic, lamenting chords à la NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS or the RED DONS, melancholic vocals in a K-Town by way of Bay Area's NEON PISS style that give you the shivers, drumming that feels like running in your dreams, nervy and constant, yet also plodding and dragging. I almost always tend to like records that have been tinkered with by Hajj Husayn of North London Bomb Factory Mastering, as he manages to bring out the best elements of bands that are already onto something powerful. Deeply heartfelt, intricately orchestrated, passionately executed, and seeped in the sociopolitical gunk that so often spawns the most earnest of efforts. (LA)
(4490 / Contergan)

DEAD ON THE WIRE – "Whiskey and Records" EP

Bullshit pop-punk from Slow Death (San Diego). Chuck Taylor wearing JOE QUEER garbage. *Whiskey and Records* sounds like it would be a RADIO REELERS tune but it's limpsville. And it's all downhill from there. Die. (RO)
(Radio Activity)

DETROIT 442 / PUBLIC SEX – split EP

Of course I listened to the PUBLIC SEX side first because of the name. I got issues. Their artwork is a great drawing of a skeleton with a mohawk flashing its intestines. They're total meatheaded, ham-fisted hardcore with predictable melodies. Maybe like I remember SUBMACHINE being live, but not sure if that's even remotely right. DETROIT 442, like the BLONDIE song, play danceable, energetic punk rock like the BRIEFS or DICKIES. Not a memorable record, but not a bad one. (RO)
(Detroit Noise)

DIE – "Vexed" EP

Before I even flipped the record I had to replay Side A just to make sure I heard what I thought I did. The opener "B.T.K." is great, caught right between ignorant stomper and popped pogo, but "Monotony" is such a perfect beast, and "Dark," which follows it, doesn't let up the momentum. Nasty, blown-out, noisy; *Vexed* shows DIE at the top of their game amidst all of the great UKHC out there right now. Nothing revolutionary, just eight tracks of pummeling hardcore that does not disappoint. (SZ)
(Sonic Terror Discs, no info)

DINGED UP / LOW BOW – split EP

DINGED UP, a one-man band (that's trying to sound like a full one), starts things out with a terribly repetitive pop song. It wouldn't be awful except for that slowed down GLENN DANZIG voice saying "Big Red" over and over again. The second song is the better one by far, a little darker and reminiscent of AGENT ORANGE or those slower early BAD RELIGION songs. Unfortunately, both sound dull and lack dynamics, which is very possibly due to one person recording the whole thing. On the other side, LOW BOW play sloppy blues rock. Luckily, the first song is thrashy and noisy enough to be interesting in an early punk way. The second song is just a little too cheesy rock'n'roll and that Chuck Berry riff has been murdered way too many times. (PA)
(Genjing / Wallride)

DISINTEGRATOR / WEHRMACHT – "Stolen Thoughts" EP

For those who might not know, WEHRMACHT are a band from the '80s who were a bit goofy, sang a lot of songs about beer and made pretty darn good thrash. Their current lineup contains former members of CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER and SPAZZTIC BLURR. We get two tracks, one live in the studio and one live in Sydney, Australia, both recorded this year. I think WEHRMACHT has gotten better with age. This is darn good thrash metal, and their sense of humor remains intact. If you need your thrash serious look someplace else, but if you want to hear what influenced MUNICIPAL WASTE, check this out. DISINTEGRATOR is a new thrash crossover band that reminds me a lot of *Crossover*-era DRI, with short, fast songs where you can understand the vocalist. The difference between DRI and DISINTEGRATOR is that DISINTEGRATOR sings about things like gore movies and samurai. They also throw in a few more serious tracks like "Nothing Changes." I was surprised by how much I liked this 7". (MH)
(Ash Music)

DOCTOR AND THE CRIPPENS – "Fired From The Circus" CD

Driven by Dave Ellesmere (DISCHARGE, the INSANE) on the drum stool, the good doctors were a quintessential UKHC band, leading the charge in the late '80s. More STUPIDS than BOLT THROWER, and more akin to the *In God We Trust, Inc.* era DEAD KENNEDYS than NAPALM DEATH, DOCTOR AND THE

CRIPPENS married speed, tunes, and a sense of humor. This excellent package includes their first LP, a Peel session, and some earlier (largely throwaway) live and demo tracks—44 songs in 76 minutes and another classy exhumation from the premier reissue label. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

DOGMATIST – "Figurehead/They Cut It In Flesh"
Do you remember when you first listened to *Bleach* by Nirvana? It definitely wasn't before you listened to *Nevermind* or *In Utero* (but sometimes you lie and say it was because that's way cooler) and it struck you as way darker and more serious than any of their efforts afterwards. There was still that sheen of Side B of *My War* that made it seem more legitimate as opposed to the other fluff that was assaulting the airwaves. This single is like that. The riffs on "Figurehead" are discordant and punishing but with a nod to some of the post-2000's hardcore grunge type stuff that's been popular lately, like CALIFORNIA X. The vocals are screechy and fierce and remind me of BRAINBOMBS. The vibe is definitely more on that level for these Copenhagen based weirdos. The well-placed solos and attention to melody bring it all around, creating a crippling dynamic of anger, hate, and drive. If it makes any sense, I can't decide if these dudes have really long hair or shaved heads, but I'm fairly certain its nowhere in between. I could be wrong though. For fans of: German squats, bleaching your needles, Betty Ford clinic. (MW)
(Adult Crash Records / Raw Birth Records)

DOGMATIST – "Worn Out Welcome" LP
It's nice when you know a record is going to rule and then it turns out to be even better than you thought it was gonna be. DOGMATIST play metallic crust, sure, and maybe you can pigeonhole them into some preconceived notions you might have about that subgenre, but really these kids just crank out ferocious and desperate hardcore. The vocals are some of the most searing I've ever heard, and the riffing is like ABC DIABOLO crashing headfirst into INEPSY on crack…it's all here man, everything you need. Bleak and intense with tasty leads to keep you grounded, *Worn Out Welcome* is a plain killer. (WN)
(Adult Crash / Raw Birth)

DOWN FOR LIFE – "Comin' Out Swingin'" CD
Boot-stomping hardcore with some Oi! influences and a lot of potential. The vocals are great and sincere, which remind me of Jim Martin of CT's BROKEN, but I wish everything were just a quarter faster and nastier. I'm almost getting the impression they are all sitting down *for life* with their instruments. Don't get me wrong; the songwriting is solid, as are the lyrics about a working-class lifestyle, friendship, work, messages to their boys, family, friends and crew, and a crucial WARZONE cover. The fast and ferocious "My Friend, My Brother" is killer but it's followed by "Chin Up," a more contrived intermission Oi! song, that lacks the same passion. Don't try to make everyone happy, DOWN FOR LIFE. You removed both G's from *Comin' Out Swingin'* for a reason. (JR)
(Crowd Control Media)

DREAM TEAM – "Discipline" EP
Self described "No better than you(th) crew." I can't figure out if that means they are re-imagining youth crew style hardcore or if they are just extremely modest. While there are definitely youth crew elements in this release, there is much more of a snotty slime punk essence, especially in the vocals. A lot of the songs are much sloppier compared to more straightforward youth crew, on the verge of falling apart. I can't really put my finger on what exactly happens on this record, but maybe that isn't such a band thing for such a formulaic brand of hardcore. DREAM TEAM still gives you the chance to mosh, but takes away the urge of using copious amounts of pomade in your hair. (KC)
(self-released)

ELECTRETS – "Misfit" CD
Yawn. ELECTRETS' album *Misfit* sounds like a commercial, watered down pop-alt rock take on the RAMONES, PRETENDERS, and the DONNAS, sifting out all the grit, angst and raw talent. This LA-based band seems to embrace their generic commercial appeal to the point that their title track "Misfit" sounds like a mainstream country anthem, since straight up rock and modern country seem to be interchangeable these days. Strange times. A jingle to a car commercial or electronic handheld thing-y, you know what I'm getting at? Move along, punks. Nothing to see here. (CR)
(self-released)

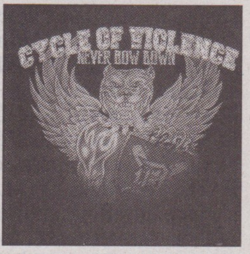
E123 – "Главные Вещи" EP
I don't know what to make of Saint Petersburg, Russia's E123. The music is somewhat straightahead heavy hardcore, but the singer sings a lot like a grind/death metal vocalist while the drums and the short guitar solos are similar to a lot of crust bands. There are multiple vocalists and the other one does more of a standard hardcore thing and you can somewhat understand what he's singing. The second track on Side A has more melody in the guitar and the singers split duties. I like this track a good bit, but the rest I'll pass on. (MH)
(83 / Black Cardinal / Destroy Sounds / Miravoice)

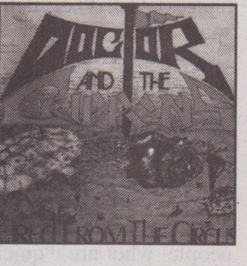
THE EROTICS – "Preaching to the Choir" CD
There's not much I like about this, be it the format, artwork, or content. This band has apparently been kicking since the late 1990s and in 2012 they decided to do a sort of live recording which involved inviting "raucous fans" (probably some friends) to fill up a studio. And not just any studio, but one belonging to Don Fury, who recorded some legendary NY hardcore. They play eighteen tracks straight though with no recording touch-ups and this CD is the result. This is sleazy glam-inspired rock'n'roll punk: AC/DC meets DEAD BOYS meets MÖTLEY CRÜE. I've tried to find a hook, but I'm having a hard time. (LT)
(Find Your Fangs)

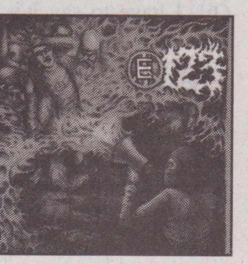
EX FRIENDS – "Rules for Making Up Words" CD
I reviewed this band's EP a few months ago and loved it. The album features former members of PLOW UNITED and WESTON, with killer male/female split duties on the microphone and great lyrics secretly disguised as goofy filler. I found myself listening to this more than a few times. The early No Idea sound makes it feel a little bit dated but it's so catchy that I don't give a hot damn. The bass playing on this recording is totally "in the pocket" without giving me the heebie-jeebies or thoughts of RANCID. Whoa, there are backup vocals by Joe Jack Talcum?! This is cool. If you like some good poppy stuff, you should get this—it's on CD, so it'll be easy to keep it a secret under your mattress. (DZ)
(Paper+Plastic)

FANZUI XIANGFA – "2006-2014 Discography" LP
Chinese fastcore attack? *Chinese fastcore attack!* This Beijing quartet has been kicking for several years now (as the title suggests) and this slab collects 20+ tracks of catchy Y2K thrash with hooks galore and breakdowns sans testosterone. The music is fun fukkn hardcore, the lyrics are antiauthoritarian, intelligent, and poignant, especially considering the country of origin. Cannot recommend this enough. (WN)
(Genjing)

FATE VS FREE WILLY – "Every Human Was A Child" EP
These Russian youngsters may have one of the more fucked recordings of a guitar band I've heard in a while. While the sleeve assures us that they do in fact play guitar, bass, and drum(s?), the waxy result is one of grimy, pounding electronic nonsense. The simple, repetitive







songs, mostly built around two note riffs and overblown solo tom drumming, are hit so hard to tape that they sound more like the dying screams of fax machines than rock instruments. The vocals are buried so far in the mix and awash in so much reverb that their humanizing effect on the listening experience is minimal. In a way, FATE VS FREE WILLY's understanding (or accidental falling into) of recording equipment is their masterstroke. With excessive volume, this music is captivating in an oppressive and panic-inducing way, but still woozy and dreamlike, hard to hold onto. This works both for and against the band. One cannot deny the creepy sense that there is something lurking in the shadows of this music, beyond the hiss of breaking amps and the hum of overdriven tape. These might not be the songs that you must hear because they stick in your brain, but they may be the brutal dirges you dive into again and again, hoping to crack into just what the fuck is driving them. (LP)
(If Society)

LA FLINGUE / ORNITORRINCOS – split EP

What a nice surprise—the two Oliviers. A record put out by Olivier Crapoulet featuring a new band by Olivier Gasoil (HATEPINKS, IRRITONES, etc.), two fine-twisted gentlemen and two of my favorite Urinepeeins. LA FLINGUE starts out like POW! with feedback and French obscenities (I think?). It's the usual amphetamine, hate-filled punk rock with tight melodies you'd expect from this crew of degenerates. I'm not familiar with ORNITORRINCOS but they start out with a GERMS sample and they play some really tight, melodic, SoCal inspired punk with hints of Oi!. They deliberately (I think) steal some famous guitar riffs for their songs. Good stuff. (RO)
(Crapoulet)

FOOTSOLDIER – "Skinhead Forever" EP

There's a bit of schizophrenia going on here. On the very catchy title track, Long Beach Oi! boys FOOTSOLDIER profess to choose "honor, pride, and loyalty" and complain about people who are "quick to judge" and "see stereotypes and are quick to condemn." Yet on the song "Stomp A Hippy 2-Step" they profess hatred for hippies and encourage the listener to "smash their face into the concrete and bash 'em till they're dead" while using a homophobic slur. Now, I have no love for hippies but they're ultimately pretty harmless. If there's a list of people who deserve deadly violence visited upon them, they have to be pretty far down it. On "Price of Freedom," the band pays worthy tribute to troops serving their country overseas. I can't figure them out. I appreciate the positive aspects but I've got no room in my life for that negative, violent, hate-filled shit in the second song. Musically, they play fast, shout-along Oi!. I have to say it's weird to see American Oi! bands in boots, T-shirts, and chain wallets going on about the Spirit of '69—in 1969 being a skinhead meant being the sharpest-dressed guy on the street even though you spent all week working on a building site, not looking like you just walked off one. (AM)
(Crowd Control Media)

FRAU – "Demo" LP

The records you know inside out are often the hardest to wrap your head around—how can an inch or two on these inky pages do them justice? I've been trying to write this review for a month now. This noise has been in my life for almost a year—I brought the tape home from a trip to London last fall and spent a lonely and bitter cold winter in Philadelphia listening to it on repeat. Thankfully, it's been dignified with a vinyl release. This record deserves to live forever, Messthetics meets Crass Records drenched in a healthy layer of noise; post-punk riffs at roiling hardcore tempos; indelible, insidious, infectious bass lines providing the only semblance of melody. Guitar feedback and crackling vocals nearly indistinguishable from one another at times—*this* is raw punk, but not the way you all always mean when you say that. The words are largely incomprehensible but I urge you to spend some time with the lyric sheet—Ash is biting and tender, aggressive and vulnerable. The songs feel as if they could implode at any second (taking you with them) before you realize that these women are utterly and completely in control. This is absolutely essential to own in every format: cassette, 12", eight track, player piano roll. I hear a proper LP is on the way and that I may be seeing this band again sooner than I thought…we all are not worthy. (GA)
(Dead Beat)

FUCKING INVINCIBLE – "It'll Get Worse Before It Gets Better" LP

I imagine that somewhere outside of Providence, Rhode Island, this band practices in a shed next to four dudes making meth. Not in the glamourized *Breaking Bad* type way either—four dudes chewin', Mountain Dew cans littering the porch with the used globs of tobacco refuse spilling over the top, arguing about whether they're gonna curb stomp the flunky down the street who turned 'em in for stealing his electricity. Real American shit, ya know? I think these dudes were probably weaned on *Jane Doe*-era CONVERGE and, at some point got hip to DAS OATH. (Not *the* OATH, mind you. DAS OATH. There's a difference there.) This record is layered with dark samples and very emotionally screamed lyrics, also reminiscent of ORCHID. I can only imagine that the singer paces back and forth like a tiger at live shows and has something to say between every song. For fans of: trucker hats, small town diners, and libertarians. (MW)
(Atomic Action)

GAMES – "Little Elise/About Me"

The start of the A-Side cut almost comes out of the gate sounding like a BEACH BOYS cover song (though don't ask me to name the exact one). In the end, it becomes a power pop number, which is definitely good enough to get it into my Top 10 of the month, but not my Top 10 of the year. It's mid-tempo and catchy and maybe just a little too mellow to really get me going. The B-Side picks up the pace, but still comes across as somewhat tempered. As I re-read this, you might not think I liked it, but really, I did! (KK)
(HoZac)

GENERACION SUICIDA – "Todo Termina" LP

This band has done a lot in its three or so years, and it just keeps getting better. They play catchy, sped-up, undistorted, melodic punk steeped in the late '70s, but with a hardcore urgency: a style that seems to have had more of a following in Europe this last decade than in the US (to our detriment). That said, I'm stoked that GENERACION SUICIDA has caught and maintained people's attention and praise despite these inhospitable conditions characterized by hardcore fever. Hailing from the predominantly Latino South Central area of Los Angeles, their songs are all in Spanish. However, more than Spanish punk, their sound draws from Sweden's the VICIOUS (as the band name would suggest) and could be compared to AUTISTIC YOUTH, NEON PISS, and YOUTH AVOIDERS. I really dig the infectious guitar leads on this record. My favorite track is "Rechazados por la Sociedad," extremely catchy melancholic punk, just the way I like it, with a chorus that reminds me of a GORILLA ANGREB song. Their lyrics deal with alienation and frustration with their surroundings—this song specifically references LA's marginalized poor and homeless populations. My mind immediately goes to Skid Row—Sweden doesn't have one of those! The record contains a dope fold-out poster insert with all the lyrics. Don't sleep on this one! (LT)
(Going Underground)

GODDAMNIT – "How to Take the Burn" CD

My first thought when I played this was that they must dig the shit out of that first AT THE DRIVE IN record, but with members of SUPER HI FIVE and PROMISE RING, it's not surprising that it sounds like this. Pretty energetic punk with some discordant emo-ish solos and breakdowns that aren't terrible that I could totally see myself thoroughly digging on in 1996, but I'm not so sure I can do that now, even thought it's pretty tight. Definitely a must for fans of those select few good emo bands from the '90s that didn't suck. (DZ)
(Creep)

GOVERNMENT FLU – TENSION 12"

Extra tight, hyper-fast US inspired posi-core from Poland—*whoa!* Not only does this record look amazing, it sounds even better! These Polish punks are moshing their way onto every turntable on both sides of the Atlantic. Drawing from both straightedge and thrash influences yet totally *owning* their sound, you might think of MENTAL or WARZONE because of the extroverted personality and infectious buzz pulsing through the tracks. But don't think too long 'cause this is over quick and you're not gonna find the POISON PLANET spit from last year to satisfy your stoke. (RM)
(Refuse)

GREG HOY AND THE ENABLERS – "Hair of the Mouth" CD

I'm not going to pull any punches here. I didn't like this. Definitely not punk and although I like indie rock as much as anyone else around here, this was tough to get through. They remind me of '90s band TRIPPING DAISY and JACK WHITE on a bad day. Maybe BLACK KEYS or CAGE THE ELEPHANT fans will be okay

with this but not your typical *MRR* types. Therefore it doesn't really matter what I think of this—we only got this in the first place because we were on some music publications list. (RL)
(30 Peak)

GUNK – "Gradual Shove" LP
Is college radio still a thing? This band probably could have been really big in '90s or early '00s. Actually, I could see them getting pretty big nowadays as well. Being that punks are now again embracing more of the big tent idea of punk I could see how this Philly band could play basement shows alongside hardcore bands. But with songs like "Ice Cream," "Just A Man," and "F To E" all I really hear is fourth-gen college rock—DINOSAUR JR to PAVEMENT to DEERHUNTER to this. Not that I don't like a bit of FAT HISTORY MONTH or KITE PARTY and other recent bands doing this kind of thing, but I don't think the average reader of this specific zine would be very into it. It's *really* good stuff if you're into slow to mid-tempo shoegaze-y riffs with rainy-day, distorted vocals, but I just hope that the ghost of Tim Yo doesn't haunt me for playing this in the compound. (FU)
(Ranch / Square of Opposition)

THE GUTTERS – "Eventually" LP
Are those fake English accents?! It seems like it…but maybe the GUTTERS gents are UK transplants stuck in Portlandia? Hmmm. An LP of sounds referencing some of the more straightforward SWELL MAPS numbers with added Medway swagger. A two man band, each song veering off in a slightly different direction, which is what reminded me of SWELL MAPS—that sense of adventure / possibility. This is clearly an homage to that era of UK DIY, and sometimes an entire LP of genre tropes can be dull, and of course the GUTTERS are not even close to the genius and unremitting majesty of the MAPS, but you know, it was an entertaining listen…The lyrics are really goofy and seem sort of intentionally childish, like high school notes/in-jokes transmitted to the public eye. US customers get your copy direct from the band, Euros from Tadpole Records. (LG)
(Tadpole / self-released)

GUTTER – "March of the Dead" EP
This EP is an amazing burst of energy, evoking the unhinged brilliance of STRUNG UP and the timeless chaos of *Horror Epics*-era EXPLOITED. Despite Dan Randall's golden touch at the mastering board, the ruthless speed and urgency tear through songs with a melodic gruff that comes only from dedication to the life and style. An absolute ripper, start to finish. Thank you, Athens. (RM)
(self-released)

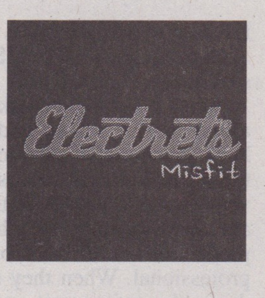
HARD CHARGER / SOTOS – split 12"
This HARD CHARGER shit is pretty cool. Driving hardcore with a dash of crust and a heavy dose of rock licks à la later DISFEAR. The production suffers for lack of bass (really, low-end sounds in general), but that's not the end of the world. The circle pit riff in "Coffin Maker" is top-notch, definitely my favorite moment on the record, with the short, frenetic classic hardcore banger "Recharger" coming in a close second. SOTOS suckered me in with an opening riff that recalled later LOGICAL NONENSE, but this material is mostly pretty by-the-numbers TRAGEDY-core with a few slower doomy parts. It's competently done and well-written in parts, but it's really hard to do this style in an engaging way these days. That said, the last track "Swine," breaks the mold in a really enjoyable way, adding almost FUGAZI-esque strained vocals and unrelentingly catchy melodic leads that elevate the song head and shoulders above the other stuff. More like that please! (AU)
(Bigger Boat)

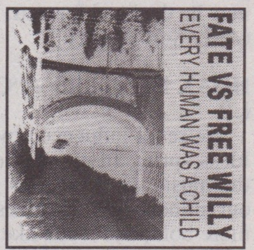
HARD-ONS – "Peel Me Like A Egg" CD
Unlike most of the punks I grew up with, I was never a fan of the HARD-ONS, so I have no frame of reference for what they're *supposed* to sound like. Maybe that's good and I can judge this album on its own merits, without history getting in the way. This release marks the 30th anniversary of the band and I think it's a great record. Their strong suit here is writing intensely catchy, straightforward melodic punk songs that recall the best hooks by the FASTBACKS and DESCENDENTS. Perfect, higher-range vocals carry each song over the edge. Between these, the band takes you down disparate avenues, focusing on metal and hardcore. Often, when bands explore wildly different genres within the same album, the record comes off as feeling less cohesive or weaker because the band doesn't sound comfortable playing separate styles of music, but this isn't the case here—the metal and hardcore songs fit in just as well as the melodic ones. And, yeah, the songs are really fuckin' good. So, thirty years down the line, these dudes aren't doing so bad. Like I said, I don't know how these guys sounded in the past, but they sound great right now. (GH)
(Boss Tuneage / Rookie)

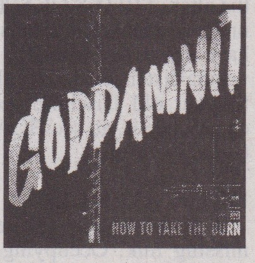
HAUNTED HEADS – CD
Naming the first tack on your CD "VV" is a pretty good clue to where you are probably coming from as a band, and sounding like SUPERCHUNK just drives it home. Well, perhaps the heavier songs on the later SUPERCHUNK albums, through the filter of, say, the OLD 97S. The formula strays from those signposts a bit, but stays rooted in late '90s rocking alternative styles (a little emo, a little dream pop). It's actually pretty catchy and seems genuinely nostalgic in a loving, caring way. With a couple jammers and only one real stinker, I'd say this one's a winner folks. (LP)
(Double+Good)

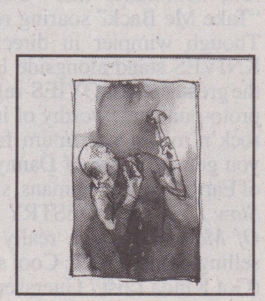
HDQ – "When Worlds Collide/Dismantled"
More comeback material from '80s melodic hardcore legends HDQ, who went from soap'n'spikes UK82 worshippers to being Sunderland's answer to DAG NASTY. The A-Side is a mid-paced burner that reminds me of CHINA DRUM while the flip picks it up a notch. This doesn't sound exactly like they did in the old days; if anything, they've matured with age, in a good way. This single is a taster for a new LP next year, so it seems like they're back at it full force. If you've been going through withdrawal as a result of LEATHERFACE's inactivity, Dickie Hammond's signature guitar style is intact on these two tunes. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

HELLO BASTARDS – LP
After various compilation appearances, EPs, and demo cassettes, the debut LP is here. HELLO BASTARDS plays explosive sludgy down-tuned gritty crust with angry vocals. Imagine SPITE meets RECTIFY meets TOLSTOCK meets ASSÜCK. The songs are short, blasty and sharp and LP is a clean cut right across the throat. There are definite death metal and grind influences while still remaining clear and politically charged. This reeks of anarchy and positive global punk community throughout and the various vocal pitches and tempos make it impossible to turn away. The record comes with a gorgeous 20-page LP-sleeve-size booklet filled with amazing crosshatched artwork, huge lyrics with influences from political prisoners, poets, additional anarchist information, resources about veganism, and much, much more. This is the total punk package. Pick it up and keep the faith. Keep it angry. (JR)
(Black Embers / Caramba / Clean Up Your Act Deviance / Hearts Bleed Blue / Helldog / I Feel Good / Karasu Killer / No Sanctuary / Pumpkin / Refuse / True Spirit)









HEXIS – "XI" LP

Copenhagen's HEXIS might be onto something. This is truly blackened hardcore. At times it's straight black metal but they aren't afraid to slow down and they often create a huge sound that is chaotic, busy, and intense in the way MORSER is/was. They have multiple vocalists: one who does the gruff, low growls, another with more of a hardcore scream. The production on this is big and sounds very professional. When they slow down to almost doom the guitars get very discordant, which I like. I recently reviewed their split with PRIMITIVE MAN which I wasn't as into as their *Abalam* LP. Now I discover that this release is a reissue from 2012 and I like it the most. Hmm...start here. (MH)
(Dead Tank Records and Distribution)

HIP PRIEST – "Black Denim Blitz" CD

If you can't tell by the title of this CD, there's some total TURBONEGRO worship going on here. Unfortunately, it sounds like stuff that was inspired by *Scandinavian Leather* rather than *Ass Cobra* or *Apocalypse Dudes*. Still, if you are one who has a Turbojund jacket, this may be the band for you. (JF)
(AM / Selfdestructo)

HOAX HUNTERS – "Comfort and Safety" LP

We're all influenced by the music we adore. Ideas spring from experience. And sometimes the music we make will give a slight wink to our influences. Sometimes it ends up being a bit more bold, and reads like a love letter to them. And then there are times where it couldn't be more in your face. *Comfort and Safety* comes off sounding like a bouquet of flowers left on the altar of RITES OF SPRING. These guys are unquestionably huge fans of post-hardcore and have aggressively studied for their exam. If you wanna listen to the revolution summer, listen to your old Dischord records. If you wanna experience it, go see HOAX HUNTERS. (FS)
(Negative Fun)

HOT KNIVES – LP

This is an ace reissue of a legit SF rock missing link. Occupying a significant branch on the FLAMIN' GROOVIES family tree, HOT KNIVES emerged in the mid-'70s with a sound that both recalled past glory and looked forward to the oncoming rock resurrection. The sound is an amped-up take on the early BYRDS folk rock sound (not very far removed from the GROOVIES' Sire years, actually), augmented with great male/female vox (courtesy of the Houpt siblings) and copious guitar crunch, tilting the entirely pop affair toward great power. You can see where we're heading here, I'm sure. The excavated material trumps much of what the band released during their initial run, with tunes like "Sooner Or Later" and "Take Me Back" soaring really goddamn high. Though wimpier in direct comparison, HOT KNIVES stand alongside LOOSE GRAVEL as the greatest GROOVIES-related rockers from the proto-punk era, worthy of inclusion here as they rock'n'roll in maximum fashion. Furthermore, you get a glimpse of Danny Fuckin' Mihm, one of Earth's coolest humans, smack-dab in between *Slow Death* and DESTRY HAMPTON's *Angel Of Madness*, which really oughta be the only selling point needed. Cool stuff! (MC)
(Got Kinda Lost / Guerssen)

HYSTERESE – LP

Once, my band drove across Germany all night and showed up haggard and insane for our show, where HYSTERESE blew us all out of the water. It was perfect. It was humbling. This LP catches the band's live energy while letting you hear all their layers of spot-on harmonies. In the simplest of terms, HYSTERESE plays dark melodic punk that sounds like it might take some cues here and there from HÜSKER DÜ, the OBSERVERS, AUTISTIC YOUTH, and the ESTRANGED. The thing that I really like about this is how the female/male vocals manage to harmonize and masterfully wind around one another while still giving each other space to shine. This record is really good and you should get it. (GH)
(Sabotage / Taken By Surprise)

IPPS – "Everything Is Real" LP

Mid-tempo, garage-y, lo-fi indie pop from Columbus, OH. The band sports an organist and two drummers (percussionists?), and lacks a bass player. While the first track on the A-Side is bookended by some strange tape loop sounding pieces, the music is otherwise straightforward indie pop fare. In the band's favor, occasionally there're some decently SPIRAL STAIRS sounding leads, and while the organ playing is not what one could call dynamic, it does lend a pleasant tone to the underbelly of all of the songs. Unfortunately, the lyrics are so simple rhyming dictionary style that I had a hard time getting through the record. This kind of sugary indie pop can live or die on its lyrics (or the vocal performance, which is not bad here, but merely extant). And for a band that has two drummers, there's very little that I felt was added by the choice. The drums aren't even very loud, nor are they complex, nor are they panned particularly hard opposite each other. This part of the record was the biggest missed opportunity. (LP)
(Superdreamer)

JONLY BONLY – "Put Together" LP

Austin singer/guitarist Jason Smith named his latest band after his grandfather's nickname J(only) B(only). That's very sweet. The music reminds me of the FEELIES with a bit less subtlety. There is a pleasant arty, math rock, college rock feel to it. The vocals, however, are more in a pop-punk style, spoke-sung with a semi-bratty attitude. The lyrics are rather lame such as these from "Taste": "You're not the girl I want / You're the girl that I got" and "I guess I'll keep you around for your looks." It's not the right combination to these ears. I'd prefer JONLY BONLY as an instrumental band. (CK)
(12XU)

KOVAA RASVAA – "En Ole Edes Olemassa" LP

This is *exactly* what I want! An absolute steamroller of a hardcore record that churns as much as it rips, Finland's KOVAA RASVAA take whirlwind riffs and energetic blasts and turn them into a brilliant release. Vocals are the first thing that you notice—high, throaty shouts that bear more resemblance to POST REGIMENT than almost any of the other vocalists who get that comparison—but the way they slur their way through songs with exact precision ("Imhisten Juhla" is the perfect example) and then launch into ferocious blasts is what sells me on the band. You need to listen to this one over and over again—and more importantly, you *want* to listen over and over again. (WN)
(Campary / Demilitarised Subconscious / Emancypunx / Raccoone)

KOWARD – "Desperate" EP

One of the drawbacks of being inebriated at both GREEN BERET shows in the Bay this past August is that I completely forgot to pick up this new EP from KOWARD, whom they shared a West Coast tour with. That was a mistake and I freely admit it now that I have my hands on a copy. *Desperate* holds up against the best of their Boston comrades, which is no easy task. Like their tourmates' output, this EP exudes TOTALITÄR, particularly *Sin Egen Motståndare* era, but there's also more UK82 influence that leaves the EP as catchy as it is raw and raging. (SZ)
(Side Two)

KUKEN – "Black Rose / House/Horse/Pig"

Debut one-sided 45 from a new German band boasting a member or two of the KIDNAPPERS in their ranks. "Black Rose" is heavier than I would've guessed: very simple, dark, driving punk that's neither garage nor hardcore, but capable of pleasing both camps. "House/Horse/Pig" is brighter and catchier, reminiscent of the MARKED MEN and their ilk. There's nothing here to offend, but nothing to get pumped about either. (MC)
(Bachelor)

LAPIN KULLAT – "Miehentie" LP

Those fuckin' Finns. Guys, look, I can read numbers and I know what letters look like, but what the fuck?! A gatefold cover and a double-sided insert and not even one goddamn sentence in English to tell us American morons what we're looking at? LAPIN KULLAT were probably late teens circa 1978-81 when this stuff was recorded. Like a lot of first wave Finnish "punk" they're kinda all over the map: there are some killer speed punk tracks, some straight-up rock and pub rock greaser shit, and even a token reggae-flavored track or two. This ain't replacing my EPPU NORMAALI or RATSIA LPs anytime soon, but if you're down for exploration, dig that OG '70s punk sound (and preferably read Finnish), there's some great stuff here, with a beautiful full color gatefold cover to boot. (GB)
(Roku Records)

LAZY CLASS – "Better Life" CD

This band from Poland presents itself as street punk or even Oi! but they are really more melodic punk, with vocals in English. This four-song release reminds me a lot of the SHARP OBJECTS or maybe all those old Southern California punk bands and what they sound like today, such as CH3 or SHATTERED FAITH. These guys are pretty good but there is a lot of this stuff out there so it's hard to stand out and these guys don't really. However, they are a solid Polish folk band. (RL)
(self-released)

LEAMERS – "Getting Older/You're Not Ready"

Are you ready for some Canadian garage pop with a heavy undercurrent of classic rock? LEAMERS deliver two songs of jangly party music. The A-Side kicks off with a song that

sounds like a mix between BOB SEGER's "Drift Away" and VIOLENT FEMMES's "Add It Up." For the longest time I thought SEGER was saying "Oh gimme the weed, boy, and free my soul…" Figured it was just some hippie song...I mean I guess it still is. Maybe even more so, ack. Anyway, the B-Side keeps the classic rock feel going with a tune that has a real AC/DC feel. This record is super fun, and if you have a soft spot for "Dad Rock," give this puppy a spin. (FS)
(Talking Skull)

LEFTY LUCY – "Phantom Breaker 1993-1996" LP
Phantom Breaker is a discography LP of LEFTY LUCY's recorded and so far mostly unreleased output. Internet searchers will find scant information about the band (probably because the pro-ass, Vegas-playing, big-name-producer-recording band of the same name would (or did) sue everyone else who came close to the name into a fine paste), but some quick digging reveals that two of the dudes in this LEFTY LUCY were also in the SELBY TIGERS. LEFTY LUCY are not a pop-punk band however, charting a much snottier arc. The songs are pretty straightforward three-chord trashy punk tracks, save for the inclusion of trombone on some (which sounds like an overgrown kazoo or a bluebottle trying to escape out of your window—just awful), and keyboards on others. Other songwriting voices step out every once in a while, bringing touches of driving indie rock à la SUPERCHUNK, or a softer indie/emo style that borrows from bands like RAINER MARIA, PEE, or even JOAN OF ARC. On such a long LP, these tracks are either like cool drinks of water, a balm of some truly obnoxious and uninterestingly written songs, or hiccoughs in a set of classic trashy sass. I can't say that this is full of real hidden gems that needed to be rescued from the refuse pile of history. Unless, of course, you're a huge SELBY TIGERS fan or you love covers of KIM WILDE songs. (LP)
(mpls ltd)

LEGATO VIPERS – CD
LEGATO VIPERS are a Canadian surf band. Although I know playing surf music really has nothing to do with actually surfing, I still find it amusing to think about Canadian surfers. Hang ten, dudes. The music is well played, if more modern sounding than most surf bands. I also like a bit more reverb with my surf tunes than LEGATO VIPERS use, but otherwise, it's an enjoyable record. (CK)
(Missed Connections)

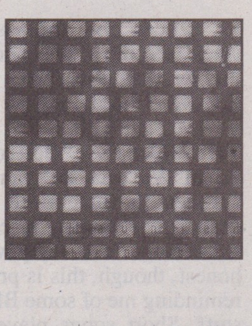
LIQUID DIAMONDS – "Aw Maw/Long Ago"
Wow. HoZac does it again, digging up the only two known tracks from SONNY VINCENT's post-FURY, pre-TESTORS band LIQUID DIAMONDS, recorded in 1973. You probably recognize "Aw Maw" as a TESTORS song, but since I've only heard the live 1976 version, I am really happy to hear this better sounding take. It is slower and doesn't have the long, crazy intro, but still has a similar feeling of angst and desperation. Side B "Long Ago" is even slower, with more of a psychedelic feel. Both songs are closer in style to the FURY stuff—the manic energy has not been yet added to the mix. A personal note to HoZac: keep getting Vincent to excavate his tapes. I love hearing everything he has to offer. (CK)
(HoZac)

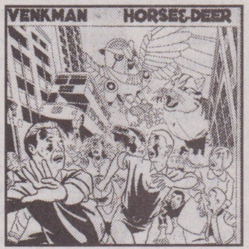
LOW THREAT PROFILE – "Product #3" EP
This relatively recent (2010) recording of SoCal's LOW THREAT PROFILE is simmered down to its core two-piece line up of Bob (LACK OF INTEREST, BURN YOUR BRIDGES, and INFEST) on drums with Matt Domino (INFEST and MANPIG) on guitar and now handling the vocals. Masters of a stop-start genre they both played a hand in creating and sustaining, there's also a powerful '80s feel to this. The absence of Andy Beattie on vocals is a little less noticeable with the MANPIG recording surfacing between the last LTP releases. However, Matt's vocals also make this session feel a little more personal, as they thoughtfully and directly rage—and I mean *rage*—against junkies, lethargic couch potatoes, racists, nostalgia, people wasting their lives, and more. More succinct production than their debut or MANPIG, the nine quick tracks don't step in wide variation from their previous 12" recording, as blast-beats and rapid-fire vocals drive intense thrash blasts cornered with a rock solid mid-tempo fast guitar driven hardcore. The leads have an awesome bred-and-born-in-the-'80s quality, with their indirect, vague osmosis of BLACK FLAG, SoCal straightedge, and some angular post-hardcore rock abrasion, all springboarding into violent 60-second thrash fits. Awesome! Don't make us wait so long for the next installment! (KS)
(Deep Six / Draw Blank)

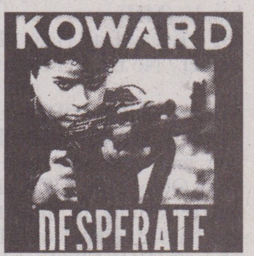
LUICIDAL – CD
Louiche Mayorga was the original bass player for SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. On this disc, he's teamed up with ex ST drummer R.J. Herrera, and a couple of other homeboys, and turned out a record that has the look, feel and sound of a decent SUICIDAL TENDENCIES record. Buttressed with guest appearances from other ex-ST folks, most notably the two axe heroes Rocky George and Grant Estes. Pretty good all around, though as well as remaining a tough guy, Louiche seems to have found God, who gets thanked a lot on the record. I thought suicide was a sin, but I guess the Westside Familia has a progressive modernist take on such things. (RK)
(DC-Jam)

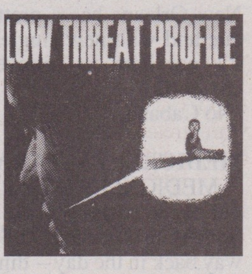
LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – "Collection" LP
Slime/divine, goo/you, spew/do, ooze/blues, jelly/belly, muck/fuck: as these rhyming couplet endings indicate, Lumpy, hailing from St. Louis, Missouri, is very much a textural poet. With all the allusions to externalizing internal filth I hope it's not too topical to suggest that this stuff seems like the soundtrack to the ebola scare—there's even mention of a bat with a toxic bite. Amidst the coalescence of bodily fluids, toxic fumes, vermin excrement, and willful idiocy there is dynamic, raw, and deformed punk played with total conviction. If pressed for a comparison I'd say that it reminds me a bit of early the MEATMEN in its depravity. On the other hand, this would probably appeal to fans of some New York contemporaries like CRAZY SPIRIT or DAWN OF HUMANS. Expect crude but playful hard punk, lots of feedback, and some experimental elements like slimy sound effects on "Too Much Slime" or a saxophone solo on "Gnats in the Pisser." Vocals at times resemble the guffaw of an evil cartoon character. This thing is essentially a hitherto discography plus two new songs released by a German label who has also put out some great European punk. The insert contains images of flyers from past shows drawn by Lumpy as well as all the lyrics so you can sing along if you really want. All this filth is contained in a pink jacket with a screen-printed super anatomical drawing of a dude with a dick coming out of his chin (who needs a torso anyway?). Could this thing I swore off and thought had nothing to do with me in fact be moderately contagious and infectiously growing on/in me? Do I need to go to the hospital now? Thanks, Lumpy. (LT)
(Erste Theke Tonträger)

LYVTEN – "Laufen Auf Repeat/Frau Vargas"
LYVTEN are from Switzerland and play something that lies somewhere between post-punk and '90s-influenced indie-punk. I'm thinking they don't sound like JAWBREAKER, but they sound like they're influenced by the bands that were influenced by JAWBREAKER. The guitars stay pretty clean and high in the mix, reminding me a little bit of SMOKING POPES. While it's taking a









lot of cues from the past, it's not completely stuck in the '90s and sounds fresh and invigorating. (GH)
(Twisted Chords)

THE MANTS – "Destroyed by Fuzz" EP
This Victoria, BC band is made up of three ant-men in three-piece suits with orders to destroy the human race with their music or something. Fuck, my yawn just yawned. To be honest, though, this is pretty good garage rock reminding me of some BILLY CHILDISH type stuff. Short songs played fast, almost all of which are about destroying the humans. There's actually a great tongue-in-cheek song about consumerism, though. The schtick sucked, but I stuck around. (DZ)
(Manglor)

MATKA TERESA / SYNTAX – split EP
MATKA TERESA's side starts out with some early '60s acoustic pop which really threw me for a loop. After that waste of time, we get raw grindcore with death metal leanings that sounds like it was recorded live. They do remind me of the second NAPALM DEATH record and do a cover of "Lucid Fairytale." MATKA TERESA has always left me somewhat confused—a Dutch grind band that seems to be formed of members who live in a handful of different countries (Poland, Brazil, Holland, and France). SYNTAX's side has nice crazy grind that somehow reminds me of CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION. The lyrics have some of the same themes as CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION but the grind isn't as technical and the singer has a high-pitched scream. On second listen the music reminds me a bit of KILL THE CLIENT or PSUDOKU. Really great stuff from both bands. (MH)
(83 / Every Day Hate / Extreme Terror /Grind Father / No Bread / Rotten Gorol)

MEA CULPA – "Dislocation" EP
Pretty rad lil' single here. Kind of hard to peg and definitely lo-fi, it has me thinking '70s Ohio à la BIZARROS or PERE UBU, but refreshing in that it actually isn't trying too hard to sound old. I'm also hearing a bit of the STROKES, though thankfully these guys play rock music—maybe it's what I wished the STROKES had sounded like. I've heard New Orleans has a pretty vibrant scene as of late and with new singles like this coming out it's not hard to believe. Killer silkscreened cover. (GB)
(No Cabana)

MEDICALLY SEPARATED – LP
MEDICALLY SEPARATED sounds straight out of the early '80s US hardcore punk scene. Something Dischord or SST might have put out way back in the day—think BLACK FLAG and MINOR THREAT with a slight tinge of garage. Fast paced atonal guitar and shouted distorted vocals assume the foreground. Side A's "N.O.P.D" and "Deine Möpse Sind Scheiße," German for "Your boobs are shit," feature shrill and screamy female back-up vocals. Kind of wish they did more with that—the vocals, not the shitty song titles. It has an amateurish charm that keeps things fresh and relevant. (CR)
(Psychowolf)

MIAMI DOLPHINS – "Becky" LP
This 12" comes with a 7" booklet with the lyrics and weirdo-cute illustrations—the design and layout are really fetching. The album itself is a bit of a tumble: muddy, fuzzy, spazz-out pop with meandering, DEERHOOF-sounding vocals. There are freak-out patches of no wave brilliance but not without the, "Did they mean to be out of tune?" moments. The B-Side opens with a truly trying jumble of a song that alternates between a weird pretty part and a blown-out musical toot. Nothing about this album sounds lazy—I can believe that these noises were intentional, but I'm not so sure they complement each other. The record too often sounds like it is fighting itself. The chaos is most interesting and energizing on "Melting Popsicle" and "Drooling," which are my favorite tracks. (DV)
(FPE Records)

MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE – "Like Camera/ White Flowers"
This is one of the five records released as part of Negative Fun's 2014 Singles Club. This three-piece sounds huge, showcasing a wide array of tones and vibes in just two songs. Side A features "Like Camera," a pounding hypnotic post-punk droning enchanter. The song grows from syncopated and slightly-surfy to a throbbing, grunge, GARBAGE-esque conclusion. I liked the B-Side even more. "White Flowers" begins similarly sparse and cold with lots of guitar harmonics twinkling over simple sweeps of chords strummed out much like pre-fame MODEST MOUSE. The singer's vocals are balanced perfectly, snarling "And I have no faith!" before the song jumps up, attacking and sharp. Both of these tracks are terrific and if these two songs are any indication, this band is set to shake some hearts and rock some minds. (DV)
(Negative Fun Records)

MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS – "Mama Was A Schitzo, Daddy Was A Vegetable Man/ Rocket Music On"
HoZac dug up these 1975-76 recordings from Mike Rep, more mutant sounds from Ohio, the fertile crescent of American proto-punk. The A-Side owes a lot to the VELVETS and the STOOGES (but don't we all?) and it's got the warmth and crackle of a two track home recording that just kept having layer upon layer piled on top, production that makes you check that you haven't blown a speaker or knocked a stereo wire loose, muddy in all the best ways. I got some funny looks when I started blasting WILD CHERRY'S "Play That Funky Music" at the compound but I had to confirm that I wasn't crazy. I wasn't. The B-Side, "Rocket Music On," is partially an oblique take on the funk song. This side is full of recording glitches, cutting in and out and less charming in this context than in the bonafide classic on the flip. An interesting document, limited to 500 copies. (GA)
(HoZac)

MIND TRAP – "Life Among Liars and Thieves" EP
This Eastern Bloc juggernaut has gotten some attention due to their members' Russian and German backgrounds and VITAMIN X and GOVERNMENTFLU affiliations. They dropped a stomper of a demo last year but unfortunately on their first proper release the mid-paced frustration only flirts with powerviolence, and stops completely short of blaring thrash. The demo seemed a bit more coherent and hopefully we will see a return to the type of bulldozing hardcore these guys showcased on their 2013 tape. Vegan straightedge and not afraid to let you know. (RM)
(Refuse / SFR)

MISCALCULATIONS – LP
The seeds planted by VICIOUS / MASSHYSTERI have borne fruit once again, and this time the tunes come from punks in London. While they fit within the genre, they aren't copycats by any measure, as if you took equal parts NEON PISS and JAY REATARD. What would have happened if the STROKES discovered BURNING KITCHEN was their favorite band fifteen years ago? Do you wanna find out? This album is really good and endlessly catchy with pop hooks and harmonies that will rattle around your head for days. It's inspired and fun, and definitely worth a listen. (FS)
(Dead Beat)

MISS DESTINY – "House of Wax/The One"
A slice of sleazy, out for blood toughness that evokes the sneering glam girls who swarmed Sunset Strip pre-punk. This has a STP (as in the group JULIE CAFRITZ, formerly of PUSSY GALORE was in, not the tired grunge combo) rock'n'roller attack, but you could picture MISS DESTINY opening for MOTÖRHEAD or MUDHONEY. Nihilistic bubblegum rawk for denim jacket-clad pleaser seekers; this is raunchy, catchy FU rock'n'roll that's somewhat like a less hesh GIRLSCHOOL. I really loved SOUTHERN COMFORT, which involves one of the women in MISS DESTINY, who I think also played in the SCHOOL OF RADIANT LIVING, who released one of my favorite records of last year. I awaited this 45 with baited breath, and way too many expectations. Simply put, it's not as killer as I wanted it to be, but I think it achieves its aims regardless of my sick fan dreams. (LG)
(HoZac)

MOIRA SCAR – "Psychoid" LP
Being *weird* is a hard thing to synthesize and being a *weirdo* is nearly impossible to impersonate. You're either one naturally or you're not. These days it feels like many bands are trying to artificially create weirdness, and when they do, it almost always resonates as shallow art school junk. However, when you come upon some true freaks and experience the art and music they create…that's the stuff that will set your mind on fire. Either positively or negatively—although sometimes it's hard to tell which way you feel! And that's exactly what you're getting with MOIRA SCAR. A wild hybrid of LYDIA LUNCH, goth, circus and space, all delivered in a cocktail that only a twisted mind could create. Is it punk? Does it make sense? These are the wrong questions to ask. It's bizarre music for bizarre people. And it rules. Find your way to this record. (FS)
(Cochon)

MOTHER'S CHILDREN – "Lemon" LP
MOTHER'S CHILDREN play super poppy rock in a '80s vein. Their sound reminds me

a lot of the San Francisco band COCKTAILS if the guy sang all the songs. The songs are catchy and upbeat, the production is clean and bright, it makes you feel good. Any one of these songs could appear on the soundtrack for the remake of *Valley Girl*. Yeah, I like it. (CK)
(Taken By Surprise)

MOTORMOUTH MABEL – "Permanent Vacation/ Stop + Chat"
Pretty simple three chord basement punk, done really well. The recording quality is a lot lower than their previous tape, and it seems like this recording has caught them at a pretty "loose" point in the night, but it's still worth flipping over and listening to a few times more. Pretty good noisy punk but I highly advise starting out with their previous cassette first. (DZ)
(Tick Tock)

NÃO CONFORMISMO – "Autoflagelo Da Humanidade" EP
Brazil's NÃO CONFORMISMO's date to the early 1990s with a long break before apparently reuniting for a more prolific period of activity in 2009. This newest six-track EP is on par with standard bearers of straightforward Brazilian hardcore punk like AGROTOXICO and US-influenced hardcore reminiscent of mid-period AGNOSTIC FRONT. Basic tough hardcore songs are threaded together with melody and stepped up in both musical proficiency and studio recording, before being caked in the requisite tough, guttural vocals. Each side ends with a bouncy mid-tempo drum driven breakdown. The lyrics are entirely in Portuguese with brief explanations of the songs' meanings: questioning the government and voting, conformity of society, punk scene rules, inhumanity of man, and more. (KS)
(Attitude Consciente, no info / Microfonia)

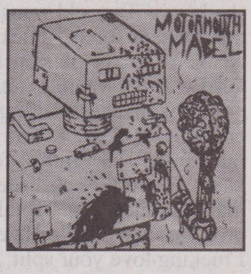
NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH – "One Nation Under Nothing" LP
I've never heard of these guys before, but I can understand why. Apparently they've been around for eighteen years and have twelve other releases. If this record of by-the-numbers '90s Warped Tour by way of SoCal style melodic punk is any indication of their career I can say that I've tried to avoid punk like this for most of my life. Insipid lyrics about a "little Chinese man" shitting and licking it up, about how "Kathy was a ho" with her hiked up, too tight skirt and how they want to kill Ryan Seacrest, "the New World Order's favorite boyband robot metrosexual." So… racism, sexism, and borderline homophobia. I think I threw my back out while listening to this record from cringing so hard for so long. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I get it. They're trying to be funny and goofy and irreverent, but it's just that there is nothing *actually* funny about it—I refuse to defend bad jokes. The singer wears facepaint where his eyes have giant X's over them. I *think* he's trying to make it look like he's dead, like in a cartoon, but he just kind of looks like a really lazy Juggalo. I'm going to have to end this review with a quote by one Dr. John A. Zoidberg: "Your music's bad and you should feel bad." (FU)
(Dr. Strange)

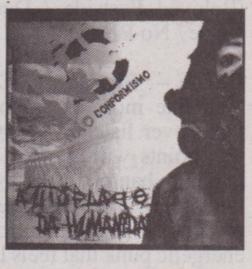
NATCHNIONY TRAKTOR – "Antena Krzyku Present: Singles Subscription Club" EP
Sometimes the bounty of punk just leaves me absolutely speechless. NATCHNIONY TRAKTOR were apparently too politically explicit, especially in their anti-Communist views, to be allowed a proper recording during their time as an active band in '80s Poland, so now some 30 years later these live tracks from '86-'87 have been pressed to vinyl and, holy shit, they're fucking *blazing*! Apparently inspired by BAD BRAINS, there's a really ill-advised experimentation with dub reggae on here ("Prisoner"), but everything else is raging hardcore that falls somewhere on a spectrum between MOSKWA and DISCHARGE, especially in the ripping solos. Get this (and scratch a nail across the fucking reggae song). (AU)
(Antena Krzyku)

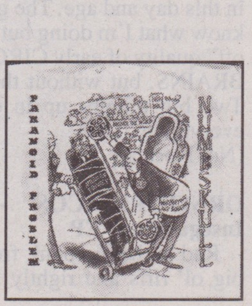
NOVEMBER 13th — "Stadt in Flamen" LP
Melodic hardcore prog-metal crossover like BARONESS never found a place in my heart. It was just too warm, glowing with proficiency. Spinning NOVEMBER 13TH, however, I feel the cold intent of this record. The drums are completely blazing, which is enough reason to get this record on its own. Although the guitar is a bit chuggy metal at times, the vocals are crust as fuck and minimal. The psych, prog and doom breakdowns are abysmal trips. While many bands blatantly slow everything down to force their prog-rock agenda, NOVEMBER 13th succeeds in changing up their style and keeping the tempo on fire. *Stadt on Flammen* just slams and slams. It's not especially aggressive, but it is certainly heavy. The band shows their roots with excellently placed crustcore, grind, and death measures. As for the lyrics, "Cold industrial corrosion" is the metaphor that reads especially sincerely—in German here, with English translations. All the songs are so uniquely constructed with various progenous instrumentations, though none of them drag on for too long. The entire LP is chaptered as accessibly as a Roald Dahl's book. The few words I can read in German reveal a message of utter misery. Again, about the drums: an outro as sick as *Death Church* or *Surrounded By Thieves*. Loved it. (JR)
(Alerta Antifascista / Pain of Mind)

NUMBSKULL – "Final Days Of Torture" LP
Wow, I thought we had scraped the bottom depths of '80s Ohio lowbrow stupidity years ago. ZERO DEFEX has always held a special place for me as the pinnacle of third world hardcore in the USA. For a brief moment, NUMBSKULL approach the unbridled blurriness of ZERO DEFEX with their hyperspeed lead-off teaser "Fifteen Seconds," but they quickly redirect their stupidity towards even lesser goals on this vinyl pressing of their 1985 demo. A meandering dirge fest with stupid fucking lyrics about 7-Eleven, as if the MINUTEMEN were Cleveland meatballs and their inside jokes were actually funny enough that you'd want to listen to them. Incredible bass sound, proto-MAN IS THE BASTARD or whatever. 300 press with silkscreen cover, soon to be forgotten except in hushed tones amongst cognoscenti. (GB)
(My Minds Eye)

NUMBSKULL – "Paranoid Problems" EP
More genius sounds from the far reaches of Cleveland miscreant musical history, following on from the incredible reissue LP of their cassette that came out a few years back…Which was also reissued this month! This looks like an archival reissue of an old 45, but I think it's another cassette reissue?! I can't tell. At any rate NUMBSKULL were an early to mid '80s part of the Cleveland tradition of creating unearthly sounds that somewhat bring to mind a particular genre, whilst at the same time totally destroying and mocking all that's held sacred by fans of said genre. This is hardcore that's more hardcore than anything on Mystic Records! It's a Dukowski only BLACK FLAG with heightened FLIPPER instincts, with a trash can for drums and bass so eloquent yet moronic no guitar is needed. With added terror and humor! Jokes so puerile you'll regress whilst listening to it. The vocalist demonstrates that most bands are not nearly unnerving enough with their lyrical intent and delivery. In short the title of this band alongside the title of their EP, plus the legacy of the town from which they emerged should be enough to send you screaming to your local record emporium to snatch this disc up. Cooler than anything your crummy band will ever achieve. (LG)
(My Mind's Eye)







OLDSCHOOL REDNEX – "Σαν Ψέμα/Με το Βλέμα Ψηλά"

Catchy, upbeat, melodic punk rock with Oi! colorings from Salonica, Greece. These guys have been around for a minute (formed in Alexandria in 1999) and have undergone a bunch of line-up changes, but their sound is still solid—melody infused, with some super infectious solos and hooks, bouncy drumming to get you pogoing in the pit, and vocals that you can sing along to with your beer in the air and your buddy underarm! The lyrics are in Greek but there are translations, which I always think is a good thing, especially for a language as difficult as Greek is! Said lyrics touch on lost dreams and zombie societies, failed relationships, and the shitty place they call home in site of it all. "Because here is the country of sleaze and corruption / everything you love misses its target / you won't find it written in any book / because the truth is hidden deep within you." It's no surprise these guys have their sound and focus figured out, as all of the members are in other Salonica bands, like melodic Oi! street punks ΟΜΙΧΛΗ (OMIHLI), riot party punks ΒΑΝΔΑΛΟΥΠ (VANDALOOP), and odd-ball, fun, and funky GO OVER 1000. Two tracks I will definitely spin again next time I need a pick-me-up when the world is getting me down! (LA)
(Balkogpønker Vinilers / Noise Effect)

OMEGA SS / TÖTENTANZ – split EP

Hey, Greece, bringing the flying fucking elbow drops with this echoing D-beat hardcore from TÖTENTANZ. First song is a jackhammer. The second song is extremely tense with strangely exotic guitar solos. I mean, just listen to this: "Towering on a sea rock throwing oppressive shadows / Two old ramshackle towers / Keep that ancient force." Fuck yeah! Is that not the NEIL YOUNG of stenchcore punk or what? OMEGA SS venture much further down the gullet of madness with ghoulish tempo death-crushing D-beat. I love that they've written (and titled) an "Intro" for the opening track: "Don't Give A Fuck." Definitely picking up on that sentiment. In "Total Hate," OMEGA SS professes how they "Hate you all!" Well, guys, I fucking love your split. Amazing artwork of a tower growing out of a grotesque head on the cover. This slab is gruesome punk. (JR)
(Beloved Eastside / Destroy Sounds / Head Noise / No Bread)

OOZE – "Big Angry" EP

Unlike most of the other people at *MRR*, I've never listened to OOZE until now. They win points with me for being a sloppy punk/hardcore band in 2014 without drowning all of the vocals in reverb! Yes! Thanks! They play abrasive, spiraling-out-of-control, fun time, energetic punk that feels like a punch in the face in this day and age. The guitar riffs have that "I know what I'm doing but have no need to show off" quality of early CIRCLE JERKS and BAD BRAINS, but without the added homophobia. Two big thumbs up in every direction. Fuck everything. (GH)
(Not Normal)

ORNITORRINCOS – "Seguridad Vs. Inseguridad" EP

Rad anthemic punk from Porto Alegre with big ol' riffs and rightly shouted choruses. On "Ca(hos)Pital" they mix driving guitars and neat harmonics along the fretboard. "Diaros, Tele y Internet" is great fast, melodic punk that's super catchy in any language (in this case, it's Português do Brasil), though it's hard to pin down exactly who they sound like sans the neat guitar scrapes that echo *Damaged*-era BLACK FLAG. I love the cool comic book style art illustrating each lyric section. These songs seem to cover capitalist greed, the cops, and the overload of info online and how it's affecting our brains. No bummer tunes at all and the skating squirrel (or beaver?) on the cover flipping the bird is the proverbial cherry on top. (JD)
(Crapoulet / Ideas Venenonsas / Punch Drunk)

OVENS – "Left Behind" EP

These songs were recorded back in 2008 and are, supposedly, the final posthumous release by the Bay Area's OVENS. Catchy pop-rock/punk growing in the shade of the WEEZER/RENTALS/THAT DOG. family tree. The songwriting shows that these folks spent a great deal of time studying the history of pop in rock'n'roll. You can hear a bit of jaunty BEATLES/KINKS piano pop, some of the catchier moments of '70s guitar rock, and even some '90s guitar-pop like SUPERDRAG. Great dual lead guitar work on the more fuzzed-out songs. The best part is that there are eight songs on this 45—pop made for people with a hardcore/powerviolence attention span. It's just the meat you'd want out of a great pop song without all the bullshit. Hook. Melody. Riff. Out. This is what TONY MOLINA was doing a few years back, and it's just as good as what he's been doing recently. (FU)
(Catholic Guilt)

ΠΑΡΟΞΥΣΜΟΣ – "Χημικά Κατάλοιπα" LP

PAROXYSMOS is a one-man band from Athens, Greece's prolific Vagelis Felonis (the drummer of seemingly every metal band in Greece—ACRIMONIOUS, EMBRACE OF THORNS, NECROVOROUS, HERETIC CULT REDEEMER, etc.). PAROXYSMOS pays tribute to the classic 1990s Greek crust sound: bellowing, howling shouts over darkly riffed, mid-tempo defiant hardcore churn, with an AMEBIX-style heaviness that leans aggressively metallic. This crude hammering of heavy riffs in a grime-y recording with comparatively loose delivery (compared to the expectations of a lot of metal) is a hallmark of a lot of early great '90s hardcore worldwide before crossover "crossed back." Mood and a sense of how far to push repetition to build it is the total strength of the Greek crust sound. The B-Side is a direct tribute comprised entirely of covers of songs of the late '80s and early '90s Greek scene's best, with epic covers of NAUSEA, ASHEN BREATH, CHAOTIC END, DENIAL, SCOURGE, and FORGOTTEN PROPHECY / CHAOTIC THREAT. Interestingly, while these tracks have a lot of the elements PAROXYSMOS' originals lift, they're also *way* more metallic in leads, intros, epic solos and some of the song structure, before settling into lumbering crushes of dark hardcore. I generally am opposed to cover records, but this is an excellent tribute in both song choice and performance that, for those unfamiliar, will ignite a whole new set of bands to check out. Killer record with apropos bleak lyrics that can be summed up by a line from each of the original tracks: "Death factories!" "Fighting for salvation!" "Perverted experiments!" "Corporate scums!" In a requisite gloomy foldout poster sleeve and limited to 320 copies, so move fast! (KS)
(Scarecrow Records / Weird Face)

THE PARROTS – "Loving You Is Hard/I Am A Man"

I imagine this is what kids from MIT were putting out back in 1967. If I told you that's exactly what this is, you'd have to believe me. It's fuzzy and twangy and pretty damn awesome. As my description may have suggested, it's got some STANDELLS going on. The B-Side retains the fuzz and awesomeness, and also adds a folky element. Excellent shit, which, as it turns out, is what the kids in Madrid are up to these days. (KK)
(Bachelor)

PHOBIA — "Subversion Till Dispersion" EP

To be honest, I never actively listened to this band growing up—I more enjoyed CARCASS when it came to grindcore. Spending my youth as a political crust punk, I heard too many rumors of them beating women to really get into them. This is pretty formulaic grind mixed in with a small dose of punk. Nothing seemed to stand out to me or push any boundaries. Probably a given pick up for you grindhead completists and while this isn't like the horror that was *Serenity Through Pain*, this shit just makes me want to smoke meth and not wash my dreads. (AP)
(Deep Six)

PIG DNA – "Control You Fucker" EP

Apart from being the Bay Area's *only* living punk band, PIG DNA have taken it upon themselves to destroy the concepts of punk, noize, music, the internet, good art, bad art, insects, the patriarchy, the government, and whatever else you got. Total incendiary sounds, formed in the furious underbelly of noize not music, but this grouping of humans has *personality*. They swiftly dispense of the problem many practicing this genre suffer from, that of being a boring clone. The drumming is a manic cloud of fury and enchantment that the rest of the band build upon eloquently and destructively, feedback adding to the totality of experience rather than just being another weak signifier. The artwork and lyrics are further evidence that what is happening here should be studied, expounded upon and used to prevent boredom and settling for second best. The lyrics to the song "Fly" say it better than anything my puny mind could come up with: "Oh / You like that shit / Don't You? / Bad Taste / Shit liker." I need a PIG DNA t-shirt, mouth guard, breastplate, bubblegum card set, flick knife, etcetera, etcetera. Watching them play is the coolest, but if you are not able to do that right now, buy this record instead and shut yourself in a windowless room and play it over and over and over. Nothing is real. (LG)
(Night Rider)

PIGEON RELIGION – "Warm Insides" EP

Sometimes when you drop the needle on a record, your first thought is "These guys must love drugs." This is the case with PIGEON RELIGION. On this single they give us two

tracks of no wave—FLIPPER and NO TREND meet a wall of noise. It borders on industrial, borders on experimental, borders on punk, but it's hard to tell which one you're experiencing more. This was originally released as a cassette back when the band was still functional and several years after their demise and it has been pressed on vinyl for what is most likely their final release. (FS)
(Gilgongo)

PLASTIC CRIMEWAVE / SPEED GURU— split EP and book

This is a killer package containing a split 7" of totally bonkers heavy psych featuring Japan's SPEED GURU with Kawabata from ACID MOTHER'S TEMPLE and Tabata from AMT/ZENI GEVA/BOREDOMS. PLASTIC CRIMEWAVE is outta Chicago and has been playing variants of psych and space rock since the late '90s. The record comes with a comic book that is packaged like the old Power Records comic book LPs (*Planet of Apes*, *Spiderman vs. The Lizard People*, etc. SPEED GURU lays the smack down with a *ton* of distortion on "Speed Guru Theme," which is just the band saying their name over and over while fast and heavy psych plays over it. It's essentially the same song that PLASTIC CRIMEWAVE does on their side only with a different self-shoutout. They later get into a wild hippie/improv trip, which is much better than it sounds, I assure you. PLASTIC CRIMEWAVE's opener also has simple, heavy fuzzed-out bombastic wah-wah and the second song is even more fuzzed-out and distorted to hell. Musically this isn't punk like you know it but it's certainly DIY, which I can dig, ya dig?

The enclosed book is a rad action comic illustrated by Plastic Crimewave (the person) which he co-writes with Kawabata. Crimewave also has done incredible work with his book-sized zine *Galactic Zoo Dossier* which covers loads of psych/proto-punk/space rock knowns and unknowns and is all handwritten and hand drawn. The cover shows Kawabata as an "electric samurai" wailing his guitar into the outworlds. The line work, especially the used of cross-hatching and shadows is fantastic. The story of various psychedelic/garage rock superheroes starts with SPEED GURU not being able to draw comics after a bike accident. He goes to see Ancient Asahito (who's drawn like KEIJI HAINO as a monk) at the Acid Mother's Temple who tells him to "channel the elegant vibrations of the Cosmic Force of Electricity" (and probably the ability to release a million records). This also features some great drawings of Kawabata who is the Speed Guru and student of Asahito. Eventually, Speed Guru and Plastic Crimewave come to blows as Plastic attempts the "Mystic Garage Punk Chop" (which is likely a nod to ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE's love for pro wrestling & the fact that they often chokeslam guitars during shows). The story continues on with the battle of sound waves and space-jams. I won't spoil the rest as you'll have to get this…and soon! (JD)
(Prophase)

POIKKEUS – "Sympatia Paholainen: Early Tracks" LP

In their earlier incarnation, POIKKEUS joined Finnish hardcore worship (specifically of KAAOS) to Osaka-style chaotic crust (like GLOOM), and in the process produced what is still one of the very best Crust War records, the 2002 self-titled EP. That record is reproduced here along with an enjoyably chaotic raw rehearsal tape, their contribution to the seminal *Konton Damaging Ear Massacre* comp LP, and a handful of live tracks from the 2002 edition of the "All Crusties Spending Loud Night" gig. The EP stuff is obviously the highlight, but I really enjoyed the well recorded live stuff as well. West Coast punks who caught POIKKEUS on their recent tour would be hard-pressed to recognize the band represented in these grooves, as POIKKEUS have since moved on to a much more metallic, nearly GASTUNK-type of fishnet shirt wearing hardcore, though the compilation tracks do hint at their current, more metallic direction. Worth picking up even if you have the EP, and if you don't, this is definitely a must-have. (AU)
(Distort Reality)

POISON GIRLS – "Hex" LP

This is a no brainer. Easily my favorite POISON GIRLS record, *Hex* is the first release from the band that most closely collaborated with and paralleled the fabled output of CRASS. Musically, here POISON GIRLS is more akin to OMEGA TRIBE in melody and composition than the more straightforward punk of the earlier CRASS records. The atmosphere, the spite—*Hex* contains volumes in its short span. The slow build of "Bremen Song," the closer on Side A, bursts into relief as Vi admonishes: "Remember the Holocaust—Fire! Fire!" and closes out with a vexing repeated chant of "Hex!" While every run of the mill band gets reissued, POISON GIRLS' *Hex* truly deserves this reconsideration and availability, not just in the internet age but as a proper physical release, demanding the attention span of a 12" record. (SZ)
(Water Wing)

POSITIVE NO – "Automatic Cars" EP

The A-Side of this record is a jerky, dancey, post-punk tune that is heavy on the rhythm section. It's not one of those jangly ones, though. It's kind of dark in a SIOUXSIE way, with a little synth. The B-Side is more of a poppy number that is somehow vaguely reminiscent of later RAINER MARIA, mostly in the vocals and somewhat in the guitar. It's pretty catchy but after a couple listens there is definitely this bass part in the chorus that sounds totally weird and not in a good way, more like they got the notes wrong. It doesn't totally ruin anything though—both of these songs (especially the first one) are hard to get out of your head. (PA)
(Negative Fun)

PRIMITIVE RITES – "Amount to Nothing" EP

This is raging Swedish D-beat that falls on the more polished, almost metallic end of the spectrum, opposed to the more raw punk style that seems so en vogue these days. There are plenty of catchy guitar hooks and crunchy riffs to go along with the unrelenting beat of the drums and the raspy, pissed off vocals. The last track, "Tunnels," is the most metal sounding of the record, complete with pounding drums and dual guitar hooks. There's nothing amazing or ground breaking about this, but that doesn't mean it's bad. (KC)
(Adult Crash)

PROBLEM IS YOU – "Nothing But Time" EP

This Hanover band plays hardcore that's part melodic crust and part modern straightedge hardcore, with one song doing a drawn-out, drum-driven '90s hardcore thing. The music is energetic, tight, and well recorded without being too produced, the riffs are mostly hook-y, and while I feel like I should like this more, there's nothing about it that's really captivating or fails to push it past generic territory. File under "good," I guess. (DG)
(Modstand / Pain of Mind)

PSYCHOCUKIER – "Diamenty" LP

The cover of this has lots of louche passed out, naked Polish people in what looks like a super bootleg 1990s Gucci ad, or maybe a wannabe Nick Cave meets wannabe *Miami Vice* aesthetic? It comes across as weirdly sterile and staged for something so intentionally "sexy" and "debaucherous." Oh wait, only the ladies are naked. Of course. Most of the songs on this record are spaced out dirge funk, like DIRTY 3 trying to play funky lo-fi JJ CALE?! Basically not punk if you're goin' by the *MRR* rule book…And not really compelling listening if you are not witnessing it live? It's got an elevator music / boring

people on coke feel. Maybe if this was the soundtrack to an 1980s Berlin art house classic it would work, but it just feels like 1980s yuppie wine bar jams. Maybe they are aiming for the freedom of JOHN LURIE / JAMES CHANCE post-punk space, but are constrained by tame rock ideals? But then the last song on the A-Side is a nervy post punk killer, with sinewy guitars, dark and atmospheric, and sounds like something slipped out under the Iron Curtain circa 1983 in the sickest way. The same thing happens on the B-Side; the slow jams are wretched and boring, and their weird dark post-punk lurches are totally compulsive and truly sound like classic Polish dark punk. This record would have made a truly sick 7": three good songs and seven "background music at your work drinks circa 1983" jams. (LG)
(Antena Krzyku Unc / Audiogames)

PURA MANÍA – "La Estafa Musical" EP
After their killer demo tape that we all raved about here at the *MRR* compound, come not one, but *two* EPs from this really great band based out of Vancouver, which shares members with FRACASO and SPECTRES! With a solid set of influences from both the raw ruckus of South American punk (think '80s) and the melodic Scandi post-punks of the 2000s, PURA MANÍA have forged a sound that is so very catchy yet still fundamentally angry. The vocals and hooks grab you immediately; the production allows room for all the elements to claim their space in the mix, while retaining a faint yet distinct empty-basement reverberation; bone-chilling, all-enveloping, pulsating. The record title translates to *The Musical Scam*, the lyrics are in Spanish with translations, and the cover artwork of a fat, cigar-smoking rat holding a magazine called *Noi$ey* really tie it all together most superbly! Get this record now, then get these songs stuck in your head—you will not be disappointed! (LA)
(CV)

PURA MANÍA – "Música Para Gente Fea" EP
After their well-received demo tape, PURA MANÍA are back with this driving EP, rife with thumping hooks. To me, this forms part of a trans-North American Latino punk initiative along with other superb bands like LOS MONJO and POLISKITZO who draw their primary influences from '80s Spanish punk. Vocally I hear ESKORBUTO plus the anthemic street melodies of COMMANDO 9MM or LA UVI. The guitar of the opening track "Sospechoso" also totally recalls BLITZ. The insert contains all the lyrics in Spanish as well as translations in English. The title track, which translates to "Music for Ugly People," reminds us that punk should be that privileged place protected from the pressures of the superficial, image obsessed status quo. Great stuff, pick this up. A phonetic tip for the Spanish impaired: it's pronounced man-EE-a. (LT)
(CV Recs)

THE QUITTERS – "Contributing to Erosion" LP
Nasally vocal havin', mid-paced '90s worshipping video game punk. This is hugely inspired by the "EpiFat" sound and it reminds me of G.H. Bush-era BAD RELIGION and GUTTERMOUTH and a bunch of leaning towards techy-prog stuff via NOMEANSNO (sans that band's originality) plus stack of shitty classic rock riffs. All of this alongside a singer who's a groggy Milo just phoning it in. Hoo-boy! Real pedestrian stuff and it seems like even they're utterly bored playing these riffs. Somehow a song with a very rad title like "Dragonslayer" winds up coming off like a fake metal band playing in an unfunny *SNL* skit (and the Sam Kinison-ish vocals don't help at all). Too bad their album art with Bigfoot jackhammering a city is used for such crappy music. (JD)
(Squidhat)

RÄTTENS KRATER – "Bygga Upp Ett Stort Berg" LP
When I dropped the needle on this, I thought "Nah!" but when the record ended, I was like, "Yeah!" RÄTTENS KRATER blasts out dark, brooding post-punk that has enough twists and turns to keep them from being too cliché or uninteresting. The singer has this thing going on where he sounds like a cross between Peter Murphy and Nick Blinko on *Cacophony*, when he started singing in that deep voice. Even with those vocals, it's not dismal, but manages to sound soaring, energetic and uplifting. There are a ton of hooks throughout the record and the whole thing flows really well as a cohesive album. (GH)
(Dead Beat)

REACTOR – "Deadly Visions" EP
Fucking hell. This is the second band this month that I saw twice on a recent tour and still regretfully neglected to pick up their EP, but once again luck has it that I get my copy after all. REACTOR just toured with POIKKEUS for a West Coast jaunt and played two stacked lineups in the Bay. While I enjoyed their sets, this EP exceeds my expectations. Raw hardcore from Portland, this sounds equal parts Swedish and American D-beat/crust without feeling dated—just a focused, determined slab of ripping punk. (SZ)
(Distort Reality)

RENEGADES OF PUNK – "Espelho Negro" EP
Remember a couple of years ago when everyone wanted to be MASSHYSTERI? This sounds like that. It's not that they are dead ringers for it but it's melodic yet driving, WIPERS influenced punk. I wanted to say that I had no longer had a need for this kind of thing but find myself liking this record. Musically, it's not much different from all those other bands but this record has a ton of energy and really, how can you be that much different after 70 or so years of rock'n'roll? (PA)
(No Gods No Masters)

THE RICKY C QUARTET – "Recent Affairs" LP
The sticker on the cover promises "'77 Snotpunk Action from London." That's quite a promise, setting expectations fairly high. Hmmm. Not sure. It's catchy and enjoyable, but I'm not sure it's really "snotpunk". I'll concede to the 1977 promise, as it's got a certain EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS sound going on and even has some saxophone sprinkled in there, even if they can't spell it. All in all, I like it. It's got a sound that I associate with Chiswick Records and 1976-1977. (KK)
(Wanda)

ROTZ AND WASSER – "Assi and Charmant" CD
A fantastic record which really sums up what's so great about German punk rock. I'm guessing from the tattoos and whatnot, that this quartet would label themselves as street punk (and certainly, so far as I can understand, their songs are all about drinking, and their native Hamburg, and alcohol, and consuming intoxicating beverages), but musically, they have that classy driving singalong melodic punk down. Reminds me more than a little of Hamburg's original sons, SLIME, though I suspect that "Nazis Raus" has been replaced with odes to St. Pauli girls. Huge choruses, catchy riffs. It'd make COCK SPARRER proud for sure. (RK)
(Spirit of the Streets)

JOHN SCHOOLEY – "The Man Who Rode the Mule Around the World" CD
I will assume he left off the "and His One Man Band" from this one since there are some other musicians contributing, but this CD is mostly the stuff of a one man band with SCHOOLEY playing the majority of the instruments. SCHOOLEY has been doing his one man band thing for a long time, starting before he played with the REVELATORS and outlasting that band, as well as his follow up band the HARD FEELINGS. It even survived his move from Mississippi to Texas. This is stomping hillbilly music that sounds pretty authentic for a garage rocker. It has a great sound. SCHOOLEY is kicking it up and laying it down. This is really nice. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm)

SECTA SUICIDA – "Vencido" EP
Think ESKORBUTO, PELIGRO SOCIAL, or LOS MONJO and you will get an idea of where this band is pulling influences from. This Colombian band has more of a punk'n'roll approach and the vocalist sounds just like the aforementioned bands. Played well and not too overproduced, which saves it for me. (MS)
(Discos MMM)

SERIAL KILLERS – "Roadside Rendezvous" CD
I knew nothing of this band and from the shitty artwork, I thought it was some horrible modern splatter-punk band from the shitty artwork. I found out that they are late '80s Philly legends from the lengthy un-politically correct and badly in need of editing CD booklet. Stoner kids into gory horror flicks and wrestling, not unlike BOOM AND THE LEGION OF DOOM but not that good and featuring the crunching guitar of Tim Omen from my local faves CONDEMNED TO DEATH and a member of RUIN. The songs are offensive, gore-filled, and poppier than you'd think. Some tracks are a little tired and the vocals are pretty flat but there are moments of brilliance. Mostly you know these guys would put on an amazing live show leaving you covered in pus, jizz, and gore. Hide from your mom. (RO)
(Reptillian)

SETE STAR SEPT – "Messenger From the Darkness" LP
There's a new rule here at *MRR*: You can't say "It's just not my thing" in a review. You just shouldn't. The music sent to *MRR* is meant for

those whose "thing" it is. And not meant for solely *me*, like it's a gift, or something! So, that being said, I'm not sure if you're familiar with SETE STAR SEPT, but the last thing they are looking to be is "your thing." If Side A of *Messenger From The Darkness* is a cacophonous frenzy of traffic noise and arctic barges crushing into each other, Side B (a single song "Contract With The Devil") is a rhythmic haunted arcade from hell. It is a complete aural disruption dancing around in '80s tones and sonic washes of jazz-like distortion. Side B is ironically the cooler of tones summarizing Side A's scorching chaos. I was fortunate to catch SETE STAR SEPT at Chaos in Tejas 2013. I stood mere feet from the bass guitar/drum duo as they pulverized the room. It was magnificent, and one of the best sets of the weekend. This record is above and beyond my comprehension and is definitely my "thing." Past, present, future is tapped into this record. Consider it The End of musical honor, [read] horror, and more horrendous horror. You can't handle this LP, because it already happened. Try as we might to connect with this vinyl, c'est la vie…Awesome cover art by Ed Mirrork. (JR)
(Mass Deadening)

SHEER MAG – "What You Want" EP

How to write about a record that is indefinably great, that sounds like *good* classic rock, but is also scrappy and real like a basement punk band?! Everything thing I put down makes SHEER MAG sound like my total nightmare band, when in fact I have been unable to stop listening to this 45 since I got it. It's low down, mean and eternal, sounding somewhere between RED KROSS, BIG STAR, and the NEW YORK DOLLS?! Or listening to *Supersnazz* played by the best pub rock band in the world, with total THIN LIZZY guitar solos, but it's raw and punk, not bad *rawk* boredom. Street smart, wild, desperate and assured…what a voice! I keep thinking this is a power pop record, but not power pop in that vile *Power Pearls* wimpy milk shit manner, it's tough city street stomp: "All I do is sit and cry / Living in the city and I don't know why." Capturing the dirty summer in the city feeling, couldn't be anywhere but here / gotta leave right now or I'm gonna lose it. "Hard Loving" and "What You Want" are the scene-stealers for me. Low fidelity end of the summer sounds for troublemakers and broken hearts everywhere. Gimme more. (LG)
(Wilsuns)

SICK THOUGHTS – "Coming Over" EP

Coming Over is the latest in a seemingly endless string of homemade, fucked-up, bad attitude punk shits, all courtesy of some American teen puke. It's clear that the tunes here are considerably cooler than earlier efforts, trading a smidge of REATARDS worship (still very present) for something that moves beyond a pure ape-job. "Remember" is my fave SICK THOUGHTS moment thus far, coating a mid-tempo, classic punk sound in completely past-it slob vocals. I played it over and over and over again. Anyway, he's getting better (or more depraved) rapidly and I look forward to hearing a SICK THOUGHTS record that ruins my life. Only a matter of time, it seems. (MC)
(Going Underground)

SILENT SCREAM – "Public Execution" LP

Upon first listen I expected this to be some aggressive and cold proto-industrial deathrock with a nod to KILLING JOKE but there is so much more here. Commanding drum-heavy industrial is mixed with energetic post-punk and some—dare I say—pop-ish jams, while the vocals switch from a yowling goth croon to direct and confrontational à la William Bennett. SILENT SCREAM takes so many unexpected turns that show the versatility of their taste and talent, which is so *on point*. These are directions I feel like this genre should be taking. I know this is a reissue of a semi-recent release, but Scandinavia is killing it lately in the spooky punx dept—keep it coming. (AP)
(Nunchaku Punk, no info / Pain Of Mind)

SIN 34 – "Do You Feel Safe?" CD

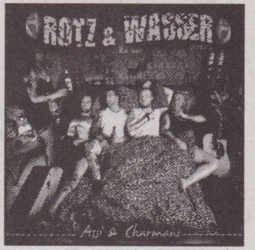
Yes! This is the reissue of the sole LP by one of the first (the first?) Southern California hardcore bands to be fronted by a woman—and a raging teenage punk girl at that. Formed in Santa Monica 1981, rumor has it that Julie Lanfeld stole most of a drum kit for Dave Markey (of *We Got Power* fanzine) after her he told her he wanted to start a band. He learned to play without a kick pedal or snare, using a metal lampshade as a cymbal and literally kicking the bass drum when he wanted to use it. By the time they entered the studio to record this LP, he had upgraded to a "proper" kit, but the songs retained their somewhat desperate quality—these kids loved NECROS and DEVO equally (even covering the latter), saw and played with and absorbed the sounds of their co-conspirators TSOL and BLACK FLAG. Like all truly great bands, everyone here learned to play their instruments for this group—it's not inept, but rather, chaotic. This is straightforward hardcore, but they are songs written via osmosis and immersion, rather than careful study, identifiable conventions twisted and warped as a result. They are funny and pissed off in equal measure, vocals switching from deadpan to aggressive in a second, sixteen years old and absolutely furious.

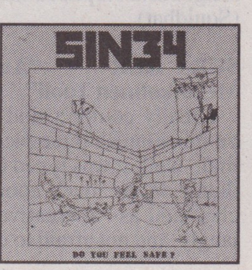
I'm currently reading a book by Joe Carducci about Naomi Petersen, the staff photographer for SST and one of the lone women in the hyper-masculine orbit of Black Flag. It was a gift, and the inscription describes it as "Carducci's hesitant capitulation to feminism, a typical man-apology." A lot of things about the text are infuriating but it's also one of the only documents of the role women played in what was both one of the most macho and most influential punk scenes in history. The importance of women like Naomi and Julie cannot be understated and their histories have largely been erased. Tobi Vail contributes liner notes to this reissue, reclaiming Julie and the other women like her for the history of USHC and the global punk and wider cultural movements it influenced. They are required reading. An excerpt: "[This record] is irrefutable proof that teenage girls actively participated in the creation of American hardcore...Briefly, so the story goes, after women helped invent punk/new wave in the '70s we were pushed to the sidelines in the '80s when the music and dancing got too aggressive and "hardcore," i.e. too masculine for us to hack. Then, in the early '90s Riot Grrrl supposedly came along to rescue girls from male oppression and we have ruled the pit ever since: Bullshit. Girls were there the whole time. We just didn't have the visibility or respect we got later on. We fought to be taken seriously and we won. We all deserve credit for this cultural shift but the women involved in '80s hardcore punk especially need to be recognized for their contribution to the evolution of culture. This history does not deserve to be obscure."

Hopefully it won't be any longer. Released on CD (with three unreleased tracks) for the first time ever, and back in print on LP (with the original tracklisting) for the first time in many decades, it also includes commentary from Dave Markey and Thurston Moore (whose contribution is mercifully so short I almost missed it). I'm thrilled that this record will be recirculating in the world. (GA)
(Sinister Torch)

SLUTS – "12" of Sluts" LP

Reissue of the lone release from these New Orleans punk degenerates, notable for the fact that their singer was an also-ran for the BLACK FLAG gig that ultimately went to HENRY ROLLINS. Originally released in 1982, *12" Of Sluts* offers up a slew of mightily scuzzed, primordial hardcore punk, the type of shit that would please any devotee of the time period and genre on a pure, gut-punch level. They lose me with their lyrics though, with nearly every tune being moronically offensive-by-design. Stuff like "Nuke The Whales" is all well and good/bad, but a few moments move far below acceptable levels of assholery. Things hit a very ugly bottom with the cringe-





inducing "Poor Blacks," a tune cited in these pages way back when as a deal-breaker. Can't say I disagree. (MC)
(Jeth-Row)

SONIC DAZE – "First Coming" CD
Saturday morning cartoon characters in a psychedelic frenzy! SONIC DAZE play a garage rockin' take on the RAMONES—imagine the BANANA SPLITS playin' the DICKIES. Super catchy, relentless high-production, power poppin' garage for now people; I need some raw sewage sounds after sitting through this sucker. (LG)
(self-released)

ST. DAD – LP
You should never judge a book by its cover. But what about a record? When I first laid eyes upon this record I was less than thrilled. The cover is a construction paper collage of dolphins jumping in the ocean and a sun with sunglasses, and the back cover has one of most pixilated photos I've seen in a while. I thought I was in for some kind of pizza loving, hate my town/love my friends pop-punk misadventure, but then I put the record on. ST. DAD plays a unique brand of fuzzed-out freak punk that reminds me a lot of OKIE DOKIE. The vocals have the mutant-in-your-closet tone of NUKE CULT / BETA BOYS and the music is straightforward RAMONES style, just a lot more blown-out. Shame on me for thinking I could easily blow this record off because of its cover art. (KC)
(160H / Moon Machination / Vinyl Rites)

STRAIGHT ARROWS – "Rising" LP
On their sophomore LP, Straight Arrows build on the energy and abandon heard on their early releases, resulting in a record that sounds infinitely more focused than prior efforts, but still retains much of the reckless, fuzzy fun that won folks over in the first place. There's just a lot more purpose in the songs and their performance this go-around. With acid-infected garage punk being such a big deal in recent years, Straight Arrows oughta turn a lot more heads over here than they have. I suspect this is the record that will do it. (MC)
(HoZac)

SURROUNDED BY THIEVES – LP
Melodic punk with a huge influence from the '90s Epitaph catalogue. Namely, seems to ask "what would the OFFSPRING sound like if they stayed with the sound they had on the *Bagdad* EP?" Fast, catchy guitar parts and all, but I could really do without the shouty, repeated choruses and generic-as-hell vocals. I think half of this band is confused whether or not they want to be a speedy power metal band or get on the Warped Tour, or *both*?! Confusing and bland right when you get into the third song. Sorta surprised they're from DC. (JD)
(Squidhat)

SUR RUR – "Aurinko Ei Mahdu/ Melankolinen Tuoli"
I really couldn't find too much information on this Finnish three piece, and what little I did find...well, it was typed by Finnish fingers, so it didn't do me much good. This could easily be classified as "alternative". Slightly discordant, jangly, and not afraid to use a lot of open chords. The singer does a great job of adding a really good melody to songs that otherwise would seem a little too simple, and his voice is really cool. I liked this shit! I bet one of these guys has a KELLAA KESTAA tattoo. Apparently these guys have been around since 1996 and have a slew of records out. I want to hear them. (DZ)
(Roku)

SVART STÄDHJÄLP – LP
Less eclectic than their last record would have had me think. This time around, you mostly get MINOR THREAT meets UNIFORM CHOICE high-energy hardcore, with some slower moments and a spattering of other things here and there, including some HÜSKER DÜ riffing. The musical aesthetic is nice and raw, but with sixteen songs and almost no hooks, it's passable background music at best. Check out their other records instead. (DG)
(Halvfigur / Punks Only)

SYNTHETIC ID – "Escapement" EP
New gear from SF's finest bald post-punk mods since YOUNG OFFENDERS broke up. They've come back even artier than before, playing with repetition and rhythm but with Nic's usual desperate, dystopian vocals. Stop-start splinters of guitar give way to brash RONDOS-style polemics; a slow song might mysteriously speed up. Then, they wrap the whole thing up with some fast, melodic indie rock. All over the place, in a good way. (AM)
(Crime on the Moon)

SYNTHETIC ID – "Escapement" EP
Bands can fail or succeed for a crazy number of reasons. For many, SYNTHETIC ID were (and I guess still are) exactly what they want to hear. They pull all of the moves of what we here in America at least consider classic post-punk. The drums are wound up real tight, with barely any toms or cymbals, the (guitar) chords are all angular and staccato, the vocals kind of barky in an understated sort of way. To me, they were billed as the second coming of post-punk Jesus Christ before I could even hear the demo, and then every single one of their records has been pretty boring, especially the LP on 1-2-3-4 Go! This new 7" initially seems like it's going to break no new ground, with two songs that could have been on said previous full-length. However, the B-Side deviates (and alleviates) to some degree. "At An Impasse" has a bouncy pogo punk verse, which normally I couldn't give two shits about, but in this context, it's fun and welcome. The final track is my favorite, almost veering into ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN territory, at least in terms of some of the guitar tone and playing. I still wish the rhythm section would change it up every once in a while (loosening makes the tightness tighter, release makes constriction bite more). (LP)
(Crime on the Moon)

TIISTAIN KYYNEL – "Sosiaalista Kohinaa" EP
The layout on this record has a little bit of a *Cometbus* feel to it but that's where those comparisons end. TIISTAIN KYYNEL plays poppy melodic punk with good harmonies and hooks, hooks, hooks. Their second song, "Kaikki Vituttaa," is definitely the hit—they slow down the pace a little and blast out a solid, driving song with the best guitar hooks of the entire record. Most of the songs have a bit of a wistful '90s feel about them...back when pop-punk wasn't a bad word. If you like solid melodic punk with an ear for melody, you'll wanna get your hands on this. (GH)
(self-released)

T.I.T.S – "I Told You I Was Sick/Kashmere Trap"
The Parisian label Polly Maggoo resurrects to bring us this amazing 7" from T.I.T.S. The band is also from Paris and features ex and current members of the FATALS, CATHOLIC SPRAY and the FEELING OF LOVE. This is a trashy, sludgy, noisy mess. It is demented surf-y garage music with a singer who is letting it all out. T.I.T.S brings to mind the CRAMPS, PUSSY GALORE and MONOSHOCK, but with a newer style. This is great. (CK)
(Polly Maggoo)

TOTAL ABUSE – "Looking For Love" EP
This three song taster is an amazingly mature (hmmm, wrong word?) record from the unapologetically sex obsessed Austin, Texas punks TOTAL ABUSE. The A-Side title track gets my vote for best of the bunch and maybe best I've heard from the group, an obvious BRAINBOMBS inspired jam that is right up there with anything on *Fucking Mess* or *Obey*. The next two numbers are more in line with previous releases, channeling unfiltered (sexual) frustration into a mess of chaotic and sublime bursts. The production is decidedly dull but lends itself to their overall sound. This thing is fucking brilliant, their best material to date. (RM)
(Deranged)

UGLY BONES – "Wrong Goods" CD
Despite coming in for review this month, this CD is almost a year old, and is not this band's most current release. The cover of this CD is a cartoon breast squirting milk onto the eye and face of someone an inch away. Has any record with this kind of artwork ever been good? Generic, well-recorded scummy bar hardcore with irate vocals, the bass too high in the mix, and nothing memorable. Thankfully, every component of this CD is recyclable. (DG)
(self-released)

UV GLAZE – "Environment" EP
Off-kilter, rhythmic, kinda noise-rock with some sharp riffs reminiscent of a variety of SST type bands (maybe even like that one band with the bars logo everyone's cuckoo about). Vocally, it's a *lot* like David Yow and Shannon from COWS. The riffs are really solid—nothing too fancy or overblown, along with some neat wah-wah and bass-breaks (especially on the last tune "New Taste"). UV GLAZE also reminds me a little of METZ and PISSED JEANS but but I think they're are bit more er, wobbly and often faster than both. Very worth your time.(JD)
(Bachelor)

VENKMAN / HORSE & DEER - split EP
Bay Area's VENKMAN blast through seven tracks of irreverent Y2K thrash meets grind/ powerviolence. There's plenty of horsing around between songs, but the meat of these jams is pure power. HORSE & DEER take shredding to new heights on their side of the split, Japanese fastcore with healthy doses

of weird (I'm talking SENSELESS APOCALYPSE, FUTURES…the shit that just makes your head spin) executed with precision. (WN)
(Cow Catcher)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA – "O.T.E.P" EP
I can't recall seeing a new release from these Finnish hardcore vets in a while, and I'm glad to see them back. These guys don't share the sort of typical Finnish love of chaos or quirkiness that usually define the bands in that scene, trading instead in meaty straightforward hardcore that joins straightedge hardcore style breakdowns to driving D-beat. I think their split with NAILBITER is still their finest moment, but this is a solid record that's definitely worth a listen. (AU)
(Roku)

VOWELS – "Blxckxxt" EP
There's more than one VOWELS, but this is the one from Germany. It's hardcore that's dark, blast-beat heavy, and has a lot of dissonant guitar work and snap tempo (and direction) changes that are executed without sounding herky-jerky. I vaguely hear RORSCHACH, AMEBIX, early powerviolence, and more modern bands like WALLS in their sound, with Dwid-like vocals that are buried in the mix. I like it, and the cover of the BIG BOYS' "No" both fits VOWELS' sound and does the original relative justice. (DG)
(Refuse)

WEAKS – CD
This is the first project to emerge with members of the now sadly defunct LASTLY, and while the material is quite different from LASTLY's 100% noize crasher crust, the same dedication to quality is definitely apparent. WEAKS are a much more "traditional" hardcore band, lead by the charismatic growling vocals and clean riffing. The drumming is definitely a secret weapon, as Yosuke hits hard and fast, driving the songs along with ferocious fills (the drum break in "Value" is so frenetic I actually stopped typing and looked around the room when it happened!). There's an occasional rock edge that creeps into a lick or two, but mostly this is straight up speedy hardcore, four songs in eight minutes that will definitely leave you wanting more. (AU)
(Dowse)

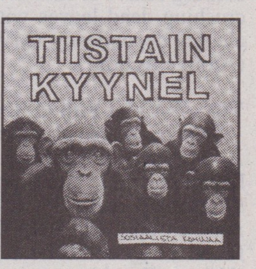
WHATEVER BRAINS – "SSR-63" & "SSR-64" 12"s
The newest offering from Sorry State is two 12" EPs packaged together as a 2xLP. *SSR-63* is a single track, "//////", spread across both sides, a concept record recounting the story of a family who lived in total isolation as Christian shut-ins in Siberia for several decades. Bear with me here. The music somehow seamlessly traverses genres—Factory Records releases of all kinds, country twang, straightforward punk, SIEKIERA-tinged synthwave. The range is admirable, but the transitions are the key to its brilliance—what could have easily felt schizophrenic is instead associative. This is iconoclastic, impenetrable, and cinematic; a record that demands your full attention. The second 12", *SSR-64*, offers four songs which expand upon the various genres explored on the previous slab—almost pop music (coming closest on "UVOD") but not quite, shades of the FAINT and—dare I say it?–NINE INCH NAILS. These records sound and look great—it's obvious that the band was deeply invested in the highest quality recording and they're housed in silk-screened recycled jackets. Expand your tiny mind, punker, set aside a few hours, take some pills, and lay facedown between your stereo speakers with this turned up high—I think you'll find it worth it. (GA)
(Sorry State)

WHAT TYRANTS – "Hanging Out In Havana/Far Out"
This is the first release for this trio out of Minneapolis. They play fuzzed-out garage rock with raw, desperate vocals. Side A bounces along on a surf-inspired lick, like a skuzzier SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET, while "Far Out" betrays more of a pop influence. Both tracks are a decent introduction to the band. Good stuff. (AM)
(self-released)

X – "Aspirations" LP
Recorded in 1979, utilizing just a few hours of remnant studio time, X forever scarred the tough-as-all-hell history of Aussie rock'n'roll with *Aspirations*. Boasting ROSE TATTOO's Ian Rilen and the roaring, he-man punk legend Steve Lucas up front, the LP begins with the classic pummeling of "Suck Suck" and only gets more severe from there. "Good On Ya Baby" out-struts a band like THE SAINTS, no easy feat. "Batman" is steroid-bolstered art punk that has rarely, if ever, been equalled. "I Don't Wanna Go Out" is completely past-it and genius. Fourteen vicious, out-for-blood punk tunes, all of which are steeped in some supremely heavy, dark and daring shit. It's a legit classic and one of the best punk rock albums ever made. Should any doubt linger in your mind, or if for some reason you have no clue what the fuck this LP is, there's not a single record in these pages more deserving of your immediate attention. (MC)
(Ugly Pop)

X – "Spurts: The 1977 Recordings" LP
This is Australia, not LA, okay? A few years ago, Aztec Music dug up X's four-track recordings from a 1977 session in a Sydney living room, baked the tapes, and released a CD of the songs, thought to be the only surviving document of the band's original four-piece line-up. The band's woulda-coulda-shoulda been first record finally finds its way into the world on vinyl courtesy of Ugly Pop. This is desperate rock'n'roll, which shouldn't be seen as a precursor to the great *Aspirations* (only one song, "Revolution" appears on both records), but rather a document of almost a different band entirely, one that captures the electricity of a band that is greater than the sum of its unhinged parts (as all great rock'n'roll groups are). The X of *Spurts* complements their Aussie peers in RADIO BIRDMAN and the SAINTS, more propulsive and straightforward than the LPs that would follow these recordings. The rudimentary, insistent drumming on the great "Slash Your Wrists," what may be the definitive version of "Degenerate Boy," and a belligerent take on DEL SHANNON's perma-classic "Runaway" are highlights. Yes, it sounds like it was recorded in a living room, totally and appropriately in the red; yes, this is a *rock* record, not a *punk rock* one; yes, you need it. Accompanied by extensive liner notes, pick this up and grab the reissue of *Aspirations* at the same time. (GA)
(Ugly Pop)

V/A – "Absolutes: New England Hardcore Compilation" EP
I think the cover of this record is from a RIVAL MOB gig, which, I mean, makes sense. "Hey, we got all the tracks for this comp ready. What do you think the cover should be? Maybe some tattoo art? A nice piece of flash possibly?" "Naw man, RIVAL MOB." "But they're not even on the comp." "Some of the members are in bands on the comp, though." Choosing the most recognizable band from your area to be on the cover is like having Guy Fieri hand you Taco Bell. Comps are tricky records to review. Much like a scene, the sampling of music is large enough to where you probably won't like everything and this is definitely true with this piece of wax. The standouts are WOLF WHISTLE and STRAIGHT RAZOR. The WOLF WHISTLE track is plodding and dark and, like the best hardcore tracks, it doesn't stick around too long. It gives you a taste of mean and then it ends. It left me wanting more and now I'm excited to listen to a full record. STRAIGHT RAZOR is members of RIVAL MOB and has the same high-pitched yelling that blows records off shelves nationwide. Replete with dive-bomb guitars and



driving mid-tempo rhythms, every pimply-faced kid that hears this is going to instantly put shoe marks on the walls. The track picks up at the end, in the same way that "Demonstrating My Style" does, and it adds a sense of urgency that nicely ties it up. TEST OF TIME is amazingcore—I didn't know that was still a thing in 2014. Arpeggiated guitar riffs and vaguely emotional/sensitive lyrics that remind me of New England's mid-2000's heroes HAVE HEART. Keep doing what you're doing, guys, and you might be able to get some sick zip-up hoodie merch à la Bane. The most interesting track on this record is the HOLY HANDS hit "Will Resist." Straight-up pop-punk with flurries of DINOSAUR JR., it feels a bit out of place here. I feel like having a pop-punk band is now a requirement for any hardcore dudes who want respect in the broader (non-DIY) hardcore community. This also works the other way around, which is the only reason I can think of that HOLY HANDS is on this comp. Or somebody owed them a favor. They remind me of kids in high school who wrote poetry about being misunderstood. No judgment though, I bet they have some *very* good-looking fans. For fans of: Thanksgiving dinner, crushing dead leaves with your feet, life long alcohol dependency. (MW)
(Atomic Action!)

V/A – "A Fist Full of Singles" EP

Four bands that play atrocious bar punk'n'roll. As I listen to this record, I develop thoughts of being trapped in a pop-up carnie funhouse. The songs play really loud, I'm scared and there is no escape! Oh fuck! Oh—record ends. I've found a way out. Whoa! (MS)
(Volume Bomb)

V/A – "Algo Salvaje: Untamed '60s Beat and Garage Nuggets From Spain Vol. 1" CD

As the title says this is something wild. An amazing collection of obscure Spanish garage tunes from the '60s. Twenty-eight tracks and each is as cool as the next. The CD booklet has some great pictures with a very informative description of each band and their track. Some of the bands included are los BRINCOS, the FOUR WINDS AND DITO, los PEPES, MIKE AND THE RUNAWAYS, MICKY Y LOS TONYS, los POLARES, los BUITRES, los BOTINES and los ROCKEROS. There are really only a few things you need to know when it comes to compilations of hard-to-find music from decades past: Are the songs good? Yes. How does it sound? Fantastic. Is the packaging nice? Extremely. Should I add this to my collection? Definitely. If you like garage rock you need this compilation. (CK)
(Munster)

V/A – "Atlanta: Inside Out" CD

This is, uh, this is pretty fucking good. Believe me, I am as shocked as you are. A CD compilation of bands from Atlanta, and the first track is called "Jamtasm," and I *still* really liked it! My only complaint is that, for the most part, the tracks don't really vary too much in sound. If you told me that this was all one band, I would totally believe it. Mostly spastic wingnut shit that isn't afraid to cross over into WTF? territory and still manages to be completely listenable, even catchy. There are obviously a few skippers, but I'm really glad I got this. I'm going to play the shit out of this and make some soup! (DZ)
(No Breaks)

V/A – "Construito Nella Tuscia" LP

You know what? I like compilations. Sure, few of them are great, and sure, a lot of them are pretty bad, but there is something to be said for a bunch of people from, say, Tuscia, in Northern Lazio of the Viterbo province in Italy, coming together to showcase their diverse scene in the form of a record. It's not an easy thing to do—consistent mastering, compiling band info, a full color cover of ancient Etruscans with hardcore tattoos, gathering non-pixelated pics of dudes, arms crossed in front of stone walls, the lot—so I appreciate this, as it proves the power of DIY, and that some things are centered more around attitude and friendship than musical genres. The bands on this compilation will appeal to fans of skinhead Oi!, hardcore, metalcore, and grind, so if you like RIVOLTA, CRIMINAL DAMAGE, '00s metalcore or NASUM, you will find something in here for you. Very quickly: Side A offers stocky, melodic Oi! punk from ASSEDIO, spunky sing-along Oi! from RAZZAPPARTE (one of their songs reminds me of JOURNEY's "Any Way You Want It"), anthemic, rockin' Oi! with gravelly vocals in English by FAVL (nice solos, and the main riff on "Signo Viterbium II" is stuck in my head!), and ska-tinged punk rock à la GOGOL BORDELLO (even some MANU CHAO? Yikes!) from MALEDUCAZIONE ALCOLICA. Side B incudes straightahead, darkly melodic and epic Oi! hardcore from NOPROVE, raw and barebones hardcore à la IMPACT or WRETCHED from MALORE (my favorite band on this comp by far), heavy, sludgy, D-beat crust from "apocalyptic metalpunx" HOSTILITER (a split with HELLSTORM would sound great!), straight up metalcore with both ripped/growling and clear/melodic vocals from HOPES ARE BURNING (did you ever like EVERGREEN TERRACE?), and blastbeating grindcore from NEID (with piccolo snare galore!) Comes with a CD version inside. Thanks Tuscia Clan! (LA)
(Hellnation / Rebound Action / Tuscia Clan)

V/A – "Everyone's Dead Before They Leave: A Tribute to the Cherubs" CD

This is a tribute compilation to the noise rock band the CHERUBS. In case you're unfamiliar, they hailed from Austin, Texas and played a *Bleach*-era NIRVANA/BUTTHOLE SURFERS/FLIPPER style of music from the early to mid '90s. If you're going to cover a noise rock band's song, I imagine you have two options: 1) Play the song noisier than the original and 2) Play it in a different, almost unrecognizable style. This comp covers both of those. With twenty bands, this is a lot of CHERUBS worship. If you're a fan of the band, it's worth a listen. If you're not, this probably isn't for you. (KC)
(Unfortunate Miracle)

V/A – "Intense Energy" EP

This is a bonus 7" comp included with *Not Like You* Vol. 2, a zine reviewed in this issue. It features tracks from: HUGE, LOUD ONES, STALE PHISH, 97A, and COUNTERATTACK! I was hoping for more hardcore or AGRESSION worship due to the name. All of the songs are about skating but half of it has a kind of overproduced dinosaur punk sound to it, while the other half is a split between trashy grind and backyard high school style punk. The best track on this comp comes from the band with the worst name: STALE PHISH. It's JFA worship but it sounds like the singer has a bad head cold. If you skated in the '80s maybe you'll like this. (KC)
(Not Like You)

V/A – "Pea Brain Presents the ADHD EP" EP

I can't decide if this release is utterly brilliant or utterly rubbish. It walks a fine line. It's a goddamn 2" record. Not a single record player at the *MRR* compound could play it. Not a single record player at my house (which also happens to be a record store full of record players) could play it. Thankfully the zine that came with (check out the zine reviews section for more about that) had a download code so I could actually listen to the music. I'm not going to lie, I was expecting some cheeky noise-not-music EEL type swindle with this release, but instead I was treated to a fucking *six band* comp. Featuring BLACK ANCHOR, JOYTHIEF, CHEMICAL THREAT, the SHORTS, SHOOTING FISH and BABY JUGGLERS, this release has each band doing ten second blasts of hardcore punk, ranging from melodic hardcore to grindcore to fastcore to [insert]core—the point is that the music on this comp is *great*. The record is pretty much novel, but so is the zine. And is there anything wrong with any of that, really? If you want a ridiculous record that is impossible to file, that comes with a tiny, fun zine and a download code for one minute of music I'd recommend this release. Hell, I recommend it even if you don't want that. Punk is ridiculous and so is this release. Three cheers for both! (FU)
(Pea Brain Zine)

V/A – "Red Scare Industries: 10 Years of Your Dumb Bullshit" CD

If you're looking for consistency, quality and sheer class, hands down Red Scare is the greatest label the last decade has produced. And just to prove my point, here're seventeen of "their" bands laying it all out: the LILLINGTONS, the FALCON, MASKED INTRUDER, COBRA SKULLS, TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET, the METHADONES, and more. Lots more. But that should be enough to remind you that when it comes to the punk/pop/melodic slice of punk, there's nothing quite like Red Scare. I believe all the tracks herein are "exclusive." It's worth twice the price for the FALCON alone, and aforementioned class acts turn in what you'd expect (i.e. a cut above most), but the pleasant surprise for me was DIRECT HIT! Never heard of 'em before, but am delighted to make their acquaintance. Sixteen winners make this truly a greatest hits, from a truly fantastic label. (RK)
(Red Scare)

V/A – "They Came to Destroy the Carolinas" CD

As you might have gathered from the title, this is a compilation of bands from North and South Carolina. Okay, honestly, there's only one band from South Carolina. This comp mostly sticks to the small towns, like Lenoir, Hickory and Statesville and really feels like a good representation of the scene going on in those areas. The styles run the gamut from garage rock to metal to synth to nu metal to indie rock to all kinds of stuff in between. With all of these varied styles happening, the comp isn't too cohesive, but there are a lot of good (and bad) songs piled on this thing—eighteen in all. (GH)
(Dead Wax)

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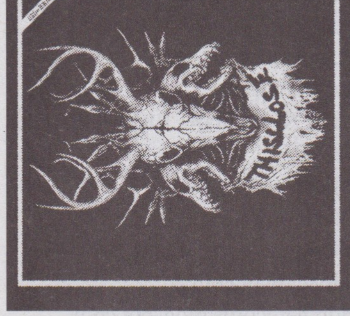

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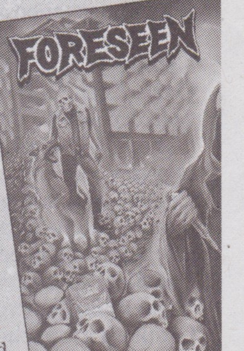

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DEMOS

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2084 – *Sign of the Cross* – Dear sweet holy ghost in mohawk hair, this is phenomenal. First impressions: you need this. This is like nothing I've ever heard, it is so cerebral and like the dark corners of an asylum, the bright dawn in Elysium, or a childlike psychological evaluation. All the best elements are here: romantic pace, rhythm, bass, darkness, smooth anguish, and mystical evil clergy vocals. Punk. I've seen 2084 a few times live. I've always really liked it, but it sounded so distant and detached. I'm immersed in an hourglass brain on this tape. Certain chords and riffs just destroy me, like halfway through "Dead Ghost." Gregorian horrors in the mausoleum, druid death in October for me right now, pretty sure they just said "tabernacle"… You are in for a treat kiddies, just in time for Halloween. Grab this tape before it disappears. (Jason) (4-song cassette, insanely kvlt, handwritten lyrics included, 2084.bandcamp.com)

ALLERGY – Some of the latest noise punk from Gainesville, ALLERGY plays more in the bouncy bass line with 1-2 drumming style than the crasher crust or raw D-beat leanings of say MAUSER or ECTOPLASM. Personally, while I generally enjoy all of the Gainesville affiliated noise bands, ALLERGY might be my favorite so far (though I still need to get my hands on the PROCESS LP). A perfectly stripped down recording really suits these songs and the guitar's perpetual feedback wanking, which came out so well on this tape, would be a perfectly good way to ruin my eardrums live. Fucking love the bass riffs and vocals here, equal parts Kyushu and Sapporo, catchy and tough in good measure, but always rough and noisy as hell. Highly recommended. (Shit) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, allergygainesville.bandcamp.com)

ASPHYXIATE – When bands make time-stamped references in their song titles, it's not necessarily a bad thing. So with "Koch Brothers' Solution" and, simply, "Bill O'Reilly," ASPHYXIATE carry on a longstanding political HC/crust tradition. While every generation alive today has the right to write record after record about the omnipresent threat of nuclear destruction, sometimes it serves a purpose to write about other relevant topics, to let future generations better grasp the wider spectrum of shit that was stinking at the time of writing the songs—assuming we haven't been annihilated yet. Musically this is fast metallic crust, recalling STATE OF FEAR, and members of ASPHXIATE are also involved in past/present Chicago area crust bands including KRANG, SECURICOR and TERROR ALERT. (Shit) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, asphyxiatemetalpunx@yahoo.com)

CONSTANT INSULT – Lately, almost every time I hear a new DIY band from Minneapolis, I'm hooked within the first song and CONSTANT INSULT is no exception. They kinda bring on some of the same melodic punk feelings as FROZEN TEENS (being that one of those dudes is a songwriter in the band), but they also add another gender to the vocals. Both singers have an uncanny knack for super-catchy melodies, making every song on here a winner. Each song barrels along with quick sixteenth notes on the drums and solid bass lines. What I'm trying to say is that it's good. Get it. Members of ALAS ALAS, HARD FEELINGS and URANIUM CLUB. (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, timecrusader3000@hotmail.com)

DESPERFECTO – To say that this band sounds like they just picked up their instruments might sound like an insult, but in their favor it works. DESPERFECTO from Chile plays rudimentary punk that sounds rushed and nervous, but also fun, catchy and has a lot of heart. I loved the singer's voice. Mostly all ladies in this band 'cept for one guy. Half of the songs on this tape sound the same, which is fine since they're all great, but maybe that's because most of them are less than a minute long (Eght songs in six minutes!). Best played while getting ready for a show or during a caffeine high. (Vanessa) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, desperfecto.bandcamp.com, discultura@yahoo.com)

EWW YABOO – *Keep Dreamin'* – Opening licks are (accidentally?) lifted from the LIPS' *Hit to Death…* but that's a stroke in the "pro" column for this guy, so I keep listening. Chorused vocals are like some kinda glam rock and now I feel like I'm listening to SLADE or some early DEF LEP demos, which is pretty much two more strokes on the right side of wrong so I keep listening. Second song starts out pretty shitty and weak, and the cons start to make a run for it as the song continues its insipid saunter, some kind of weird surf pop-punk that sounds suitable for inclusion on an adult alt rock coffee shop comp (OK, the guitar feedback solo thing is "edgy" but seriously, this song is weak as shit). Third song is gonna be the tie breaker…will I keep jamming this tape or will I turn it off and listen to some punk instead? You're dying to know, right? Third song blows, a sorry ass attempt at mellow glam pop. *Full disclosure: Since there are eleven songs on this tape, I listened beyond the third track and there are several that are pretty fukkn good. When these monkeys are on point their band is very much to my liking—I could just do without the crooning. But after digesting the whole thing, my initial early '90s era FLAMING LIPS comparison feels pretty right on.* (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, ewwyaboo@gmail.com)

FACILITY MEN – FACILITY MEN fall somewhere between melodic punk and garage rock. They have a dude singing who sounds like he's played in hardcore bands before, so none of the songs ever fall too flat and they have a lot of energy. The guitar work is interesting, like it's pulling equal inspiration from both Greg Ginn and older surf bands, but not in a hokey way. My only complaint is that it could have some stronger hooks, but that's just how my brain works. Good shit. (Greg) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, facilitymen.blogspot.com)

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS – FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS from Oakland play five songs of straightforward ripping hardcore/borderline thrash on this first tape. This demo manages to capture the power of the band while attempting to show even a hint of the intensity of the vocals, which I can assure you is no easy task. Guitars and drums here are tight and well mixed, but the full effect is obviously best experienced live. For now, and especially for those outside the Bay area who can't make it to a gig any time soon, this will have to do. (Shit) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, firstworldproblemz.bandcamp.com)

FLYKILLS – *Ten Songs* – Another gem in the sea of shit that is the demo bin at *Maximum Rocknroll*. Anyone who is a fan of *KBD* comps would enjoy FLYKILLS from NY. Their sound is just straight-up punk, dumb at times, and the guitars have cool effects that aren't obnoxious or noodle-y. Their lead singer, Gustavo, has the voice of a mutant rat. I wonder how he gets it like that? I love the song "Annoying" and their drummer uses the high-hat a lot, which works for their sound. Judging by their Bandcamp, it looks like this band keeps releasing new stuff and I hope they don't stop. (Vanessa) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, flykills.bandcamp.com)

FRANKIE DELMANE – *White Terror in Black Verse* – This is some lo-fi folk/indie and power-pop that comes across pretty well. "You & Me" is a nice strummy power-popper not too far from say, JOHNATHAN RITCHMAN. JOHNNY THUNDERS (sans the truckloads of heroin) and TOMMY JAY. There's a pretty good proto-punk, glamoid number with "Don't All the Girls Get Prettier At Closing Time?" Plus, "Is Anybody Going to San Antone?" sure as hell sounds like NO BUNNY with a seriously discount production. In all, a nice mix of strummy 4-track recordings reminiscent from sounds ranging from the mid-70's to the mid-'00s. (Justin) (CD-R, lyrics not included, comes with *Trash* zine #23, also reviewed in this issue).

FRANKIE DELMANE – *Collected 2003-2014* – Here's another one from Frankie though this one's focused on his electric guitar songs and once again they're rather lo-fi sounding. Or as Mr. Delmane says: "field recordings for the dispossessed." A lotta these tunes are more of his '70s glam/proto-punk style. Although, this time it's somewhere around early ALICE COOPER and NY DOLLS, with a bit of a mid-paced, unpolished pop-punk feel. Frankie plays everything on this release, which is pretty rad. Hell, even when he comes off like an early-KISS song (see: "Never Let You Go") it's really good. The VELVET UNDERGROUND/JOHNATHAN RITCHMAN-y "Spiritual Spit" is another nice 'un. "The Questor Tapes" is KILLER sci-punk punk à la a stripped down version of CHROME. There are a few mild bummers but altogether this is great stuff if you're looking for more '70s inspired proto-punk rockers from the right now-era. (Justin) (CD-R, lyrics not included, comes with *Trash* zine #23, also reviewed in this issue).

GILLOOLY – Real talk, kids: Buffalo, New York

might just be where it's at right now. A band called GILLOOLY further cements that rust belt burgh as the go-to joint for bands that sound nothing like bands you've ever heard before and are good not despite that fact, but *because* of it. I'll call it MINUTEMEN meets late '80s Dischord for the sake of description, even though that probably cheapens GILLOOLY a touch because they are way more unique than I can convey in a few poorly constructed sentences. Grow a brain, punks, and listen to this band. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, More Power Tapes, PO Box 467, Buffalo, NY 14226, morepowertapes@gmail.com)

GLAMOUR GIRLS – Slick bar punk songs with a lo-fi garage/pop-punk production. It almost seems like they are going for a tongue in glam rock thing, but they are falling short if that's the case—just three chords and a bundle of attitude. Also, not girls, for whatever that's worth. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, More Power Tapes, PO Box 467, Buffalo, NY 14226, morepowertapes@gmail.com)

HOT LEAD – "The Will is Weak but the Flesh is Strong" What the fuck? This is barely music. Repetitive, blown out, guitar riffs are buried under layers of noise and feedback while some maniac growls *something* through the din. I'm pretty sure there are some drum beats in this mess of noise somewhere, but sometimes it's seriously hard to tell. As the tape rolls on, it turns into a mess of experimental noise weirdness and even a stab at a song that sounds similar to alternate-universe hip-hop. This is fucked and I love it. Too bad there's no contact info and I can't find anything about them on the internet. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, no contact info)

LOS MONJO – *Sencillos* – Hmmm, what do I have in my collection to compare this to? Well, nothing because I only own twelve records. This was my favorite demo that I got this month. LOS MONJO from Mexico mixes the classic punk sound with elements of newer hardcore stuff, minus the tough guy vocals. A lot of the songs on *Sencillos* don't sound the same, so it's almost like listening to a mixtape. My favorite tracks were "El Despertar de los Muertos" and "No Hay Salvacion." This is a keeper that I'd like to own on wax. Anyone who has at least one spike on their jacket, vest, or backpack should seek this and other releases by LOS MONJO out immediately! (Vanessa) (14-song cassette, lyrics not included, losmonjo@hotmail.com)

MURDER FOR GIRLS – This band seems more into rock and post-grunge than punk. One of the first comparisons I'm drawn to is a more subdued version of early HOLE. Lots of sung/spoken vocals and some super fuzzy guitars that sound like they're ready to get aggressive at any moment but never break through that threshold. It's got a few good melodies here and there but nothing that really keeps my attention. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics not included, murderforgirls.bandcamp.com)

THE MUTANT CADAVERS – *Undead at the Wheel* – Nice band name. If you're a troubled male who lives in a small town or the woods, worships GG, and loves dead things, the MUTANT CADAVERS might really appeal to you. Bar rock that leans towards the metal-y side, this is a live recording that's really low quality. Bad jokes about killing people are made on this tape. Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, they chop up the song "Freebird" and call it "Deadbird." Here's hoping this band stays in Delaware. (Vanessa) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, 213 Eisenhower Dr, Dover, DE 19901)

NAMATAY SA INGAY – Shit like this is the main reason I wanted to do demo reviews at *MRR*. Based in New York City, these Filipino punks have been around for about a year now but, in the swamp of hype generation and an oversaturated scene, there's a good probability that most bands just don't get to cut through to the surface world beyond their particular scene. In the swamp of the demos inbox, I can wade through and get my hands on something I would've likely never heard otherwise, but is absolutely killer no matter how many or how few people get exposed to it. NAMATAY SA INGAY play a style that for me recalls US street punk of the late '90s, but with way better songwriting. There's a strong sense of melody but without sacrificing power and a sense of urgency. The band mentions being influenced by '80s Filipino bands including BETRAYED, IOV, and they cover DEAD ENDS to close the tape. I know next to nothing about Filipino punk, but this is gonna push me in the right direction. In case you're on the fence, the band's name means "DEATH BY NOISE" in Filipino. (Shit) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, rotforeverstranger@gmail.com)

NO LOVE – Don't run away screaming, but some of NO LOVE's guitars hooks sound like they could've been written for *New Anthem for Tomorrow*-era SCREECHING WEASEL or PEGBOY. I think it's a good thing. Don't worry. The vocals are mostly sung by a woman and are snotty, melodic and defiant rather than sung by some shitty, whiny dude. Despite what I just said, this band is riding the line and falling more towards straight up punk than pop-punk. This is better and way more focused than their first tape. Besides the deal-breaker line, "Some cops are sweet", this tape is well worth tracking down. (Greg) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, sorrystaterecords.com)

PISS – With songs this fully formed and production this spot-on, it begs the question of what PISS will put out next to have it go beyond "demo" status (a 7" is apparently coming soon). Blown out hardcore from Berlin, these Deutschers utilize feedback and reverbed vocals in all the right places to achieve "noisy not noise." Side B is a near-eight-minute long, mid-paced banger with guitars wailing and what seems like must be a saxophone or something bleating to death. Side A, however, is just raging. I'm not sure what other bands are playing like this over in Germany, but at times it reminds me a lot of the recent RAZORHEADS tape. (Shit) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, wearepiss@gmail.com)

PRETTY BULLSHIT – *Creepy Crawlers* – This was pretty bad. Pop-punk mixed with bar rock. I turned it off after song 2, which is titled "I'm Pissed, Yo!" Then I listened again and the last song is a cover of the '80s ballad, "Because the Night," which is one of the worst songs ever made. (Vanessa) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, prettybullshit.bandcamp.com)

PSYCHOSOMATIC ITCH – When they get weird and psychedelic it's pretty cool, but most of the time it's just kinda boring, slick-sounding pop-punk. Maybe it's closer to commercial alt rock, but the kind of alt rock that you hear on the almost cool "edgy shit we can't really play on the radio but it's midnight on Tuesday so fukk it" segment on your local station and you actually think "man, that one's kinda cool," but I don't know if that's really an endorsement. I would like to state again that when they get weird and psychedelic, it's pretty cool. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, Shake Records, no contact info)

REAL BAD QUITTERS – Tepid "old school" punk that just sounds like something from the demo bin at *Epitaph*. Growling, almost guttural singing is paired with by-the-book predictable chord progressions to bring you another exercise in blandness. Basic. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics not included, realbadquitters@gmail.com)

SHITTY NIGHTS – *Rich Kid Jokes* – This tape is great from start to finish. SHITTY NIGHTS would fit really well on a bill with current NY band, SORROWS. Straightforward hardcore, female vocals that are strong and clear, and fast and catchy songs with a political nature. If you're looking for new hardcore bands and sounds, this will not disappoint. (Vanessa) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Let's Go Do Some Crimes Records, 119 Fuller SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506, shittynights1.bandcamp.com)

SHORT DAYS – *Oof!* That clean guitar getting pummeled with one chord to start the tape…*?!?!* So fukkn good man. So good that you just *know* that SHORT DAYS is gonna kill it. And they do. Melodic, feisty punk rock along the lines of OBSERVERS, catchy as anything and undeniably punk as shit. There's nothing fancy here, they just do it right. And by "it" I mean "everything." This shit is great. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, contactshortdays@gmail.com, passionplastic.com)

SILENT ORDER – What is wrong with society in Canada that makes the kids so angry? SILENT ORDER (from Ottawa via Halifax) are screaming noise punk that leans more towards NAPALM DEATH than DISORDER. An absolutely relentless assault that honestly smokes their previous efforts (which were really good). I'm at a loss here; this demo is a total steamroller, fukkn excellent. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, silentordernoise@gmail.com)

STINKWARD – *It Is A Manner and A Custom That You Ask My Permission Before You Enter My Personal Space* – Here's another cassette from the Brainsand tribe (see 2084 review). Absolutely fucking killer. Throat ripping rock and punk like Neanderthals arise in the age of escalators. Ominous overlaying of vocal tracks and bizarre repetitions of verses so intoxicating they poison your mind in only a few lines. Can I just sing "Ho-ly Wa-rrior" all day while I ride my bike around town? Because that's just what I want to do. At points, vocals remind me of everything from the FREEZE to DR. KNOW. The writing; SEPTIC DEATH to ANTI-CIMEX. Certain production points remind me of DISTRAUGHT *Brooklyn* EP. Raw, yes, but designed with meticulous strangeness. It is also mountain-heavy; so don't let that last comparison lead you off track. This tape is stylish in the way that ninjas are stylish. Good luck figuring either one out, if you can catch on at all. Chilling effort coming through on this tape. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, stinkward.bandcamp.com)

TERRORIST – *Righteous Albatross* – This tape contains elements of a lot of different subgenres, from sludge to D-beat to black metal and so on, and though there are parts here I could do without, on the whole I think it works pretty fluidly. It's not crossover at all, it's not simply blackened grind or some other combination of pretty specific terms. Maybe this is metalcore in its most pure form; safely dissociated from those who would choose to identify with that label. Apologies to TERRORIST, this tape is actually really good and runs the gamut of heavy music while keeping a foot firmly planted in the hardcore punk side of things. Put this on and get negative. (Shit) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, terroristfl.bandcamp.com)

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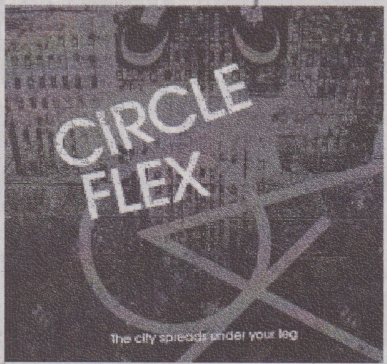

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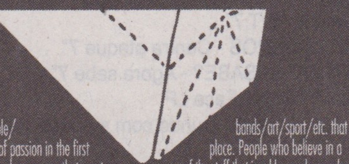
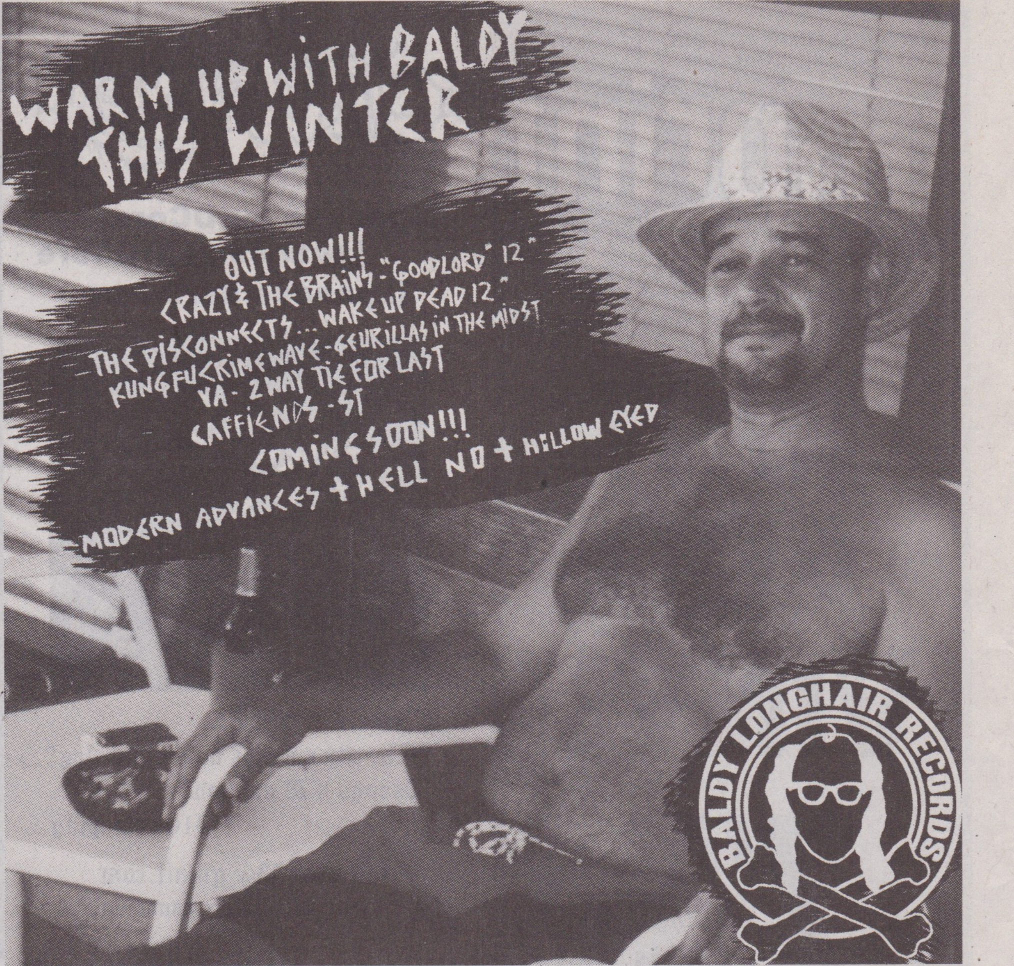


We like to meet people/bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"



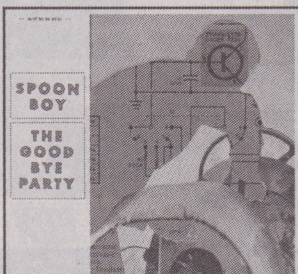
SILVER SPROCKET

BC

It's never too late to be what you might have been

SilverSprocket.net

Kyle Kinane tells a weird story about a skunk. **The Slow Death** do two songs originally by Richmond hero's ***The (Young) Pioneers***. First pressing of 330 on skunk piss yellow and 220 on black death, includes MP3 download. Split release with Rad Girlfriend Records.



Four power-pop-folk-punk jams recorded full band by humans like **David Combs** (The Max Levine Ensemble), **Michael Cantor** (The Ambulars) and **Mike Harping** (Good Luck, Harry And The Potters). First pressing of 500 on red vinyl with MP3 download.

Mitch Clem and **Nation of Amanda** are back with another action-packed installment of Turnstile Comix!

This time around, we follow indie rock super-stars **Lemuria** on a harrowing international tour.

Watch as they traverse the vast landscape of Russia, dodging roves of violent Nazis, crooked cops, mobster shakedowns, gunshots, a tropical storm, rabid dogs, and a substandard German pizza! It's an insane true story you have to read to believe.

PLUS, of course, we've got a 7" of brand new Lemuria tracks produced by none other than **Mark Ryan** himself (**The Marked Men**, **Radioactivity**, etc). Lemuria's earnest and off-center indie pop mixed with Mark's stripped-down garagey production makes for a truly wild and exciting batch of songs.

So here we go, everyone! Get ready to laugh and cry and dance and be sure to drink plenty of water, because your favorite cartoonists and your favorite band are here to make your life seem almost worth living for a precious litt

* We've also got brand new art stuff from **Liz Suburbia**, **Nation Of Amanda**, **Lindsay Watson** and **Lauren Monger**, and new re-pressed vinyl from **Larry And His Flask** and **Blackbird Raum**

ZINES

Send zines for review to: ***MRR, PO Box 46760, San Francisco, CA 94146.*** *Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with you zine: postpadi price, international price, if you take trades, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, and email address.*

Reviewers A-Z by initial:
(AG) Alison Gaye
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DV) Diana Vashti
(DZ) Ryamodee
(EC) E. Conner
(FU) Ray Martinez
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(JB) Julia Booz
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JM) Jeff Mason
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulos
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MP) Max Power
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(SF) Sami Fink
(VX) Vanessa Asswipe

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO! / $1 ppd US, $2 ppd world, trades OK / 16 pgs
Absolutely Zippo! documents Bay Area punk through flyers for shows during the Summer 2014. I have seen my round of shitty and really amazing flyer art. Fortunately, the Bay Area has some of the coolest punk artists making some of the coolest flyers I have seen. The zine is just what it sounds like, a collection of really well thought-out flyer art. It might not sound like a totally exciting idea, but you have to trust me on this. Every now and then I clean the shit out of my room and find a flyer for a show I went to and it will either bring terrible or really great memories. This zine is a job well done and although I am looking at flyers for shows that happened recently, I can guarantee that this will rule way more as time passes. Get it now, and open it back up a couple of years from now—you'll be glad you did. (OG)
PO Box 4985 / Berkeley, CA 94704

AFRAID OF THE BASEMENT Vol. 2 / $? / 44 pgs
In the deep cellar of Jersey's most remote darkness lurk the freaks writing this zine. Laying it out in stark black and white and probably smoking cloves, or something, they must ponder out loud. I imagine them waxing on the despair of Poe and watching B horror films while powdering their little faces. This is an attempt at localizing and making accessible the scene's potential. We could ask a question: Why isn't this on the internet? The answer might be: What is the internet? Except that's not true because they also have a tumblr and refer you to several YouTube videos of note. I will be watching. Thank you. (EC)
1705 Kings HWY / Apt 4 / Swedesboro, NJ 08085

ALL OUR DARK TOMORROWS / $? / 10 pgs
Anti-civ cut-and-paste word art of late cyberpunk author Fiada Fey. Cool concept that almost goes into a Jenny Holzer direction for all you kids into bad Ministry albums. (AP)
alecessefic@gmail.com

CHASING THE NIGHT #1 / $2 /44pgs
Nostalgia (and more specifically punk nostalgia) can take many different, often ugly, forms. There are many in the age range of those that put together this little zine that probably sit in dusty West Philly attics surrounded by records and dark beer lamenting the old days and turning their tattooed noses up at young punx and oogles, while questioning their continuing ties to the community that made them. These folks here, however, with their Arial font and quarter-sized zine, were like, "Even though we're now the department supervisor at the social justice non-profit we work for and are no longer young punx scamming copies from the office we're temping at, doesn't mean we can't fuck off at work and fill a zine with show reviews, beekeeping advice, and band-referencing harm reduction essays." You'll probably get more of the jokes if you're also in your thirties living in Portland, but the book reviews, especially the one of Viv Albertine's autobiography, are worth a buck or two. (AG)
PO BOX 1113 / Portland, OR, 97207

THE CO-DEPENDENT TREE AND OTHER CARTOONS AND COMICS / $5 / 16 pgs
More glossy, digitally printed comics from the guy who brought you the infamous *Hypnospiral Comics* (reviewed here too). Vaguely saucy gag strips! Some kind of offensive shit! Drawn okay! Printed badly! Check it out! (EC)
hypnospiralcomic.com / 1430 McKean St Apt. No 3 / Philadelphia, PA 19145

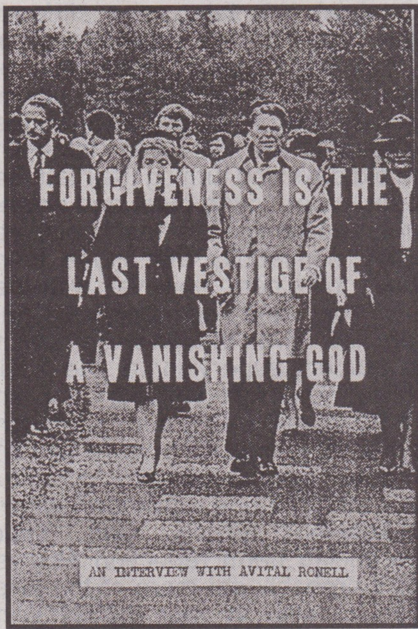
CRETINS OF DISTORTION Vol. 4 / $3 ppd, trades OK / 18 pgs
This is an awesome little zine filled with reviews and a few interviews. This issue covers more unknown Midwest bands in an attempt to get people to ignore the hype machine and find out about some real punk. The reviews are brief but super sincere and they give you enough of an idea of whether or not you wanna check out the band or not. There's an interview with the band Laughing Gas that is only a few questions long (New Blood style!). The interview with the Wrong is a bit more in-depth, with some really wacky answers. I appreciate the fact that this zine explores the smaller, more unknown bands and it definitely helped me find out about some sick bands I wouldn't have know about. It's all photocopied on neon paper, and the layout of it is punk cut'n'paste style. This is probably one of the coolest and

most authentic fanzines I've seen in a while. It came with some really cool looking punk trading cards, featuring bullets, spit, safety pins, studs, bugs and more. I don't know if there's a game that goes along with them, but I also didn't know how to actually play Pokémon and I still collected those. Major bonus points for talking shit about Zero Progress on the second page—I can get behind that. (KC)
2656 Dayton Ave. / Columbus, Ohio 43202 / emmyeatsbutts@gmail.com / notnormal.bigcartel.com

DOOMSDAY ZINE #1 / $2, trades OK / 18 pgs
Doomsday Zine #1 is full of art, comics and poetry. It includes a section about cool shit to check out in Philly and definitely has a really rad anti-police/anti-prison sentiment. One quick message to Wednesday and the other contributors to *Doomsday*—fix the fucking layout! Take pride in what you do and don't have stuff cut off, especially if you are selling it for hard-earned bucks. Political oogles and crusters will dig this zine! (MP)
c/o Wednesday / 4636 Woodland Avenue / Apt 2 Philadelphia, PA 19143 / wedneesdaydiy@gmail.com / resistrevoltreunite.tumblr.com

DOOMSDAY ZINE #2 / $2, trades OK / 14 pages
Doomsday Zine #2 is a lot of alienated, anti-society poetry. There is a ton of stuff inside about urban hellscapes, riding the rails, and fallen comrades. I dig that *Doomsday* is an outlet for frustration with society but it's haphazardly put together. I'd really like to see the creators work on a more cohesive and substantial zine. (MP)
c/o Wednesday / 4636 Woodland Avenue / Apt 2 / Philadelphia, PA 19143 / wedneesdaydiy@gmail.com / resistrevoltreunite.tumblr.com

FORGIVENESS IS THE LAST VESTIGE OF A VANISHING GOD #1 / PDF, free / 22 pgs
What a perfect and timely zine to float into my atmosphere. I am smack in the middle of a truly fucked up period of insomnia that has made me reconsider the very fiber of my "being"—the definition of my being if you will—and here is an interview with Avital Ronell on forgiveness. I did not know who this person is. They immediately cite Derrida as someone they work closely with to reach a true definition of forgiveness. Now, I am a powerbitch with an English degree who has no fewer than seven dictionaries in my house, and no hesitation to look up any word that I don't know. I also have two books *about* dictionaries. And while reading this zine, I was too enchanted to stop reading to look up the words I either hadn't actually ever seen or heard before, or didn't exactly need to look up. The context is so crystal clear that I passed right over the new words. I'll write them here, in order of appearance, because I love transparency: testamentary, paraconcept, certitudes, aporia, aporetic, egological, dyad, endorphinate, and inassimilable.
Because I can't even get all the way to cohesively synthesizing these concepts as they roll out of my brain, I'll enumerate, in no order, some topics and some of my reactions: "The German sorry," history is a history of trauma, words that don't exist in any other language/matriculation as a cause of globalization and language as cultural export, women over-apologize, who is qualified or authorized to give forgiveness, forgiving as superiority, spiritual obligation, Nietzsche's rhetoric of drugs, forgiveness eligibility, and, "I'm inventing a word right now: 'forgivemess'"...



Here's a tidbit: "So if forgiveness were to take place—and that place is in question—how could it take place? It would have to be, not by forgetting, not by all those splits we mentioned, but in the searing presence of the extreme harm that's being done at that very moment when you're being tortured, or screwed over, or really, really mangled. If you could forgive in the present of that moment, that might be forgiveness. But not afterwards, when things get hazy and repression sets in or the person splits off and says 'Gee, I was horrible to you, I was your torturer, but now I'm different'. Well, now if you're different, I want to talk to the one who did the damage to me."
Overshare time: I identify/qualify myself as a raped virgin, so I have been trying to heal since I was 18, and part of my "logical" conclusion about healing was that I had to forgive my rapist. So I did, around five years after it happened. It did feel good to have the heart-to-heart and, at the time at least, I believed that he was dreadfully sorry. But what good does his shame and guilt do me? Not much. I've been feeling worthless since it happened. Like, deeply worthless. As in clinically depressed and self-medicating with alcohol and sluttery. There was one day when I fucked three people in a 24-hour period. Not ashamed, by the way, just interested in what exactly I was trying to get out of it because it *certainly was not an orgasm, that's for fucking sure*. Pun always intended. So here I am, ragefull, incredulous, and ecstatic that this little guidebook just illuminated my entire fucking life. (Pun intended again...final warning!) If I can't come from penetration, I can come from intellectual stimulation. I can't recommend this enough, to anybody with a brain, or a heart. If you, dear reader, are turned off by wordy shit then I forgive you. (JB)
researchdestroy.com

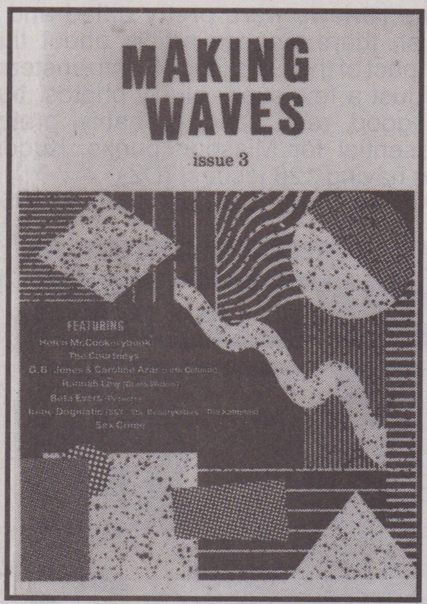
HYPNOSPIRAL COMICS No. 2 / $3.50 / 24 pgs
Fanzines were basically invented by nerds. Hopeless, lonely people looking to find other freaks obsessed with Star Trek or collecting Troll dolls. It's comforting to remember this on certain occasions. I don't know what happened that launched them into the territory of confessionals or the annals of self-mythology, or useless unsolicited advice that they now mostly are. I'm not sure of the trajectory of various appropriations of the medium and to be honest I don't care. There is some idea that's prevalent now and has been for a while, that zines have a *culture* or even a *scene*. These are things that don't matter to me because I don't want to have anything to do with that. In some ways I often wish that instead of heading to internet crevices, nerds would go back to the days of yore and return to the forgotten lands of print media. The truth is, this isn't a pretty reality. Weird printing with glossy covers and pixilated illustrations are the sun setting on my dreams. This little comic book is full of spoofs and gags and that makes it

sound fun. If I tell you about the punk ninja strip, that'll make it seem good too. It's not though. It makes me feel weird. It doesn't look especially great. But I guess it's good that someone did something they wanted to do. You really can't fault people for that. You have to be permissible. You have to support the scene. (EC)
hypnospiralcomic.com / 1430 McKean St / Apt. No 3 / Philadelphia, PA 19145

LAST NIGHT AT THE CASINO #9 / $3, trades OK / 56 pgs
This is the second issue I've read of *LNATC* and I find it sad that this guy is *still* working at the casino. Still! In this issue, Billy writes about getting written-up by his manager for wearing black tennis shoes, criminals that come through his job with weapons, and his new addiction to playing pinball. There are three pieces contributed by his co-workers, one of which I found really appalling. Not the most sensitive zine to read, however this thing is real, raw, and gives the reader a glimpse into the sleazy, disgusting world of working at a casino. Get a new job, dude. (VX)
432 Manzano St NE / Apt. B / Albuquerque, NM 87108

LIKE FIGHTING THE OCEAN / $4 ppd in the US, email for international rates / 84 pgs
Really cool skate zine that reminds me of ye olden days, focusing on skateboarding as you get older with lots of contributions from various skaters about skating after hitting 30. Highlight was a super in-depth interview with Max 625 that focuses on Scholastic Deth, but also touches on gentrification, academia, punk and consumption and reads like an actual conversation between two interesting people rather than a dull Q&A sesh… There's an interview with one of the guys from Night Birds that has a skate focus, and a tour report from Reservoir…This was a really cool read, a substantial and well thought out fanzine for aging skaters everywhere. My one critique would be: where are the lady skaters? Now that I am 36 I definitely don't skate close to as much as I did when I was 19, but I know of several female rippers that still tear up the ramps, pools and bowls of the Bay Area… (LG)
Paul Renn / 1919 San Pablo / Apt. 108 / Oakland, CA 94612
paulrenn1984@gmail.com

MAKING WAVES #3 / $6.69 printed, free PDF download / 92 pgs
More fanatic explorations of girl punk history contained within! The third issue of this international collaborative fanzine again takes the form of a compact perfect-bound book, and features interviews with radical lady punks past and present, including the Courtneys, Hannah Lew (of Grass Widow, Cold Beat, Crime on the Moon), and Fifth Column. A highlight was the conversation with Beta Evers (aka GitZe) from Pervers, No Wave German teen freaks of the highest order who released one 7" in the 1980s. As with almost any zine assembled from contributor submissions (including the one you are holding right now!) quality varies from piece to piece. Overall, though, this is a thoughtful and enlightening account of noises made by women throughout punk history (and thankfully the words "Riot Grrrl" are almost nowhere to be found). Track down your favorite feminist inspiration and interview them for the next issue—I'm planning on doing the same. (GA)
mwzine.tumblr.com / mwzine@gmail.com



NOT LIKE YOU Vol. 2 / $8 / 38 pgs
If you're into skateboarding and punk rock, and punk about skateboarding then this is the zine for you. Interviews with classic bands like JFA, Faction and Drunk Injuns alongside four pages of reviews of reissues and some current hardcore. One thing I found weird was that the author reviewed two Freedom releases and said almost exactly the same thing in both of them. Seriously, same anecdote about when they first started going to shows, same band comparisons, same everything. The layout is really basic and kind of reminds me of some pamphlet you would see by the principal's office when you were waiting to get punished for something bad (and hopefully punk) you did in high school. The font size is also really big and, coupled with the bands included and the author waxing poetic about his time at Punk Rock Bowling over the summer, this zine has kind of an "old dude" feel. Hey, at least they are still in it, and doing something productive like making a zine! Chances are if you're an old dude who likes hardcore and used to skateboard you'll probably like this zine. It also comes with a 7" comp (reviewed in the records section) that features all songs about skating. (KC)
102 Richmond Ave SE / Albuquerque, NM 87106 / notlikeyouzine@gmail.com / notlikeyourecords.com

LES OREILLES QUI SAIGNENT Vol. 2, parts 1 and 2 / 43 min
This is a video zine focusing on Japanese punk bands and some crazy Japanese culture. It's in two parts on YouTube or you can buy a DVD version of it. The clips range from older archival clips of Gauze, the Stalin, and the Swankys (playing on Japanese public access TV) to a lot of live footage of Japanese bands, from what I'm assuming was a tour or trip to Japan by a French band who shot Gudon, Interismo, Unarm, NK6, Death Dust Extractor, Beerwulf, A.I., Nightmare Conga Fury, Crude, DSB, Akka, and System Fucker. All the footage is spliced up with crazy effects, weird Japanese movies, and commercials. There aren't really any interviews—there are a few shots of the French band hanging out backstage, but they're speaking in French the whole time. The whole thing has the feeling of something that would be projected behind a band during their set. It's definitely worth a watch, especially if you have any interest in the freaky side of Japanese culture and/or like any of the bands that were listed. (KC)
lesoreillesquisaignent.blogspot.com / youtu.be/-9iyCw1IDtU

PEA BRAIN #2 / $? / 34 pgs
I love this zine. So much. First off, it's tiny. Like the size of a book of matches. You can fit it in that weird little pocket inside your pocket in your jeans and still have room for your guitar picks, loose change, and whatever else. There's a funny punk poem about tinnitus, "When I hold an empty shell / Close up to my ear / I hear the sound of ocean waves / Los Crudos and Disfear." Eat shit Billy Shakespeare, *this is the real deal.* There are political "columns" about

Hunt Sabs and stopping the HS2 high-speed rail from destroying the English countryside, and a listing of radical political contacts. Somehow Alan also manages to fit an interview with Despise You, two vegan recipes, a photo hunt game, a "Beer or Biscuit" name game, and some of the best and most spot-on record reviews ever. The idea of giving grind/crust records the shortest review possible is fucking inspired. Even though this zine is the tiniest thing I've ever seen, I know that I'll definitely be re-reading this more than most of the other zines I have. Job well done! (FU)
alan@punkmonkey.wanadoo.co.uk

PEA BRAIN #3 / £4 / 22 pgs
Alan, you mad bastard! This issue of *Pea Brain* is a zine accompaniment to a 2" vinyl comp (see the record reviews section for that review). I have to say, a tiny record for a tiny zine is perfect. This issue has more vegan recipes, a "Gob on Sid" maze game, another great radical resource list, and pieces about all the bands on the comp, along with lyrics. Yeah, this zine is basically the liner notes to a novelty record, but I don't care. I like it all the same. Alan, you're out to lunch...and I hope you never come back. Order this—and issue #2— and make your life a more tolerable one. (FU)
alan@punkmonkey.wanadoo.co.uk

RAZORCAKE #82 / $4 / 112 pgs
Another month, another great issue of *Razorcake*. This one features a few columns dedicated to remembering the late, great Tommy Ramone, a piece about Bizarro fiction (something I knew absolutely nothing about and am now very intrigued to check out), a really great and fun interview with Tijuana's DFMK, a non-music centered interview with Wayne Kramer of MC5 about his prisoner outreach program, and a lengthy sit-down with Baby J of Can of Beans (among various other musical projects). Packed with the regular stable of great comics/artists and an expansive review section, this is another solid issue of non-profit punk rock. If you don't know what *Razorcake* is all about by now, you're either new to the scene (welcome!) or a hater (later!)—either way, they're still going strong and cheers to that. (FU)
razorcake.org

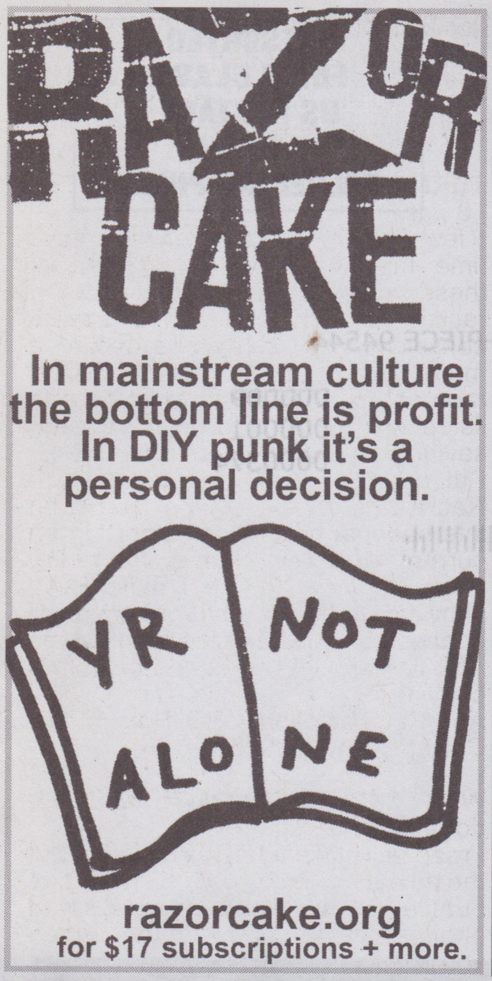
THE SODA KILLERS #8 / donations, trades OK / 30 pgs
A zine from Minneapolis by teenagers or adults who like getting into trouble, that features essays about pro-wrestling and running a marathon. There was a contributed piece about a guy who had to suck five dicks in order to get initiated into a gang. I couldn't tell if this was real or fake. A ton of record reviews (current ones, good ones) and a movie review of *Sid and Nancy*. The entire issue has cut up Marvel Comics as the background to give it a nerdy feel. There was a sheet of orange paper inside that blinded me. *The Soda Killers* is about as exciting as this review is. Since this is basically free, why not try to send away for it? They also ask that no prisoners contact them. (VX)
bnb@hotdogdayz.com
thee.n.o.b#gmail.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #126 / $2 / 38 pgs
This zine mostly consists of live reviews from Columbia, MO. It struck me as odd that these reviews were almost a year old, but that's not terribly important, I suppose. A pretty cool tiny interview with Little Big Bangs, music reviews, photos of the CoMo Girls Rock Camp, and an eyewitness account of the riot following the death of Michael Brown in Ferguson, MO. The reviews were pretty dated and I wish there was an article about the impact of the Girls Rock Camp, instead of just a few super blurry photos, but a good read, and probably pretty essential for Missouri punks. Kudos for having 126 issues! (DZ)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65295

TRUST #167 / €2.50 / 66 pgs
This long-running German zine has all the usual features, along with interviews with Tricont Records (and what looks like a full discography that spans the label's 40 year history), Bob Mould, electro-punk band Sleaford Mods, Kafkas, and a few photos and show listings. Wish I could read German so I could say more. (DG)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 27 #4 / $5 / 8 pgs
I feel like there isn't a more crucial time than now to pick up one of these newspapers. With growing racial tension and mainstream consciousness shifting towards a more (but far from perfect) critical race analysis, we need to be able to listen to the people who have been saying, "I told you so" all along. Put out by the LA chapter of Anti-Racist Action, *Turning the Tide* is an international newspaper reporting on current struggles around the globe, from Ferguson to the Middle East, showing us that our struggles are all connected—plus articles from Mumia Abu-Jamal. Get with it and pick up a copy. (AP)
Anti-Racist Action / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE / $3, donations / 68 pgs
I read an article a few days ago about the anxiety caused by the little ellipsis bubble (...) that pops up on a smart phone to let you know tat the person you are texting with is writing back. It's something I've felt too—drool pools up in the corners of my mouth and I need to check and re-check to see if they ever finished typing—oh my god, it's been like four minutes, what the fuck are they going to say? Everyone acts like these kinds of anxieties are so modern. As though they are set off by the incessant stream of information and communication that technology makes possible. Yeah man, our grandparents were so chill. They never freaked out like this. God, why can't I be more like that abusive old guy who spits tobacco on the dog whenever it barks or tries to lick its butt? *Research and Destroy* has compiled formalized passive aggression. Before we could text seven question marks when we didn't hear a response to our very specific question about when to meet up, we had to send postcards to display our dismay. The vintage postcards are reprinted with great care and clarity. They have a sense of humor about being impatient. Sad sacks and babies crying emblazon the front of some of the cards. Careful ink and fading pencil script with short pleas for responses cover the backs. You see the paper changing colors and the once-sharp corners getting crumpled. Everyone forgets this kind of thing. (EC)
researchdestroy.com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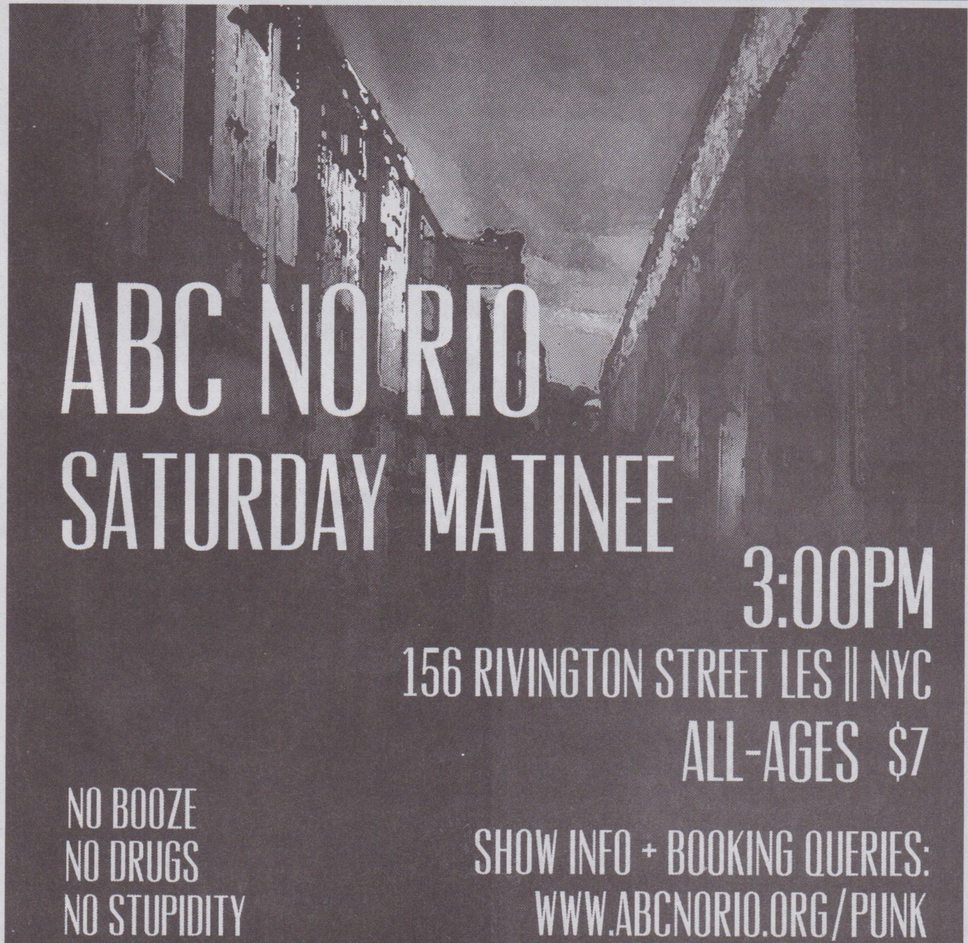
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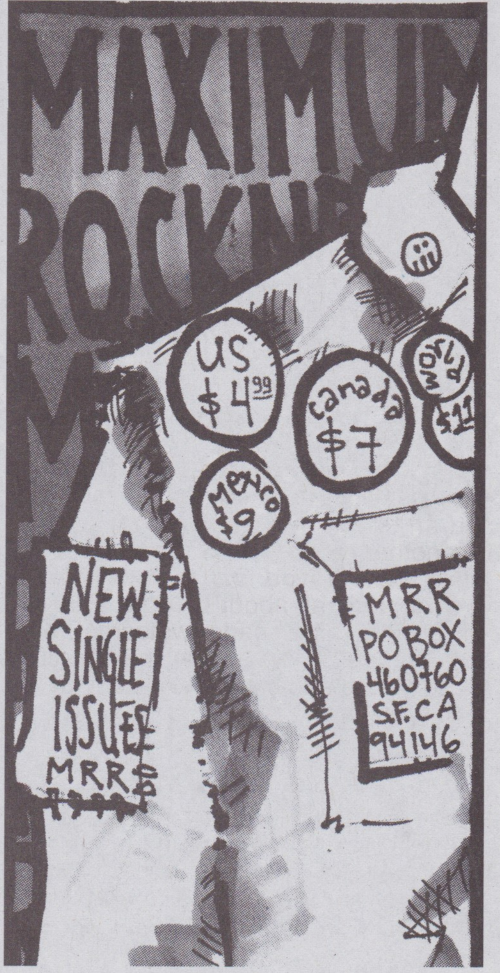
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